JULY
1939

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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MORRIS L. ERNST
ALEXANDER LINDEY
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HARRY SALPETER
SIDNEY SKOLSKY
FRANKLIN REYNOLDS

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PARKE CUMMINGS
WOLFE KAUFMAN
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WILLIAM M. WALSH

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ILES BRODY
BEN EAST
CHARLES B. ROTH

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CARLETON SMITH
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PATTERSON MURPHY
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D. McKAY
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GEORGE PETTY
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ROBERT HOLLEY
RODNEY de SARRO
A. ROSS
THURSTON GENTRY
FRANK BEAVEN
ELWIN HENRI
A. VON FRANKENBERG
(COVER)

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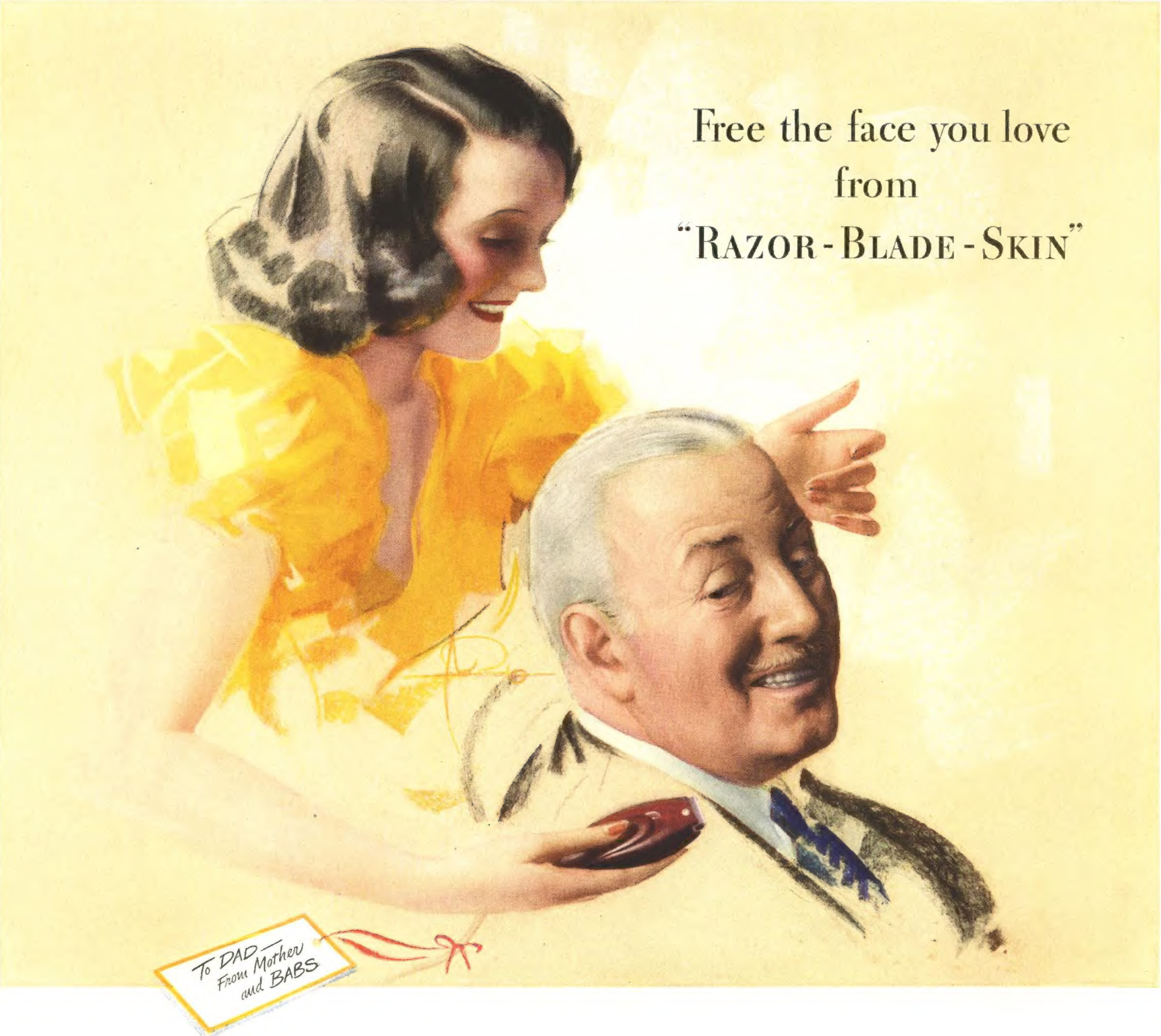
FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
IN GREAT BRITAIN THREE SHILLINGS

Give him SCHICK'S APPEAL!


Free the face you love from "Razor-Blade-Skin"
To DAD— From Mother and BABS

GIVE the man of your heart a Schick Dry Shaver... be he father, husband, son or big brother. And the very first time he uses it...he'll bless you as the wisest of gift choosers.

"Shaving was never like this!"...he'll murmur contentedly, as he whisks off the whiskers, slick as you please...without lather or cream or any of the other messy accessories of old-style shaving.

But wait! Wait until his face has enjoyed a few weeks' vacation from the cuts, nicks and abrasions of "Razor-Blade-Skin." Then you'll see the EXTRA dividends of your gift . . . in his improved and refreshened complexion.

Then . . . in every way and every day . . . his Schick shaves will get better and better. He'll get "head barber" shaves invariably; swift, sleek, satin-smooth, and free from the slightest skin injury.

We won't bore you with the technical reasons why the Schick is imperatively the right dry shaver for you to choose. You see, Colonel Schick pioneered the whole dry shaver idea; spent 15 years to develop and perfect it.

Many imitators have gone as far as they dared in infringing Schick patented principles. But it is the compromises they made to conceal infringement that keep their shavers so far behind the Schick in sweet, dependable and silken shaving performance.

If you'd like to enhance the "face value" of some man in your life . . . give him a Schick Dry Shaver.

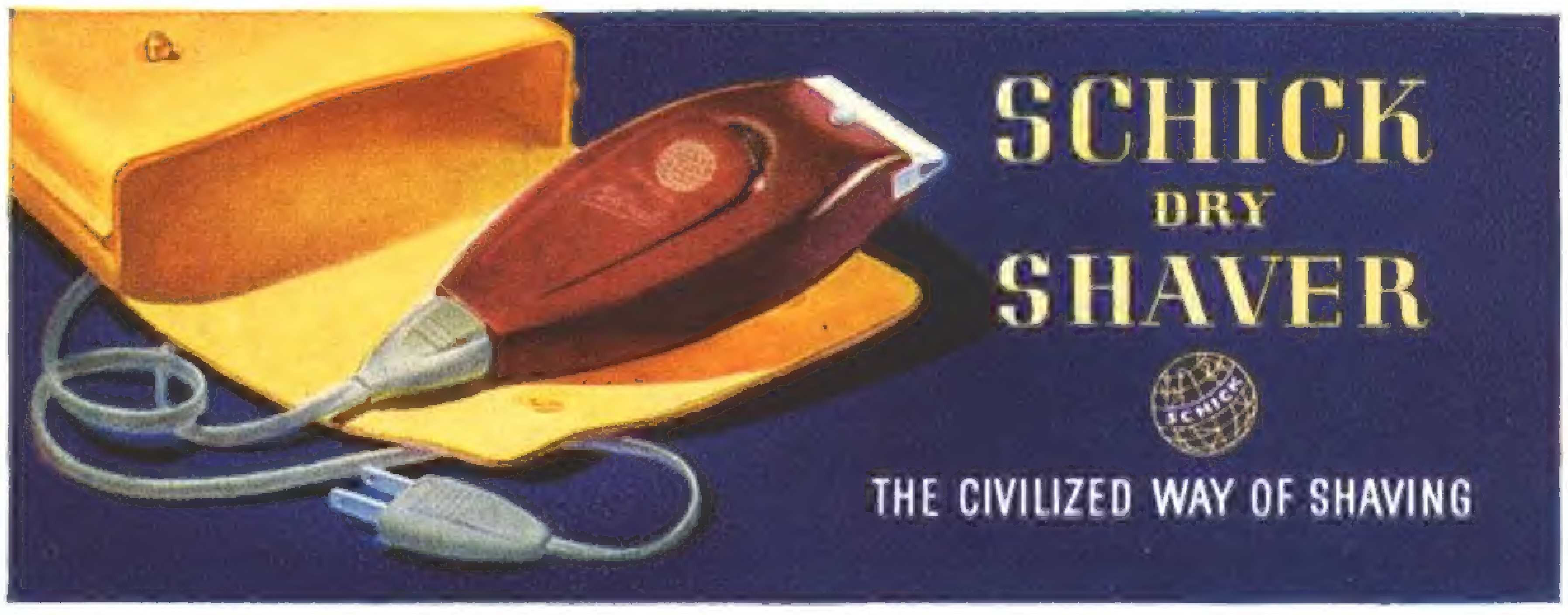
•

Schick Dry Shavers come in 3 models—the new super-powered COLONEL SCHICK SHAVER, the new improved STANDARD SCHICK SHAVER and the SCHICK SHAVETTE for women. All operate on AC or DC and men's models are equipped with either No. 7 shearing head for average beards or No. 10 for tough, coarse beards. Prices range from $12.50 for the Standard Schick Shaver to $22.50 for deluxe and gift sets.

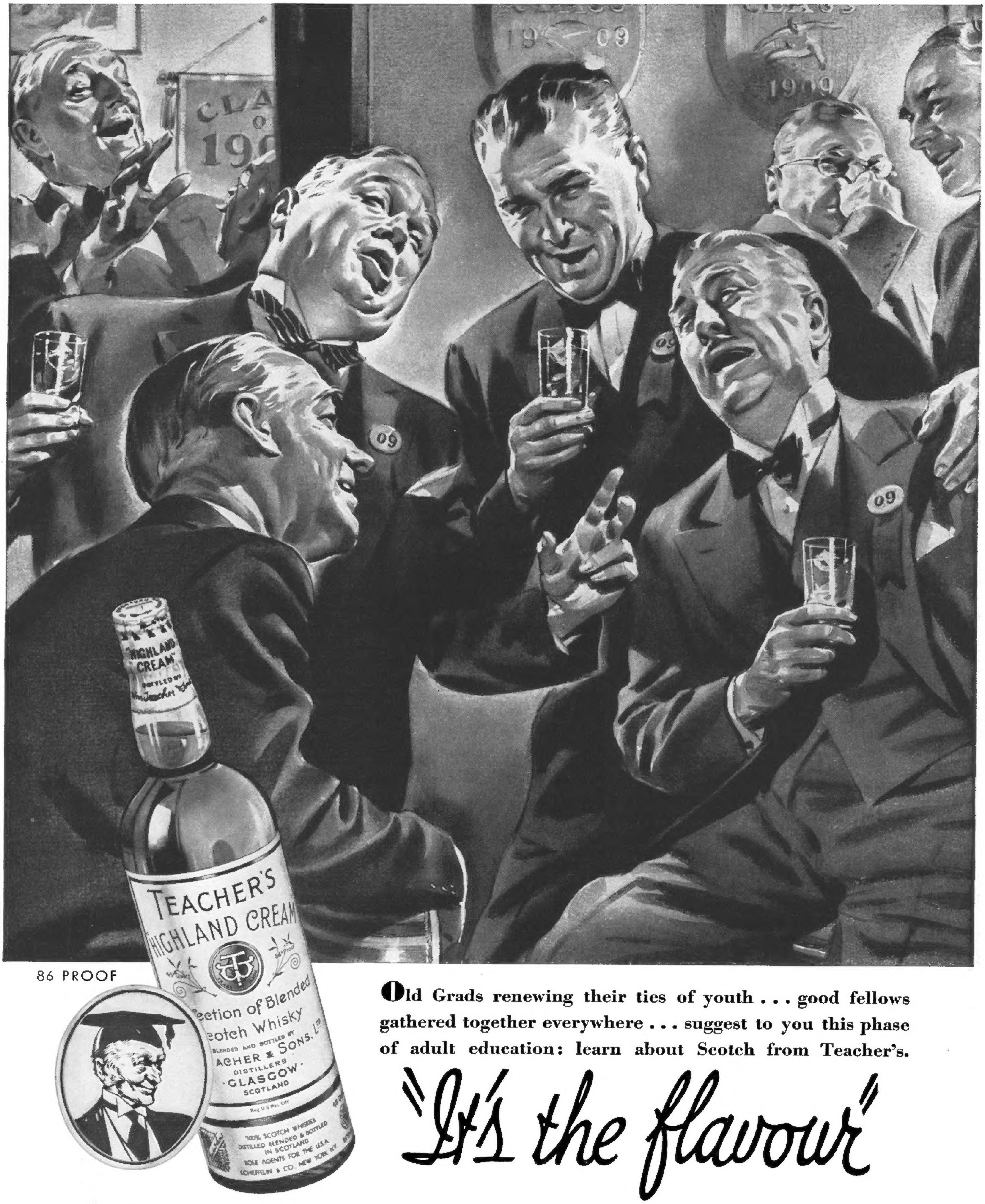
•

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC.
STAMFORD, CONN.

Schick Dry Shaver, Inc., has no connection with the Magazine Repeating Razor Co., which manufactures and sells the Schick Injector Razor.


SCHICK
DRY
SHAVER
SCHICK
THE CIVILIZED WAY OF SHAVING

TEACHER'S *Perfection of Blended* SCOTCH WHISKY


CLASS OF 1909
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TEACHER'S
"HIGHLAND CREAM"
BOTTLED BY
Wm Teacher & Sons
TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
TEACHER & SONS. LTD.
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GLASGOW
SCOTLAND
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES DISTILLED BLENDED & BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.
SCHIEFFELIN & CO. NEW YORK N.Y.

86 PROOF

Old Grads renewing their ties of youth . . . good fellows gathered together everywhere . . . suggest to you this phase of adult education: learn about Scotch from Teacher's.

"It's the flavour"

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow • SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

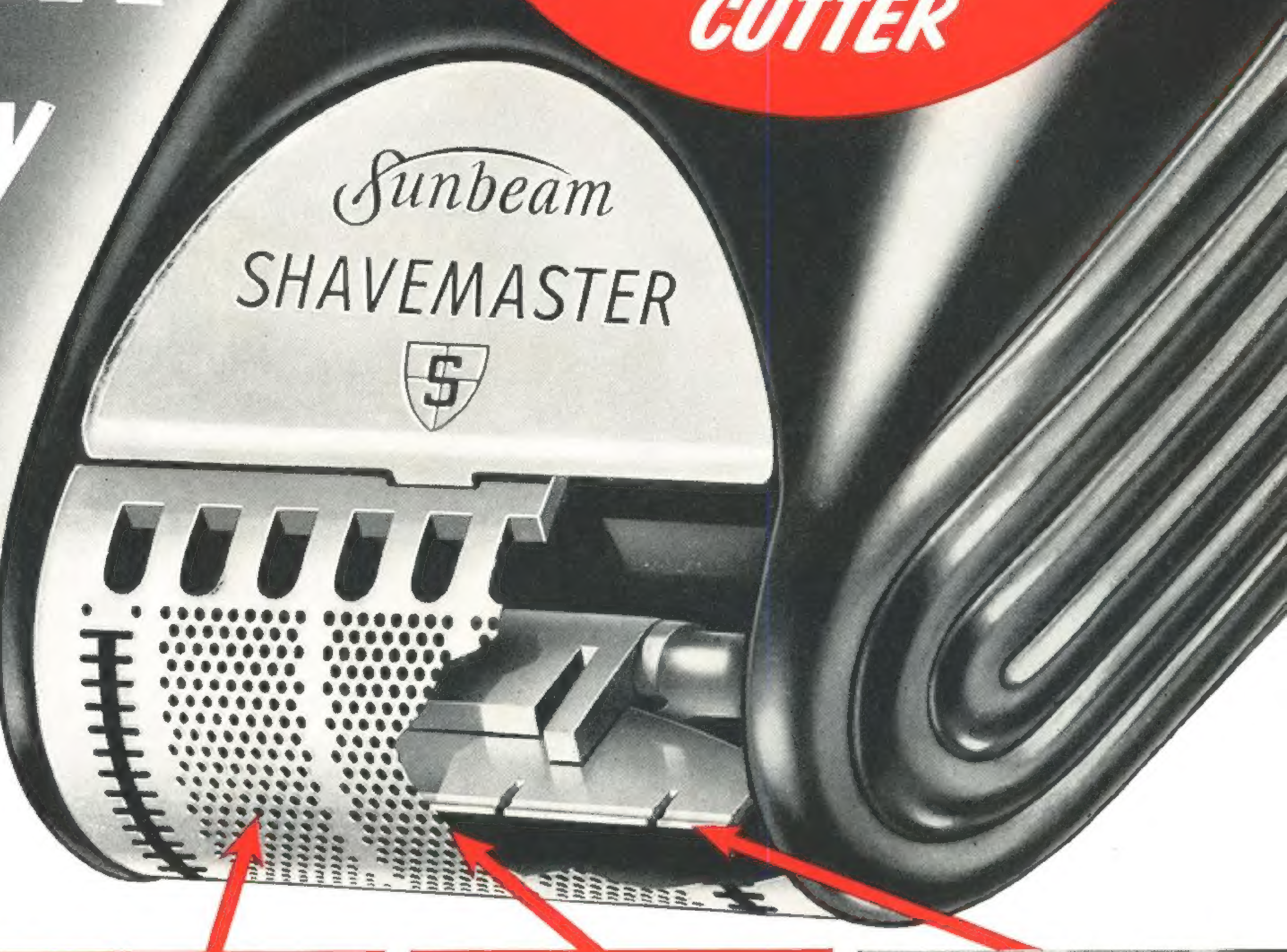
NOW *Sunbeam* SHAVEMASTER

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF

SHAVES CLOSE AS ANY STRAIGHT EDGE!

AND *Faster!*

New "475" COMB AND HOLLOW-GROUND CUTTER



RIGHT from the start Shavemaster has won national recognition as "tops" in electric dry-shaving. Many have said that the present comb and cutter for Shavemaster could never be surpassed for quick, close, comfort-shaves. Leading airlines tested *all* electric shavers and SELECTED Shavemaster for their planes. Its best advertisement has been the high enthusiasm of the great group of average citizens who use it daily, under all conditions.

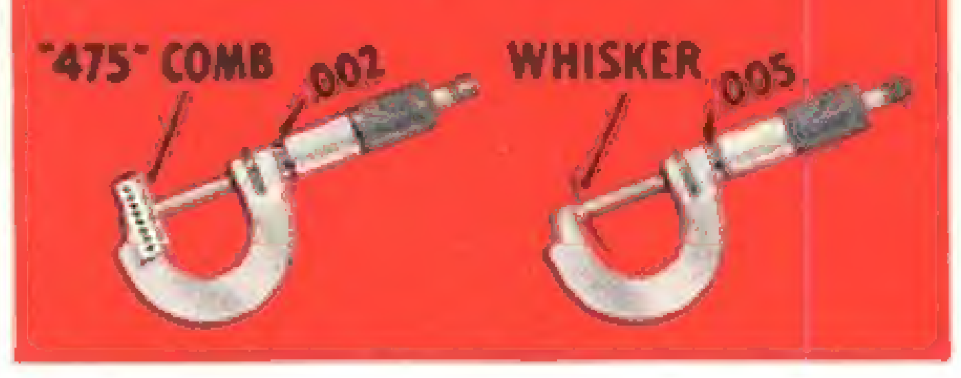
But Sunbeam engineers are never satisfied. They do not stop their striving for perfection when a new product is put on the market. They constantly seek to improve it no matter how highly the public acclaims it. It has been that way with Shavemaster.

New "475"-HOLE SCREENED COMB

with 282% more cutting edges. 2½ holes for every whisker. Each hole counter-sunk so that the cutter actually touches the skin, shaving close as a straight-edge without irritation.

Thinner THAN A SPLIT WHISKER

A super-thin screen of finest Swedish steel that picks up the beard the way it grows. Two-thousandths of an inch thin.



New HOLLOW-GROUND CUTTER

with double, razor-keen cutting edges that get the whiskers coming and going. Makes over eight million cutting actions per minute within the "475" comb.

The "475" surpasses all existing standards

Fast, close and comfortable as the original Shavemaster "140" comb and cutter has proved itself to be, the new "475" comb and cutter goes far beyond all previous standards. It is a result of months upon months of continuous trial and test of literally hundreds of different combs and cutters. It is a marvel of precision workmanship. Photomicrographs reveal the fact that it shaves closer than a straight-edge. Stop-watch tests prove it to be much faster.

The "475" comb is only two-thousandths of an inch thin! Such thinness is difficult to visualize without the use of Micrometer Calipers. It's thinner than a split whisker. In addition, the "475" has 335 *more* holes—282% *more* razor-keen circular cutting edges than ever before.

Eight million cutting actions per minute

Behind the "475" comb a new double-edge Hollow-Ground cutter of razor-blade steel contacts the inner surface of the comb with *positive tension.* Unlike most other electric shavers the Shavemaster cutter does not shuttle back-and-forth in a lateral action behind a slotted comb. It speeds over-and-back in lightning-fast oscillations, making over 8,000,000 cutting actions per minute. It shaves the *natural* way. And it is powered by the famous Shavemaster brush-type, series-wound, self-starting, Universal motor. None other to equal it.

SEE YOUR DEALER

Your favorite dealer will gladly let you try Shavemaster with the new "475" comb and cutter. He has a convenient demonstration unit for this purpose. You have a treat in store. $15 AC-DC.

Chicago Flexible Shaft Co., 5697 Roosevelt Rd., Chicago, Ill. Canada Factory, 321 Weston Rd., So., Toronto . . . 50 Years Making Quality Products . . . *See* Sunbeam Shavemaster, Mixmaster, Ironmaster, Coffeemaster, Silent Automatic Toaster, Clipmaster, etc., at the Sunbeam Magic Mirror Exhibit, Consumers Bldg., New York World's Fair, 1939.

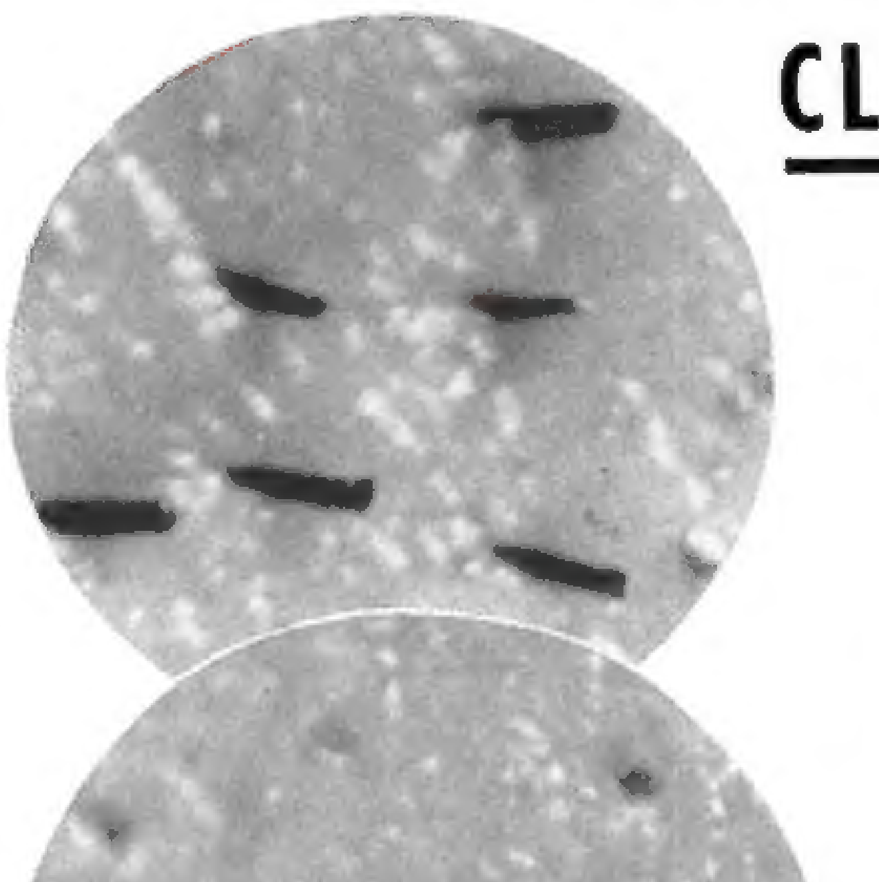
TO ALL SHAVEMASTER OWNERS

Here's Good News!

THE "475" FITS ALL PAST AND PRESENT SHAVEMASTERS

...YOU CAN GET THE NEW "475" COMB AND CUTTER FOR YOUR PRESENT SHAVEMASTER FROM YOUR DEALER FOR ONLY $1.00

THESE PHOTOMICROGRAPHS TELL THE STORY OF CLOSER SHAVES



1 A DAY-OLD BEARD

2 SAME BEARD SHAVED WITH A STRAIGHT EDGE RAZOR

3 SAME BEARD SHAVED WITH SHAVEMASTER "475" COMB AND CUTTER

These unretouched Photomicrographs were taken by A. C. Lonert, bacteriologist and staff member of Loyola University, Chicago. The negatives were made at a magnification of 3.8 diameters. Prints from these negatives were enlarged to 9.5 diameters.

Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

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Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches..........
by Grafstrom, Goodman, Rivera, Pott and Havill beginning on page 85

Art Director: Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly

Esq as innocent go-between again

July seems to be our confessional month. Four years ago this month we filled this space with loud lamentations over the fact that our "discovery" called *The Perlu* had turned out to be a virtual rewrite of *The Damned Thing* by Ambrose Bierce. And three years ago this month this space was given over to a wail about the way S. Choirboy, our sometime masked marvel of dramatic criticism, had at last been unmasked and revealed to be, of all things, a woman.

The face of this man's magazine was never redder than it was that month, as we forthwith threw S. Choirboy right out of the book. But now, for a third time, the blush is on our brow.

The story published in the May issue as the work of one Ahmed Nury, under the title *The Innocent Go-Between*, turns out to have been at worst a barefaced steal, and at best a second-hand adaptation, of the third story of the third day in Boccaccio's Decameron.

The story came to us from England, through a literary agency of repute, by whom it was offered to us as "an acknowledged classic, anthologized; written by a Turkish author for Turkish readers, translated and adapted to English for the first time, direct from oriental script; translator: Colin Norman Reid, ex-intelligence officer, Turkey and Arabia." All of which may be true, for all we know. Chaucer borrowed liberally from Boccaccio and so did Shakespeare, as every schoolboy knows. So why not some anthological Turk? For that matter, Boccaccio's own stories were presented as tales then current—"then," of course, meaning a matter of about six hundred years ago. So there is a good chance that the story may have been old when Boccaccio told it, and at least an off chance that it may have been of Turkish or Arabian origin. Many of the Arabian Nights tales are duplicated more or less closely in the Decameron, as in the Heptameron of Queen Margaret of Navarre, the Novellino of Masuccio and other collections of Renaissance Literature.

So it may all be on the up and up—and maybe, as we were assured and as we said in the Backstage notes at the time, *The Innocent Go-Between* is "a translation of a classic of Turkish literature." Proofs in substantiation of this have not yet been received as we go to press, but until they arrive and either succeed or fail to convince us, we cannot feel free to say that a fraud was perpetrated. After all, the story was not presented to us as an original piece of contemporary writing, nor did we ourselves so present it. So the case is not completely comparable to that of *The Perlu*, which was a direct steal from an Ambrose Bierce story, with long passages paralleling the original word for word. There are no word-for-word parallel passages in *The Innocent Go-Between* and Philomena's story of the third day in the Decameron. The two stories are, in plot, precisely the same, but the manner of treatment is quite different. *The Innocent Go-Between* is at least a variant version, with changes of characters, locale and handling. It resembles the Boccaccio story no less and no more than a dramatization might resemble a novel from which it was made.

To us, at the time of reading it for publication in Esquire, the story seemed strongly reminiscent of the Arabian Nights. In fact, our notation on the script was to the effect that it was "a good novelty (*sic*) for Esq—fresh humor in the Arabian Nights manner." But we never gave a thought to the claims of Messr. Boccaccio.

We hadn't read Boccaccio since our corn-silk cigarette days. But we were sent scurrying back to its pages by the first flood of angry letters that began pouring in the day after publication of *The Innocent Go-Between*—all referring us to the third story of the third day. And as we opened our old Decameron we were struck by the date inscribed on the flyleaf in our best Palmer Method high school hand. The year was 1919. And the month was—you see, it's fate—July!

What can we say then? We read the story twenty years ago and apparently we must have liked it very well indeed, because we bought it (or one just like it) "as a novelty" twenty years after. How can we even promise, on a record like that, that we won't buy it again—one, five and/or fifteen years from this July?

And meanwhile, what protection has the poor public got, in a joint like this where the editor seems to be a sucker for a classic, hot, cold or lukewarm, hashed or au gratin? Well, as we've said before and we hope we won't have to say too often, they can fool us with not-quite-original stories (that doesn't seem to be too hard), but it'll take a pretty slick trick to fool our audience. As this month's pages already show, *The Sound and the Fury* always gets its man!

So until such time as an apology, if one is indicated, may be forthcoming from the ex-intelligence officer who translated, please accept the apology of the ex-intelligence editor who bought, *The Innocent Go-Between*. Bought, hell. *Was*.

ESQUIRE
July, 1939
T. M.
Reg.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire-Coronet, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

NEW YORK EDITION

Vol. XII, No. 1
Whole No. 68
T. M.
Reg.

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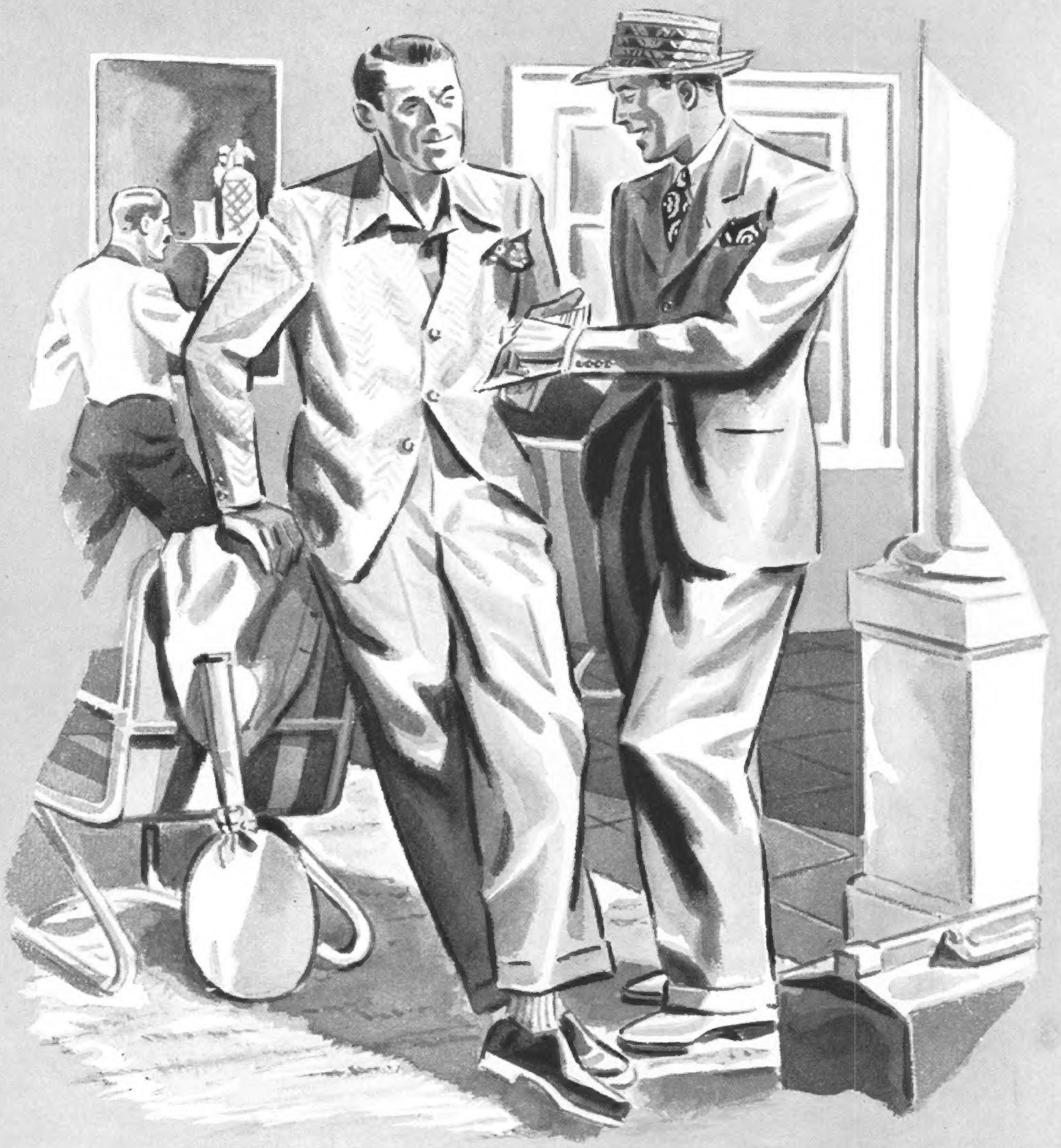


WHAT TO WEAR WITH WHAT

(The Recipe for a Reputation)

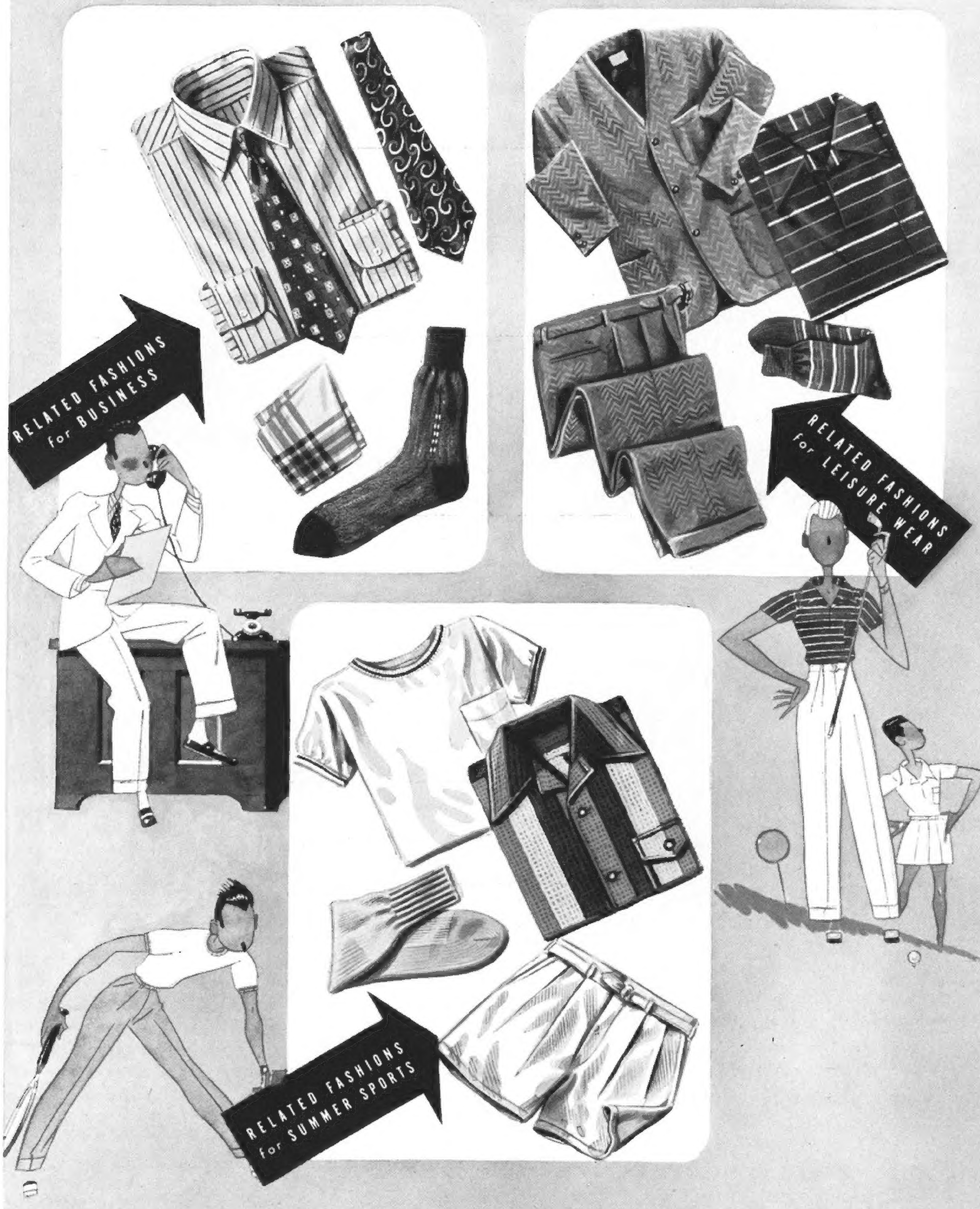
Men of affairs know the social and business value of a smart, well-groomed appearance. They know that this depends upon *what they wear with what.* The recipe for a reputation for good taste is found in CONTEMPO Related Fashions.

Now you can find in one convenient place accessories that simplify your job of selection. You can choose from style groups already assembled . . . no crude matching of patterns, but each item designed to fit smoothly into the ensemble for which it was created.

Go into one of the stores listed on these pages, and let a CONTEMPO-trained salesman show you fashions originated for Summer wardrobes — they're perfect for Father's Day gifts.

CONTEMPO *Related* FASHIONS

BY WILSON BROTHERS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N. Dighton, Mass.	Mt. Hope Toggery
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Ogden, Utah	C. C. Anderson Co.
Orlando, Fla.	Rutland's Men's Shop
Owensboro, Ky.	Fred Weir
Paris, Texas	Enloe and Welch
Pasadena, Cal.	Leddy's
Paterson, N. J.	Kaplan & Kaplan
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Phila., Pa.	Broadwood Toggery
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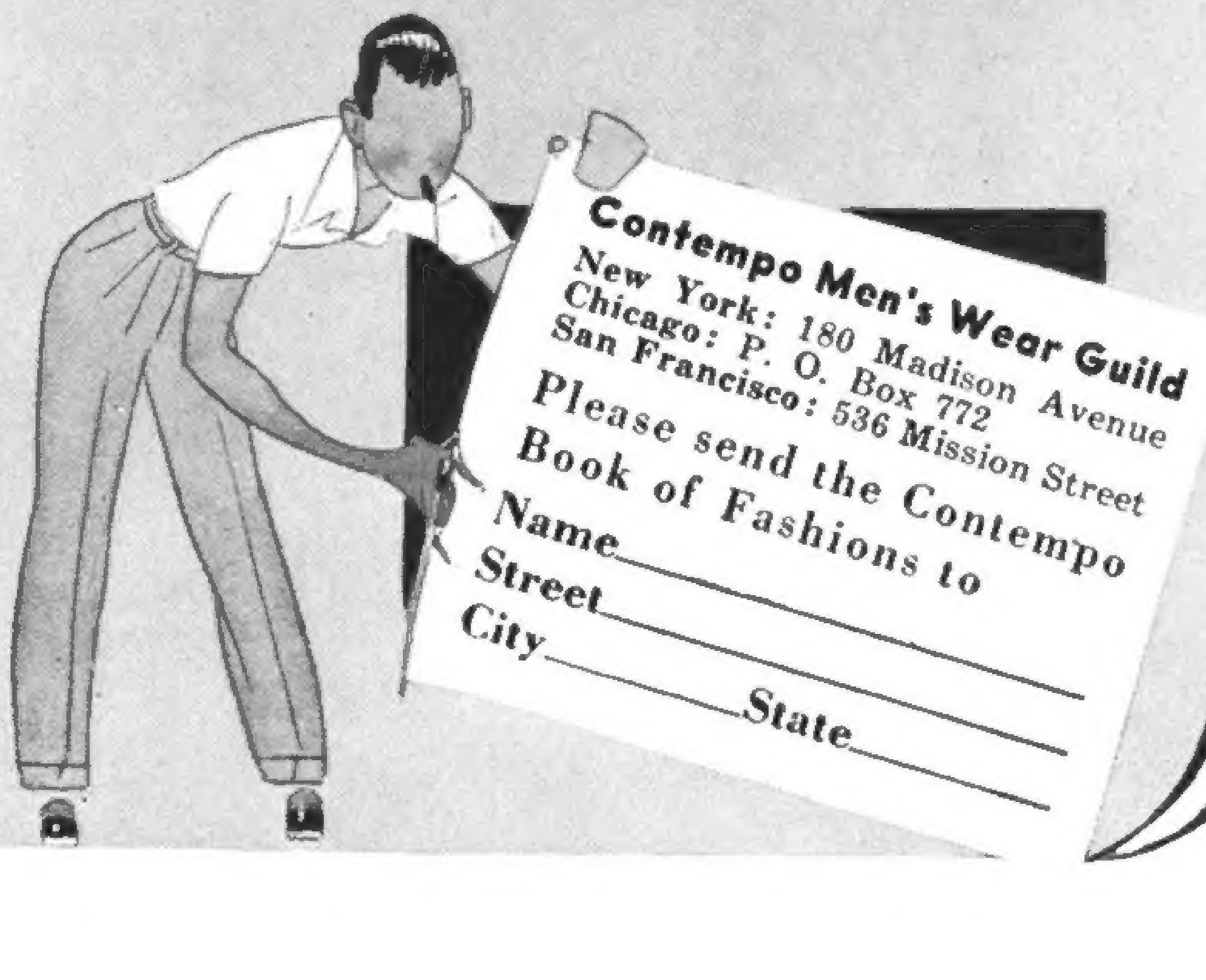
Rutland, Vt.	Carbine Clo. Co.
St. Cloud, Minn.	The Toggery
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
Salt Lake City, Utah	Mullett-Kelly
San Angelo, Tex.	S. & Q. Clothiers
San Francisco, Cal.	The Emporium
San Francisco, Cal.	Hirsch & Price
San Rafael, Cal.	Albert's
Santa Ana, Cal.	Swanberger's
Santa Barbara, Cal.	Oscar Nelson
Seattle, Wash.	Martin & Eckmann
Shawnee, Ok.	Johnson & Templeton
South Bend, Ind.	Heck & Aker
Stamford, Conn.	Frank Martin's
Tacoma, Wash.	Rhodes Bros.
Terre Haute, Ind.	The Herz Store
Toledo, Ohio	The B. R. Baker Co.
Tucson, Ariz.	Jacome's
Twin Falls, Idaho	Rowles-Mack Co.
Tyler, Texas	Fry & Sons, Inc.
Warren, Ark.	The Bradley Store
Watertown, S. D.	Michael's
Waukegan, Ill.	Stylecraft Clo. Co.
Whiting, Ind.	Winsberg's
Williamsport, Pa.	Troisi Tailor, Inc.
York, Pa.	McFall's

Send to your nearest store, or to Contempo Guild, for Free copy of Contempo Book of Fashions

For Business: This ensemble in green. Shirt: In fashionable satin striped broadcloth, $2.00. Tie on shirt: Attractive tracer pattern of silk foulard, $1.00. Alternate Tie: Scroll pattern silk foulard, $1.00. Handkerchief: Hand-rolled plaid bordered linen, 50c. Slack Socks: Rayon and lisle, two-color clock, 3 pr. $1.00.

For Leisure: Collarless Jacket: In herringbone weave "big-yarn" cool cotton. Blue, green, natural, $3.95 (Also shown on figure at left on opposite page). Slacks: In fabric and colors to match jacket, $3.00. Sport Shirt: Striped cotton lisle in green, navy, brown, $2.00. Slack Socks: To match sport shirt, 3 pr. $1.00.

For Summer Sports: Trunks: White cotton gabardine, $2.50. Crew Neck Shirt: In white only, 65c. Tennis Socks: White cotton with cushion foot, 50c. Beach Shirt: Multi-colored blazer stripe in-and-outer, $2.00.



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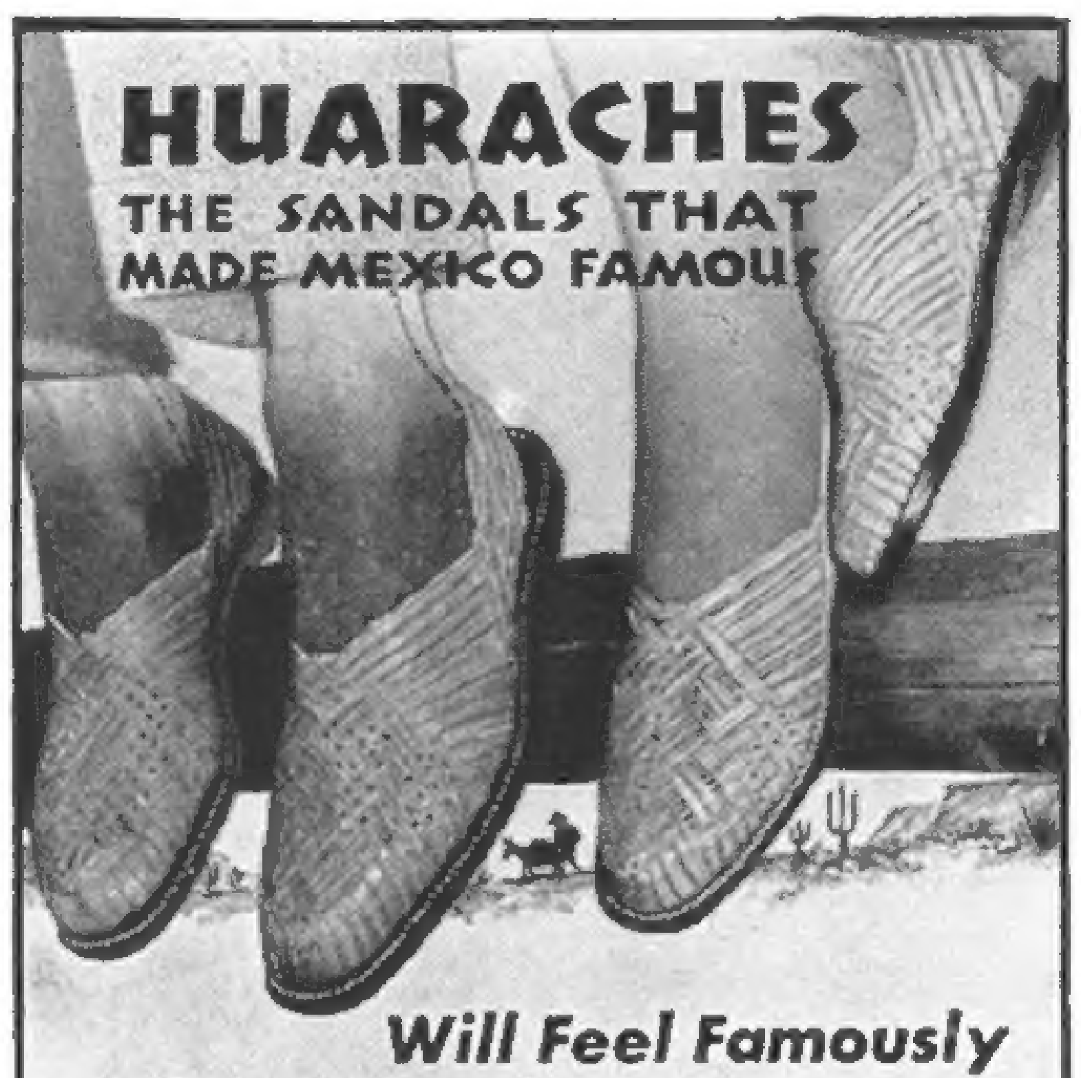

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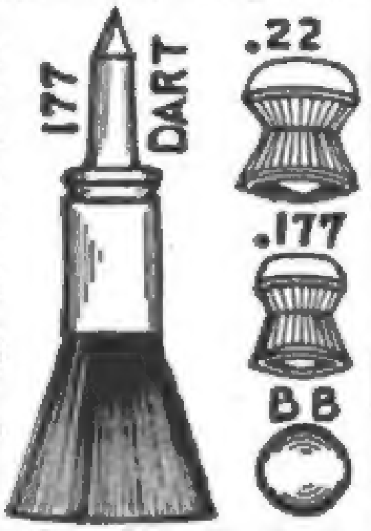

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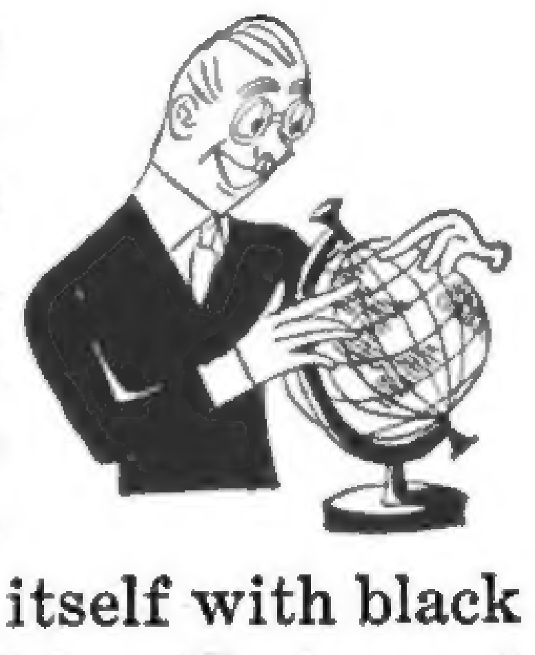
CIG BOX, MODERN MANNER, done in that metal which has a soft, silvery finish, doesn't scratch, stain or tarnish, and needs no polishing. You can buy ash trays, cocktail glasses, desk sets, service plates and numerous other things all designed in patterns of striking simplicity.

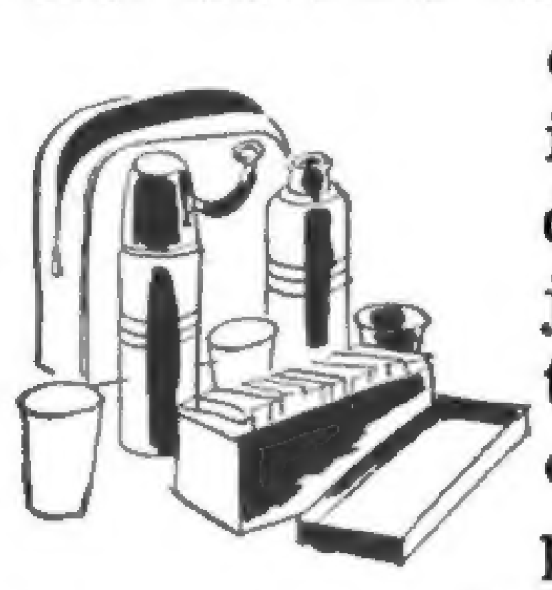
IF HE SMOKES AS HE DRIVES. If Dad tends to take his hand off the wheel and his eye off the road while he lights up, give him one of those airtight, automatic cigarette boxes which you attach to the steering rod directly beneath the wheel. The box carries 23 fresh, uncrushed cigarettes, and with a touch of the automatic ejector, out comes a cigarette, lighted and ready to smoke. Boxes come in bronze, gunmetal finish or silver with a plaque for his monogram on the top.

"My desk set at the office is a little shabby . . . why don't they think of giving me something like that?"



DESK DATA. Why not let him impress his clients with desk appointments of dubonnet leather banded with narrow gold tooling? And a lighted globe of the world, B.H. (before Hitler) on a stand which holds an atlas bound in matching dubonnet leather. A calendar clock which marks day, date and time, gold easel stand; clock itself with black face dial marked with large numerals he'll be able to read without putting on his specs. If his steno is a clock-watcher, he can keep the time out of sight, concealed inside a leather book entitled "Livre d'heures". When the cover of this volume snaps open, it reveals an 8-day clock inside.

TELEPHONE INDEX AND CALENDAR. He moves the indicator to the initial he wants, presses a button and the page flies open to the name or number. At the top of this index there's a metal calendar, or a clock.



"DRINK PLENTY OF WATER," the Doc told Dad. All right, see that there's a vacuum jug at hand. Probably an enameled one for his bedside table; a walnut finished jug with glass and tray for his desk. And if he likes to get up little jaunts into the great open spaces, see that he's equipped with metal ice jars, oak ice tubs, wooden ice pails and a special picnic set, composed of two vacuum bottles and a sandwich box, which fit into a simulated pigskin case.

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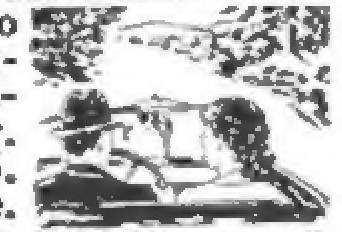

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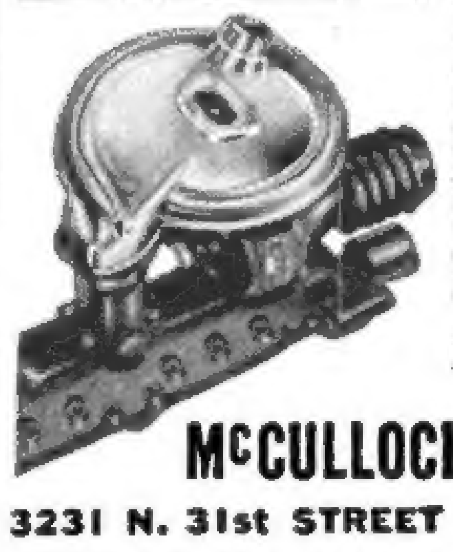

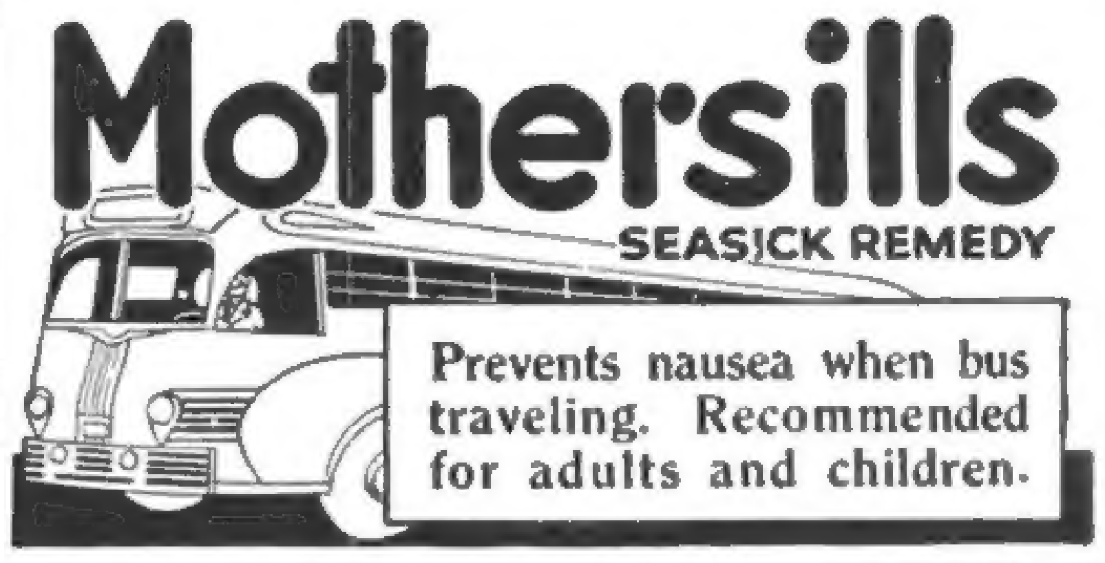

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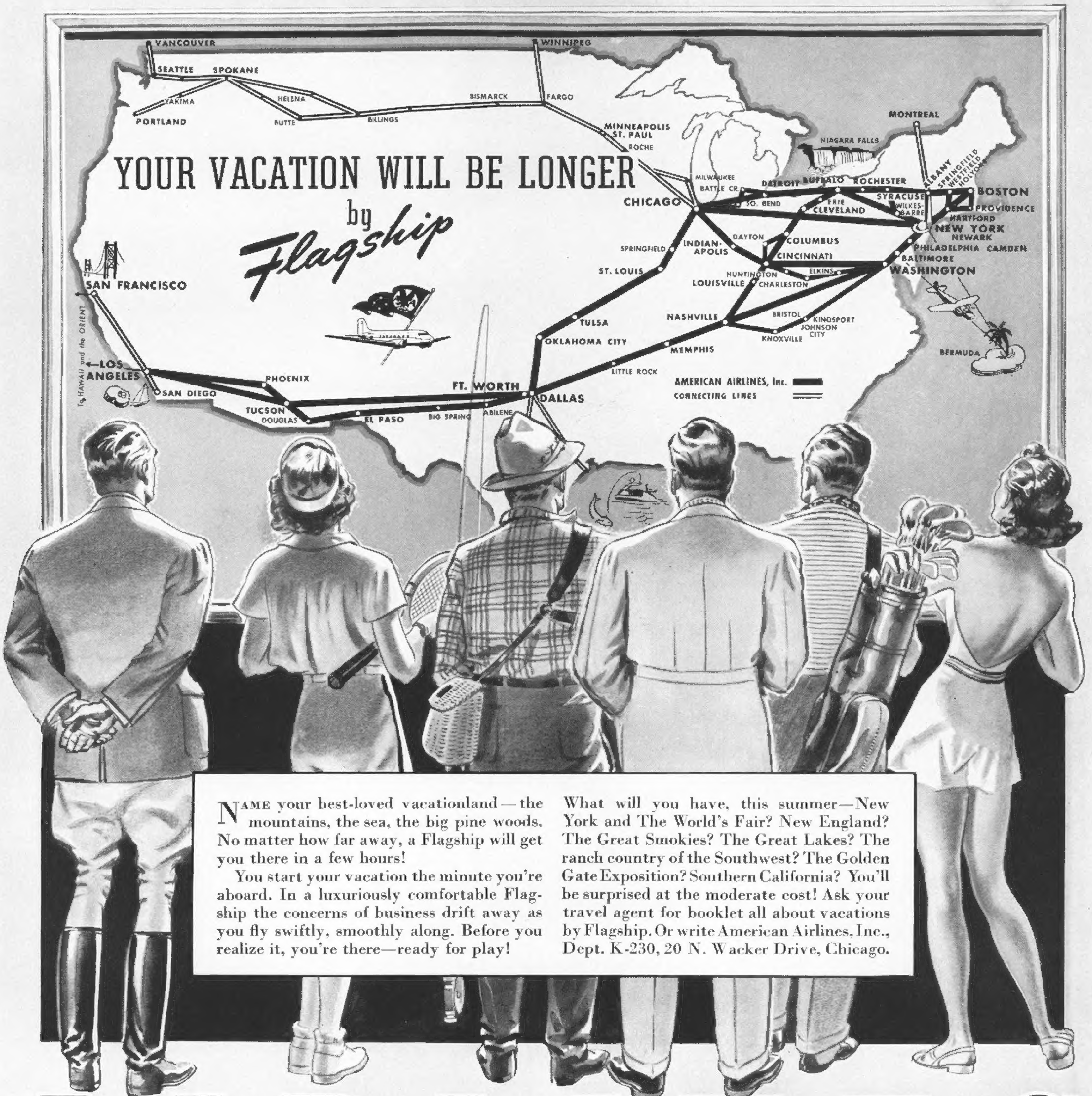
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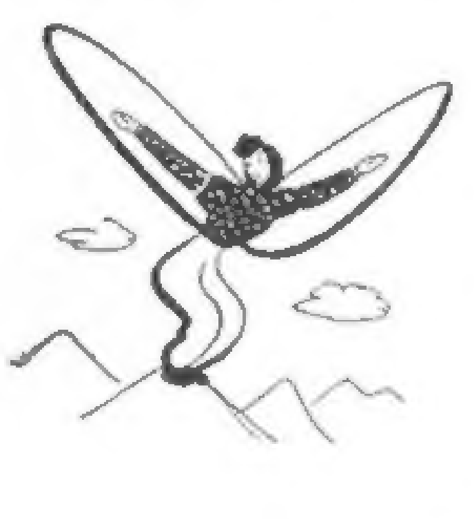
THE SOUND AND THE FURY

ONWARD & UPWARD WITH ESQ.

Will you convey to Mr. Parke Cummings the appreciation of the Colorado Society of Individual Flyers, Denver Branch, for his excellent treatment of an eminently worthwhile sport. Since Colorado is so far from the eastern seaboard, it always takes a couple of years for us to find out about new styles in New York; however, we make up for this lag by the speed with which worthwhile improvements are adopted, once they come to our attention.



In the present instance of individual flying, the development has been remarkably rapid because of the usefulness of the idea. The day after my Esqy came I started making my set of wings of balsa wood strengthened with duraluminum, and two days later they were finished. Crowing to myself over the march I had stolen on the rest of Colorado, I drove to an isolated field near our city, and prepared to take off. My satisfaction was short-lived, because I soon heard voices, and on looking around, I discovered two other enthusiasts already in the air. Four others drove up in the next two hours (why we all chose the same field is a mystery to me), and after practicing a while with reasonable success we called a meeting and laid the groundwork for our organization.

All seven of us heard about this sport for the first time from Esqy, and the fifty members who joined in the next two weeks received their information directly or indirectly from readers. Since then local agencies have taken it up and our membership is increasing so rapidly it is becoming unwieldy.

We have found this mode of transportation particularly well-suited to the city, where traffic is dense, streetcars slow, and parking for automobiles a problem. Also, landing on an upper floor of a department store allows one to avoid the congestion of the ground floor and elevators. The store managements objected at first, but after several windows were broken, inadvertently, they came around and installed landing platforms at upper windows.

The organization is meeting objections from other sources. It isn't so bad to find Daniels and Fishers Tower, church steeples, tall chimneys and the Capitol Dome covered with barbed wire to discourage unauthorized sightseeing, but now the Society for the Prevention of Individual Flying is getting to be a real pain in the neck. Like other women's organizations, its existence is based on the flimsiest and most illogical of excuses, such as the danger of entanglement with live wires—(although the power company has given us a map of all high tension lines and plans future construction underground)—the danger of accidents, its being an unladylike pastime, contrary to the plans of Providence, etc.

Concerning the technical difficulties of our sport, the outlook is far brighter. We have made improvements along several lines, with all due respect to Mr. Cummings, which may be of interest to other clubs. The most obvious difficulty concerns the wings described in the original presentation of the sport. While it is easy enough to strap one arm to a rigid wing, it is then impossible to strap the second arm in place without outside help, because the elbow is held rigid. After considerable experimentation, this problem was combined with the one of clothing, and an overall garment was designed using airplane fabric for material. This outfit is warm enough by itself for comfortable flying in all but below-freezing temperatures. However, we make it roomy enough to accommodate shirts and pants, in case one wishes to appear in public in other apparel. The wings are an integral part of this outfit, being fastened permanently to the garment at the shoulders. Coat and shoes are packed in a knapsack on the back.

The reaction of our organization to Mr. Cumming's "Don't's" may be summarized: *Don't Stunt:*—Very sound advice. Any member caught stunting without the permission of the executive committee has his suit locked up for two weeks.

Don't tease birds:—Unnecessary advice. The birds not only leave us alone, but stay so far away it's useless to try to tease them. As for bird's nesting, anyone having had an aerial argument with a tree or other backyard hazard realizes the futility of trying it. As for invading nests on the rocky cliffs, one member tried it on a nest which was unapproachable with mountain climbing equipment. During the aerial attempt, the owners of the eerie, two hawks, outmaneuvered our friend and settled themselves one on the back of his neck, and the other on what would otherwise have been the seat of his pants. They held these perches for two miles and were actively engaged the whole time. Eating from the sideboard for a week was considered sufficient punishment.

Yours,
R. D. Goodrich, Jr.
Denver, Colo.

HELP WANTED

In the April issue of Esquire I saw an article titled *Flying As A Hobby* by Parke Cummings. (It was a very nice article.) In this article it told how to fly with a pair of wings. It said a company would soon make them for a cheaper price than at present. Would you please send me the name of this company? Also tell me when it will be established and approximately how much a pair of wings will cost at present. Will you send me a list of nearby stores that sell these wings and give the prices, and give me any other information you have on hand about these wonderful things—WINGS.

Thanks a lot,
A reader of the Esquire
Jefferson City, Mo.

INNOCENT ESQ.

Your story *The Innocent Go-Between* which you blurb as a classic of Turkish literature has been a classic of English literature ever since the *Decameron* of Boccaccio was first translated. The Third Story of the Third Day of the Decameron is the same story as *The Innocent Go-Between.*

Esquire has been degenerating in these last two years. The quality of your stories has been overbalanced by the quantity of your advertising.

Yours truly,
Millville, N. J. Granville Thomas

Editor's Note: *Like the Perlu case, of embarrassing memory, this would again seem to prove that we know a good story when we see one, with or without the proper label on it.*

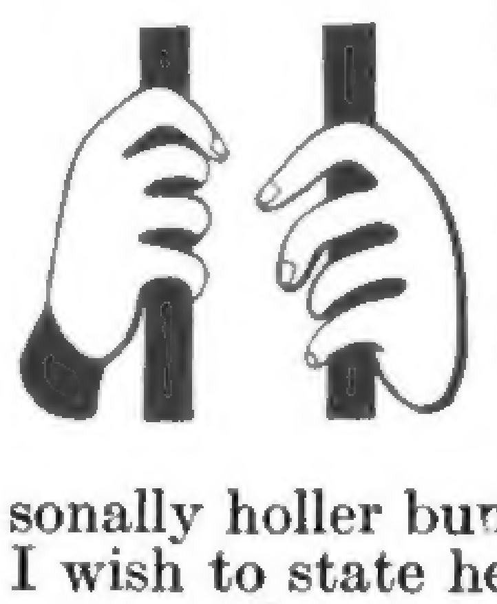
BOTTOMS UP—AIRPLANE STYLE

I, hereby, wish to inform Mr. Douglas Welch, that six years ago when I had my first offspring the square fold diaper was already quite out of style. I was taught to fold them airplane fashion. If Mr. Welch would like to know how airplane diapers are folded he may have full directions by sending me a diaper and a stamped self-addressed carton for returning it in its new form.

Sincerely,
Denison, Iowa Mrs. Geo. Bradley

THAT RUNYON RAP

Because I do not wish you gentlemen to get me wrong I will explain at this time that there is one type of character which I do not associate with more than necessary and that is a singer.



There is nothing which will make you so nervous as a singer who always goes around and about with a loud, sad song such as wrong steer, phony raps and so forth and so on and one thing and another.

I do not like singers and I never personally holler bum beef in my life but I wish to state here that a number of your readers put the finger on me and unjustly accuse me of stealing the thunder of a party by the name of Damon Runyon or some such which is not the truth.

The way it happens is that a year ago I write you quite a scrive in which I disclosed abilities of a certain Judy by the name of Butterfly Belle and a Joe called Blooey Blooey Jones and offer to write you facts concerning their colorful activities for a nominal fee.

Although I am not asked to write the story, you do publish my letter in your magazine and shortly thereafter I receive postcards and other kites from all parts of the U. S. containing various and sundry remarks such as thief, faker, copycat and such.

All these parties write about this Damon Runyon and I am greatly puzzled to say the least because I never before hear of him although I once hear an old Judy with a long nose tell about a character with a name that sounds something the same.

But I do not believe it is the same guy because the one which she tells about goes around the country stealing bread from babies' mouths and causing untold misery abroad in the land and, to hear this old Judy tell it, he is strictly a wrong guy such as I would certainly have nothing to do with, let alone steal his thunder.

He is called Demon Rum but I do not believe it is the same character which all these people write about as I never steal any of that type of thunder and anyone who knows me before I come to this establishment where I am now staying will tell you that I am never known to cause any misery in the land but am always going over the highways and byways with a message of cheer and inspiration for all and sundry such as tips on a sure thing in the third race at Pimlico.

So you can see that all these people put a monkey on my back and if I only know where this Runyon party hangs out I will write to him personally and get it straight about this thunder theft. In fact, I would like to contact him as one of the parties who write me suggest that this Runyon sometimes places a dib or two on the nose of a fast nag himself and another party tells me this Runyon is fairly well known for his tales about fast horses.

Now there is a time when I am more active than at present and I meet quite a few characters who are famous for telling the tale around the tracks and it is possible that I know this Runyon but under a different name than he is now using as many who tell the tale find it convenient to use several names in different spots and at different times.

So if you will publish this letter, someone may tell me where this Runyon hangs out and it will also take the heat off me on this thunder stealing rap and I will remain,

Sincerely yours,
Arizona State Prison, No. 11272
Florence, Arizona

BOCCACCIO BLUES

I have been a reader of Esquire for some time and have always enjoyed each issue. But I was, until now under the impression that your fiction artists, high paid as they must be, would be original.

I have in mind the recapitulation of one of Boccaccio's stories listed in the London Issue of the "Stories of Boccaccio" (The Decameron) under the Third Story—Third Day. In your May issue titled *The Innocent "Go-Between"* by Ahmed Nury.

While I enjoyed Ahmed Nury's version one might believe him just a trifle presumptuous by trying to improve on the original—not much of an improvement by the way either.

If I have gotten off on the wrong foot, that is if Ahmed Nury is a nom de plume of the eminent Boccaccio, please accept my apologies for taking up your valuable time; if not, however, would it be possible that the letter reach Mr. Nury.

Yours truly,
F. Desmond
Box No. 344, Rye, N. Y.

CHARACTER WITNESS

It was indeed with pleasure that I read the sports article: *Nomads of the Hardwood Floor*, by Mr. Leo Fischer in your April issue of Esquire. It brought back memories of how we started over forty-five years ago as the Buffalo German Y. M. C. A. Basketball Team.

You might be interested in knowing that Heerdt, Ed Miller, Faust, Manweiler, Rohde and I composed the team and we are all still alive and in good health and we all still reside in the City of Buffalo, New York. Of course, there were a few other men namely: Linneborn, Maier, Harry Miller, Redlein, Knapp and Bert Post who were also directly part of the success of the team.

I might add that the article as written by Mr. Fischer does not exaggerate in any way, shape or manner. He gave a clear and concise picture of what happened in the "Good Old Days."

Sincerely yours,
Buffalo, N. Y. George Schell

STICKLE

I have just read with avid interest B. S. Rogers' first chapter of *Swing Is from the Heart*, in your April issue. Except for one solitary point, the article may be considered the most authentic yet published on the subject of swing.

That one solitary point happens to be the basic premise on which must rest any discussion of swing, and Mr. Rogers has it wrong. First he says the public is under the impression that "jazz has given way to swing." So far Mr. Rogers is correct; the public is misimpressed. But then he definitely states, "Jazz and swing are synonymous." I saw it with my own eyes.

Jazz and swing are *not* synonymous. The author has confused "jazz" with "hot jazz." Hot jazz and just plain jazz are two entirely different things. *Hot* jazz is the same as swing; jazz is a type of syncopated *commercial* dance music.

Won't you please see that your readers are set right on this important matter, before this generation of jitterbugs passes away without ever having learned any more about swing than it knows now.

Yours,
I. E. Elfenbein
New York City, N. Y.

Continued on page 102

"How old must a whiskey be before it can go into Four Roses?"

THAT'S a question we're always glad, and rather proud, to answer. Even the *youngest* whiskey in Four Roses is *at least 4 years old.*

This means that *every single one* of the matchless whiskies that are combined to make Four Roses—yes, even the *youngest* of these whiskies—*is old enough to be bottled in bond,* and *would* be, if we thought they would be as good, sold separately that way.

But, instead, we think it better to make these whiskies lighter, milder, by reducing them to 90 proof (instead of the 100 proof which bottled-in-bond whiskies must be). Then, with a skill born of our 74 years' experience, we bring these distinguished whiskies together, so as to unite *all* their individual virtues in *one* whiskey that is finer by far than any of them could possibly be alone. Four Roses is ALL whiskey—*whiskey, every drop.*

If you've never tasted Four Roses—well, we believe you've been passing up the most magnificent whiskey ever bottled!

Just *try* Four Roses—at your favorite bar—today. Or get a bottle of Four Roses at your nearest package store. It may cost a trifle more...but you'll say it's worth it! So will your guests. *Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.*

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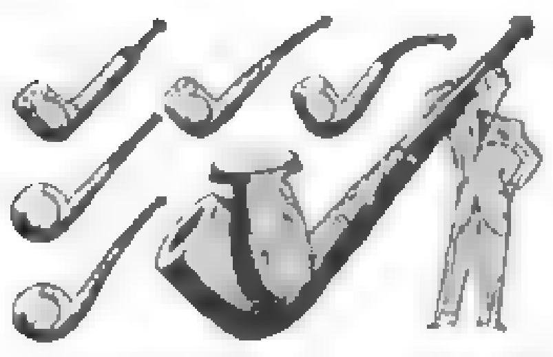


PIPES & TOBACCOS

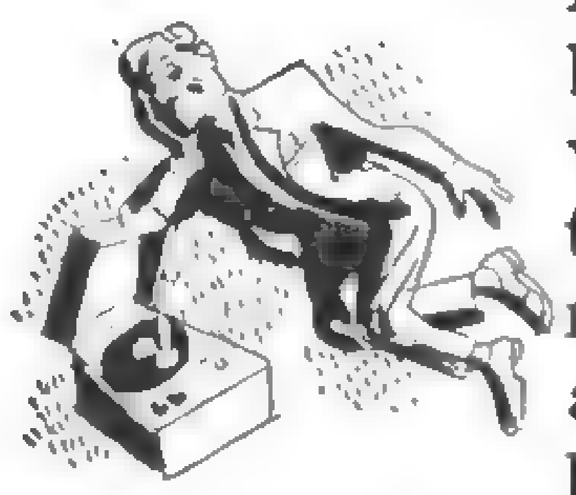
"Windward" the imported briar, all-weather covered pipe, no flying sparks, no ashes spilled, slow burning, can be put in pocket without emptying. For out-of and indoor smoking. Cover fits perfectly. Can be removed completely. Vulcanite bit. *Special introductory offer: "Windward" pipe AND 1 oz. pkg. "Mello Maple" mild aromatic tobacco cured with pure Bonded Rum and Vermont Maple; both for $1.00 p.p.* Check shape desired above. Money-back Guarantee. George Yale, 1083—6 Av. nr. 42 St., N.Y.C.

UNUSUAL RECORDS

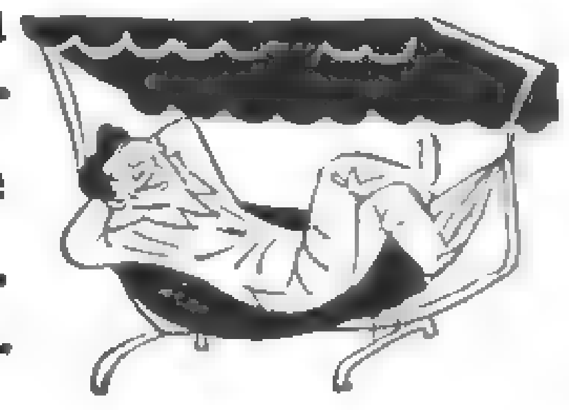
Calypso Records amaze and delight sophisticates! Fascinating, unique, these troubador-like songs by native Trinidadians in West Indies English combine strange pulsating rhythms and Swing! 12 amazing hits include Edward VIII, Roosevelt in Trinidad, Abdication, Dingo Lay, Young Girl's Touch, Duke & Duchess of Kent, etc. Complete in album with commentary only $2.75. (We pay U.S.A. postage.) *Available only from*
RABSONS MUSIC SHOP
100 West 56th Street New York City

FATHER TALKS TO HIMSELF ABOUT "HIS" DAY, JUNE 18TH. "There they go again, making a lot of fuss about Father's Day. Wish they wouldn't do it, makes a man feel foolish . . . still, the women folks sure come in for their share of special days, guess after all the head man is entitled to some attention. Of course I don't want any gifts, just want to be remembered. Wonder what they're going to give me . . . maybe I ought to do a little hinting."

"I want to spend the summer loafing. Wonder why they don't give me one of those portable hammocks . . . or a portable radio . . ."



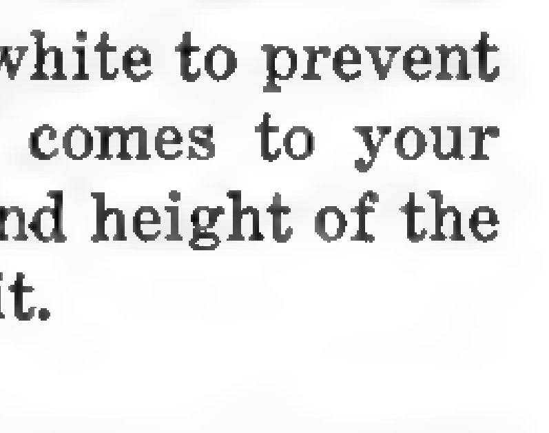
SO HE WANTS A RADIO. There's a new 18-lb. model which looks like a piece of airplane covered luggage. He can take it out in the shade of the old apple tree because it needs neither aerial or ground wires. There's 100 feet of wire built into the radio itself. If Dad likes to play records (there's an idea, why not give him an album full of his favorites) you can buy a combination portable radio and phonograph housed in a handsome striped tweed-like case. Far from electric current, the machine carries on in self-sufficient glory.



SO HE WANTS A PORTABLE HAMMOCK. He won't need trees or a piece of rope to put this hammock up. The cleverly designed tubular chromium stand is made to give the maximum of strength with a minimum of weight. Even if The Gov'nur weighs in at a substantial 300 lbs., the hammock supports 350 without a tremor. The knee action frame keeps the hammock on even keel, so it can be set up on uneven ground as well as on the level without dire consequences. Whole thing, bright colored canvas hammock, adjustable top and frame, fits into a carrying case which can be chucked into your car when you go to the beach, out in the woods or whither you will. Total weight . . . 28 lbs.

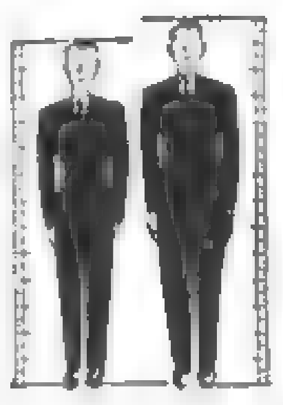
"I expect to do a lot of reading this summer, nothing like a good book . . . if I only had a decent light to read by. Wish they'd give me one of those new fangled lamps . . ."

SO HE WANTS A LAMP. Maybe one of those scientific jobs which has passed through divers tests for electrical perfection and sight-saving light. Lamp bulbs are housed in light-diffusing glass or plastic bowls hidden under the shade; shades are lined in white or near white to prevent coloring the light. A "lighting advisor" comes to your home to help you work out the size, type and height of the lamp according to where you want to use it.



LAMP, FAN AND BUG KILLER . . . a neat 3-in-1 gift. A 4-blade silent electric fan is placed above the light bulbs in the lamp, but wholly concealed by the shade. By blowing air in a horizontal direction through the vented shade, the fan does not blow a direct blast of cool air on Dad's neck, neither does it scatter papers or ashes. A fine thing for a hot, sultry night. A removable metal-rimmed screen fits on top of the shade to eliminate insects. As these invaders approach, attracted by the light, they are drawn in by the fan and trapped in the screen.

STIMULATING IDEA. If Father has been a little on the irritable side of late, perhaps an electric vibrator would help. There's a new one out, streamlined and very light which slips over the back of his hand, the current running through his fingers. With this, we have it, he can effect a good Swedish massage on himself . . . relieving tension on back of neck, stimulating scalp, toning muscles.



BUILT-UP SHOES

Increase your height with Joseph Burger's STATURAIDS, the special built-up shoes. Smart, attractive, normal looking. Built up feature does not show—no heavy soles or high heels. Used by actors, professional men, salesmen, statesmen, and well dressed men everywhere. Wide assortment of styles. *Not only increase stature but also give better posture.* Send for illustrated catalog.
JOSEPH BURGER'S *STATURAIDS*
2067-L Third Ave. At 113 St., New York, N. Y.
Mail orders our specialty *(Plain Wrappers)*
When in N. Y. visit my store near the Fair

CAMERAS

Sale! To make room for new models we offer the famous VOIGTLANDER BESSA Camera, fitted with F 4.5 Voigtar lens in Compur Shutter at $24.50. Former price $35. The Bessa is a light, compact 2 size camera with speeds up to 1/250th part of a second and makes 8 pictures 2¼ x 3¼ or 16 vest pocket pictures. Has direct vision finder, as well as a waist level finder. Mail orders filled. Send for Booklet E.B.E.
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110 West 32nd Street New York

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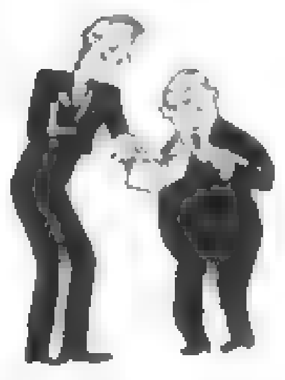
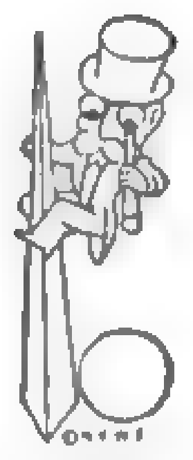
FATHER PRIDES HIMSELF
on his matchbook collection, even if he may not admit it. Because he knows that Master Matchless Album shows off his favorites so well. The Master holds all popular sizes—even the new 10-strike now—and mounts them without paste or trouble. A beauty, and only $2.00 at your dealers, or write
MATCHLESS ALBUM CO.
Box 120, Grand Central Annex, New York



SHORT STATURE & HEIGHT INCREASE

is the title of an extraordinary book, just published. Shows what science can and cannot do for short people. Describes drugs, devices, exercises. Explains stature aids, psychological aids, etc. Tells about clothes, food, body-build measures. 18 informative chapters packed with numerous height helps, methods, practices. Full-page illustrations. Famous N. Y. Doctor Says: "Authoritative, Practical and Complete!" Only $2.98 postpaid (or C.O.D. plus postage). Harvest House, 70 Fifth Ave., Dept. H401, New York.



GUIDE BOOK

It's here: "Esquire's New York".
A New York Guide Book
For World's Fair Visitors

Sums up the sophisticate's New York in 150 pages, plastic bound. Avoid disappointment. "Esquire's New York" is now ready for your pleasure. The quantity is limited so send 50¢ in stamps and this unique guidebook will be forwarded to you.

ESQUIRE *The Magazine for Men*
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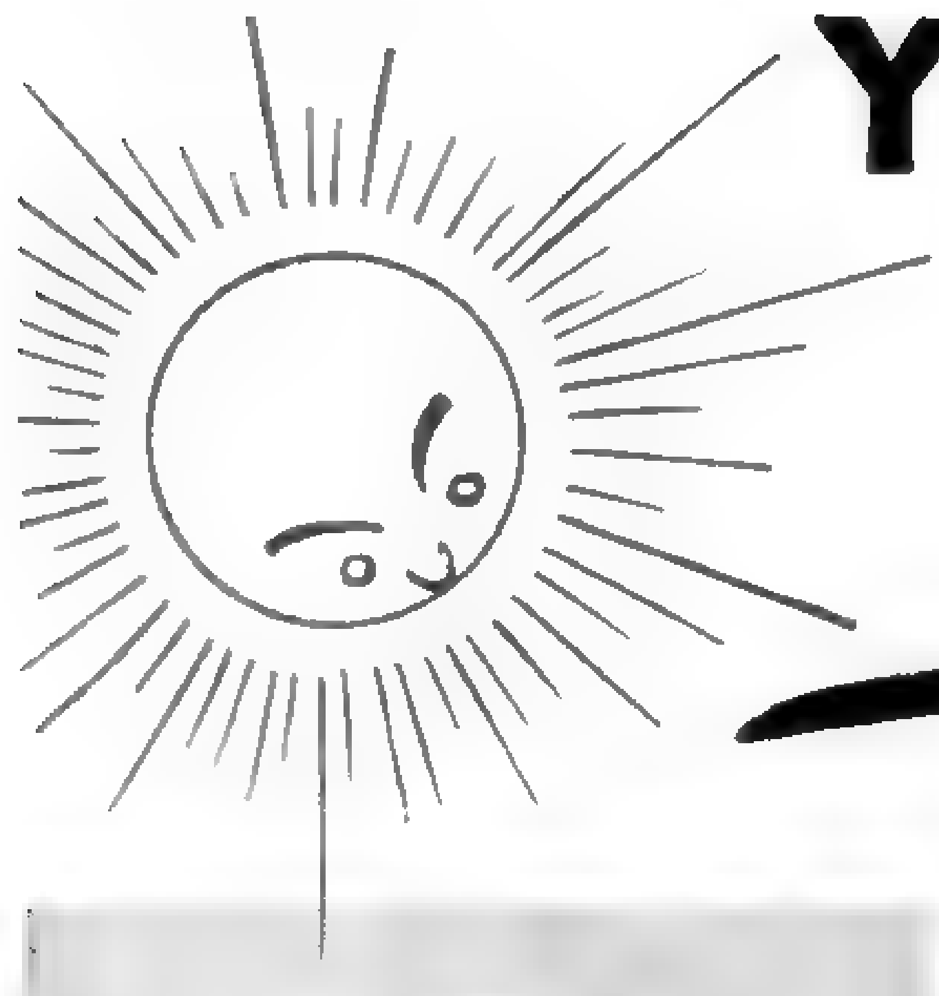


Your Hair! Keep it Good-looking

—In Spite of Sun and Water!

Protect Your Hair with

VITALIS

and the "60-Second Workout"

1 **50 SECONDS TO RUB**—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2 **10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH**—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

A SMASHING set of tennis under a broiling sun or a stinging shower after a hard 18 holes of golf—that's certainly what the doctor ordered to keep a man physically fit! *But* what about your hair? . . . Sun-baked until it's dry and brittle; lifeless and limp from water which soaks out any remaining natural hair oils.

Summertime is the time when your hair especially needs Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout" to offset the harsh effects of sun and water. Apply Vitalis to the scalp with a brisk massage. Feel the healthy, exhilarating "tingle" as new circulation awakens and the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis come to the rescue of your oil-depleted scalp. Notice how easy it is to comb and brush your hair—how neatly it stays in place. It takes on a rich, attractive lustre—but without a single trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" shine.

Enjoy all of your outdoor sports, but do as millions of men are doing—keep your bottle of Vitalis handy! Start your "60-Second Workouts" and see if they don't help put you over socially this summer! Get a bottle at your druggist's, today.

VITALIS SEALTUBE

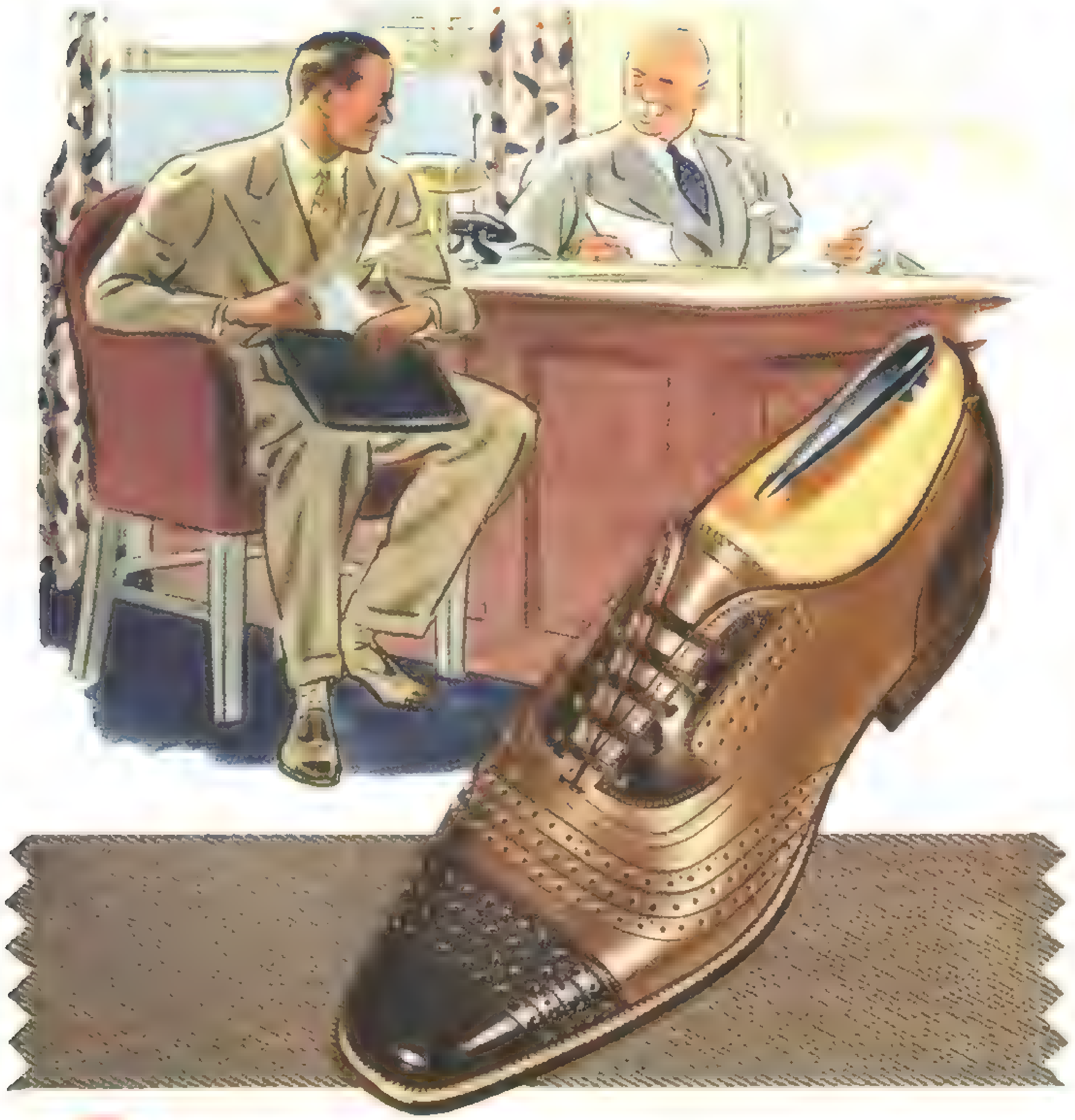
WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Accept no substitutes. *Insist on Sealtubes!*

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

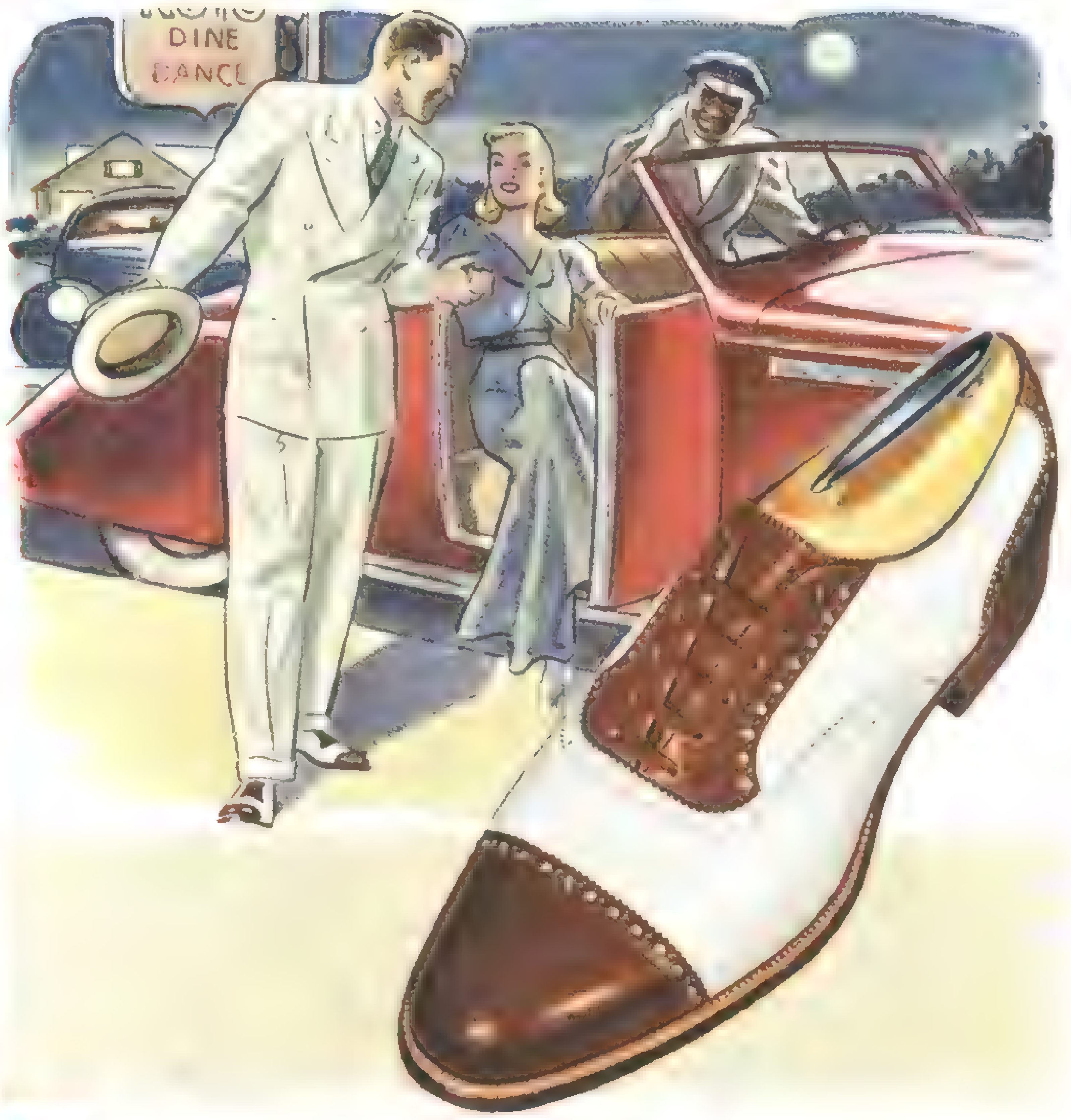
JULY
SUMMER WARDROBES
1
2 3 6 7 8

To men with the

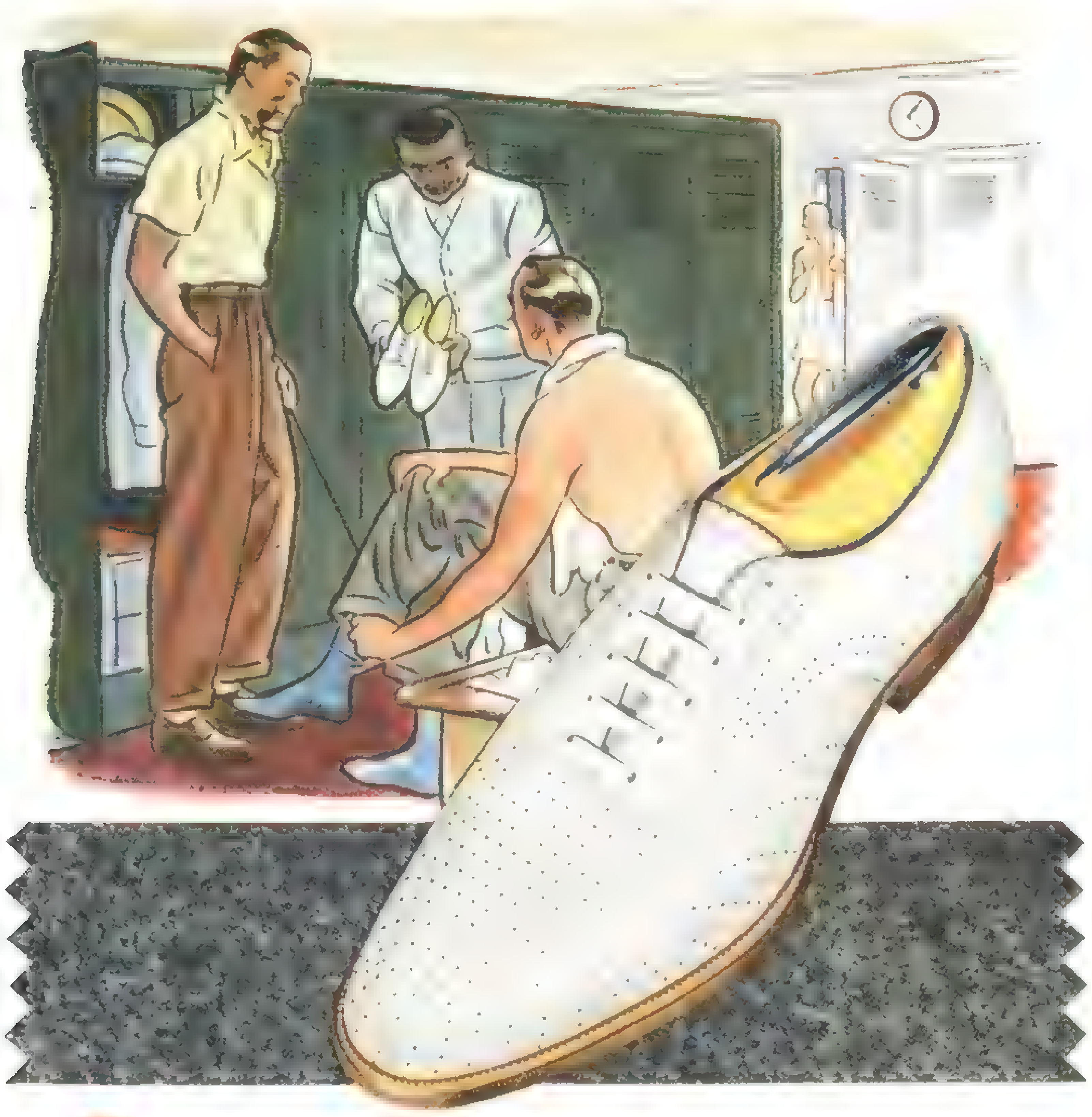
JARMAN OFFERS A



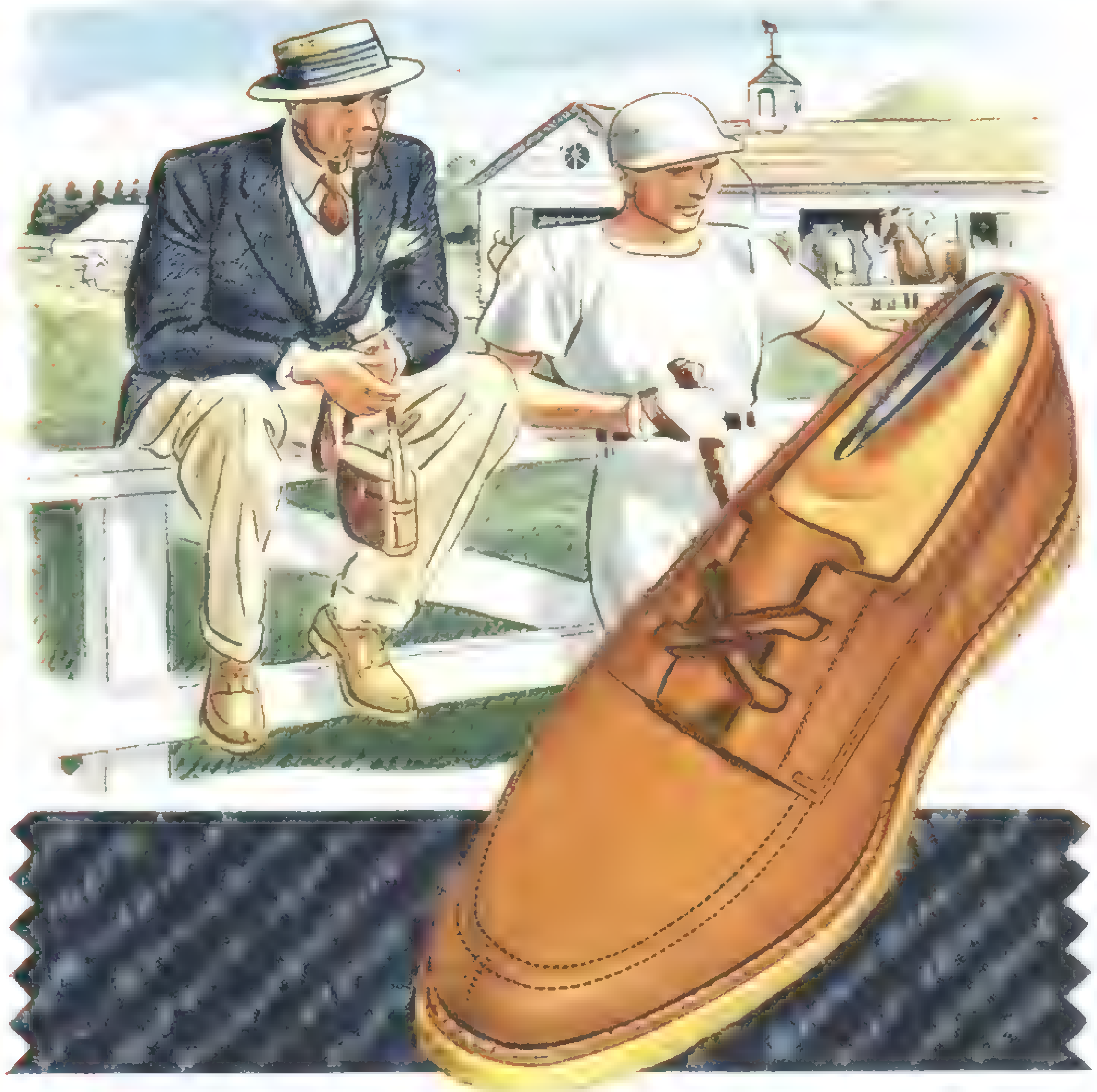
A A salesman's delight—this Jarman "Tropical." It's a new two-tone brown with a straight tipped French toe. It's extra *cool* because it's ventilated—comfortable *walking*—and easy to keep clean! Shown with gabardine. No. 1577, the Norman.



B Here's a Jarman combination of brown calfskin and white buckskin that's equally at home in a swanky night club or "Roadside Inn—Dine & Dance." Correct with flannels, gabardine, linen suits, etc. Shown with white linen. No. 4573, the Bradstreet.



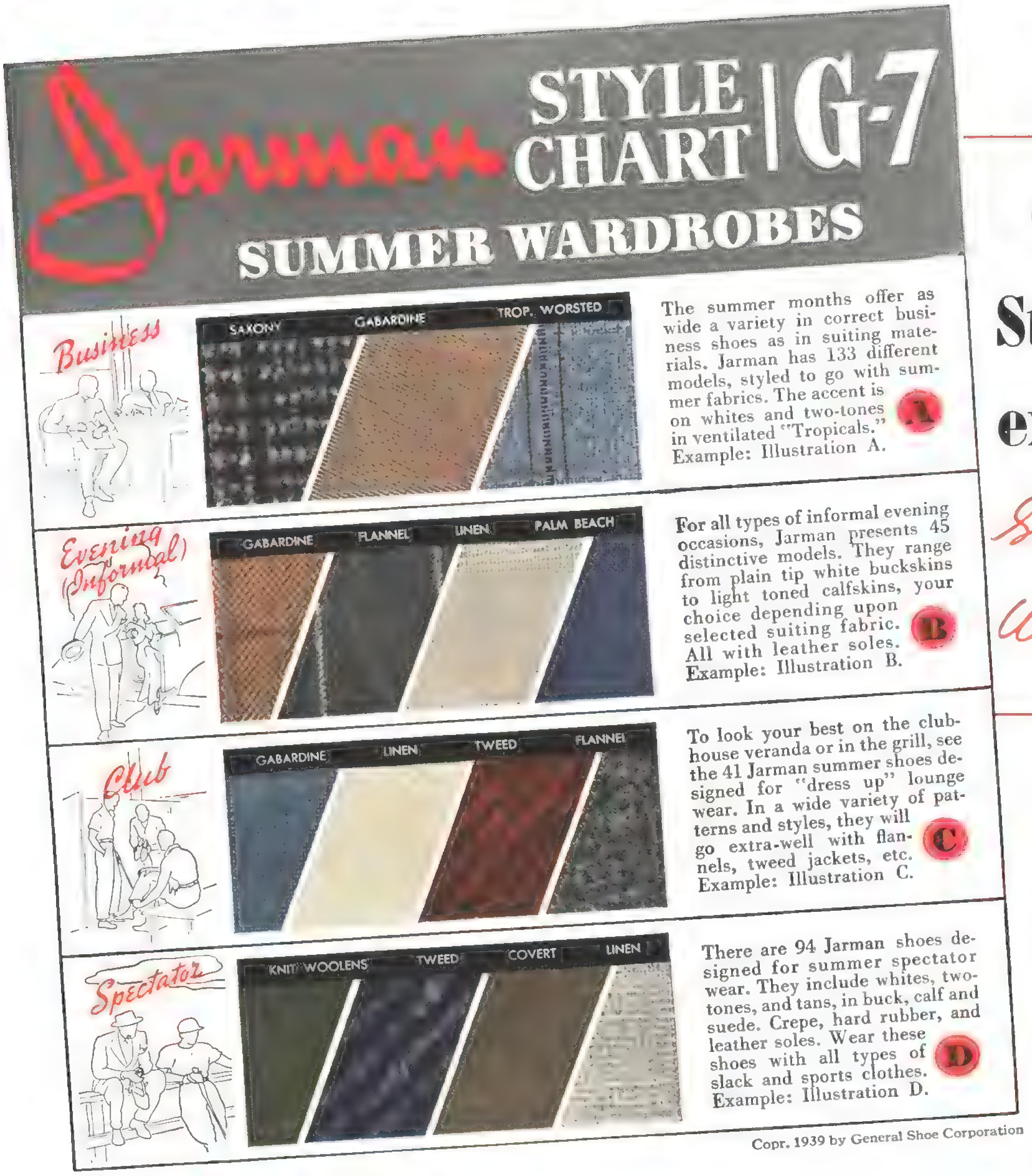
C In the locker room or on the club veranda this white ventilated "Tropical" gets *noticed!* But only *you* know how perfectly its smartness combines with its cool, breezy *comfort.* Wear with any summer clothing. Shown with flannel. No. 1375, the Parkwood.



D This Jarman shoe is as comfortable as an old Indian moccasin. In natural calfskin, with a heavy crepe sole and Ghillie lacing, it's a spectator-leisure sensation. Designed for slacks, sweaters, odd jackets, etc. Shown with tweed. No. 1572, the Stroller.

"dress-well" urge . . .

VALUABLE NEW SERVICE



The summer months offer as wide a variety in correct business shoes as in suiting materials. Jarman has 133 different models, styled to go with summer fabrics. The accent is on whites and two-tones in ventilated "Tropicals." Example: Illustration A.

For all types of informal evening occasions, Jarman presents 45 distinctive models. They range from plain tip white buckskins to light toned calfskins, your choice depending upon selected suiting fabric. All with leather soles. Example: Illustration B.

To look your best on the clubhouse veranda or in the grill, see the 41 Jarman summer shoes designed for "dress up" lounge wear. In a wide variety of patterns and styles, they will go extra-well with flannels, tweed jackets, etc. Example: Illustration C.

There are 94 Jarman shoes designed for summer spectator wear. They include whites, two-tones, and tans, in buck, calf and suede. Crepe, hard rubber, and leather soles. Wear these shoes with all types of slack and sports clothes. Example: Illustration D.

Copr. 1939 by General Shoe Corporation

The Jarman Style Charts tell exactly *which shoes to wear with what!*

NEVER BEFORE HAVE YOU seen such a simple, sensible guide to the completion of your wardrobe with shoes that are exactly right. The Jarman Style Charts are *authentic*. They are based on information carefully gathered by "The Style Reporters" from the country's recognized style centers.

A glance at the Jarman Style Charts will tell you, quickly and authoritatively, which shoes are correct to wear with every suiting fabric in your wardrobe. This one, G-7, is for immediate reference. Others issued from month to month are at your Jarman dealer's.

Whether or not you need new shoes, drop in at the nearest Jarman dealer's. Let him help you check up on your current suit-shoe combinations.

For fifteen years Jarman dealers have been offering outstanding values in shoe styling and workmanship. Now they give you this interesting, extra *service*.

If you don't know the address of a nearby Jarman dealer *wire collect* to the Jarman Shoe Company, Nashville, Tenn. Division of General Shoe Corporation.

DEALERS: For an interesting sound-slide film presentation of the new Jarman business proposal, write or wire collect

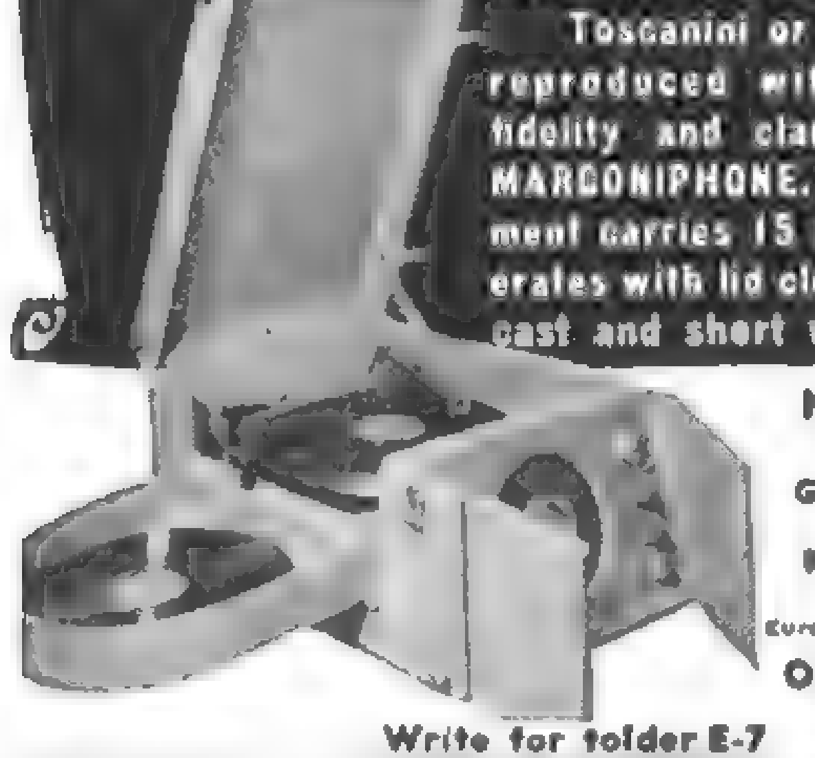
MOST STYLES $\$5^{00}$ TO $\$7^{50}$

Jarman

SHOES FOR MEN

Hurray For Father's Day! Here's a *hot* idea. Take Dad down to your local Jarman dealer's and let him pick out a new pair of shoes! Or, if *you're* the Dad, clip this and leave it in a strategic spot!

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



See THE WORLD'S FAIRest
MUSICAL REPRODUCING INSTRUMENT
Marconiphone
Portable Automatic
RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

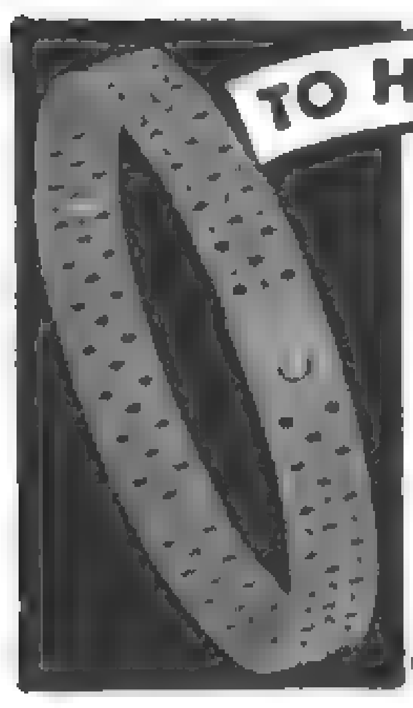
- Plays 30 minutes of uninterrupted recorded music.
- Automatically changes and repeats 10" and 12" records.
- Operates AC or DC and European volt.

Symphony or swing, radio or records—enjoy the music to suit your mood when and where you want it. Toscanini or Artie Shaw reproduced with amazing fidelity and clarity on the MARCONIPHONE. Compartment carries 15 records. Operates with lid closed. Broadcast and short wave bands.

NEW 10 tube 1939 model
Genuine cowhide $159.50
Rowhide leather $10 extra
European volt., $10 extra
OTHER MODELS from $79.50

Write for folder E-7

MARCONI BROS., Inc.
619 MADISON AVENUE (near 61st St.) NEW YORK



TO HOLD YOUR SHIRT IN

The new "TIDY" Shirt Belt of comfortable, flexible Latex is worn over the shirt and under the trousers. It keeps the shirt in place — no more tucking in — no more unsightly bulges. An aid to better grooming and posture. Beautifully packaged, "TIDY" is a DIFFERENT gift. At your dealer or send $1. Cooper-Brenner Co., Dept. E, Youngstown, Ohio. $1

"TIDY" LATEX SHIRT BELT

A CANDY MEN REALLY ENJOY

BOY BLUE
Licorice ROLLS
MADE IN ENGLAND

A delicious and different licorice confection, favorite of young and old in England for many years--now available in the United States.

An ideal hot weather confection--its distinctive flavor will delight you, the one candy that will never tire your taste.

Send one dollar for 1½ lb. carton. Money back if not entirely satisfactory.

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Globe-Trotter
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Swanky Novelty For Your Car

MAKE people believe you've seen the world! GLOBE-TROTTER AUTO PLATES are a riot of fun. Simply attach them to your car and see folks stop and look. Six different styles with real foreign atmosphere. Measure 10 x 6 inches; made of heavy metal in weather-resisting colors. Big hit of New York World's Fair! Be among the first to show them. Two for only $1, postpaid.

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ALAN'S, 712 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me..........GLOBE-TROTTER AUTO PLATES as checked, ☐INDIA ☐AUSTRALIA ☐FRANCE ☐CHINA ☐ENGLAND ☐EGYPT. I enclose $1 for each two. (check or money order).

Name..............................Town..............................
Address..............................State..............................

"Going to be doing a lot of traveling this season . . . wouldn't mind having one of those fitted toiletries cases . . . pretty handy to have my shaving things in one spot.

LATHER AND LOTIONS. A cedar-lined cowhide toiletries case with 2 high hat glass decanters, talcum and shaving soap; "The Three Musketeers", dedicated to good grooming, after-shave lotion, eau de cologne, scalp stimulant in a band box decorated with sports scenes. Another line of toiletries, boxes its shaving soap, talcum, etc. in smart simulated tweed packages. There's a swell leatherette carry-all kit containing shaving cream, talcum and after-shave lotion. Another firm puts out an aristocratic eau de cologne particularly invented for hot weather use and blended from a formula concocted in France in the 18th century. An odor virile, yet subtle, discreet but compelling. Yeah man. Still another line produces a "gentleman's locker kit" in pigskin, slide-fastened on 3 sides and fitted with brush, comb, mirror, shaving lotion, tonic cream and talcum, packaged in morocco-like leather flasks. The case also has pockets for golf balls, tees or other oddments, and a hook so it can be parked on a door or wall. If Pater is patriotic and likes things done "the American Way," there's a line of toiletries done up in white porcelain, decorated with old clipper ships and packaged in red lined chests of wood veneer. Ye old porcelain shaving mugs (filled with old spice soap) are being commandeered as Tom and Jerry's after the soap is gone. Then there are porcelain bottles for cologne and talcum, and packages of spicy bath soap . . . with a fresh, bracing odor. Entirely masculine in a suave, clubman manner is the gold crested, dark blue wooden shaving bowl filled with beard-melting soap. When emptied, the box, we hear, often does duty as a collar box . . . it's that good looking.

". . . I need ties and shirts, but hope Junior doesn't give me any more of those cheese-dream varieties. I had a pretty tough time last year giving them away."

THE NEW BAR SHAPE TIE, long and narrow, is both smart and conservative–comes in handsome, neat all-over patterns. Cluster stripes are popular too, and look especially well on dark grounds. Half-tones are big news in shirts these days. They're more subdued than pastels, can be had (who can't) in a variety of neat but not gaudy colors such as Eton blue, coral and sand. If Father is firmly addicted to white, add a dash of color to his daily existence by presenting him with white ground shirts with spaced stripes. If the hosiery department of his wardrobe needs bolstering, he'll welcome a pair or two of lightweight wool socks in all over patterns. They've recently become town favorites. Argyle plaids are the hose for his sportier moments while socks with horizontal stripes (very popular in England) or plain colored hose with fancy clocks will take care of his business day. If he's a traditionalist you're safe with 6x3 rib socks, lisle or silk.

"Wonderful thing . . . the telegraph, even if my offspring usually come through collect on Father's Day."

GIVE POP A BREAK THIS YEAR, and instead of making him pay the freight, have a dulcet-voiced damsel sing "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" to him on the phone. This is just one of the services planned by the telegraph companies to gladden the hearts of all male progenitors. There are other singing messages too, and especially prepared greetings. Through the Telegraph Shopping Service you may have any sort of a gift purchased and delivered to him at a distant point.

ARE YOU A KEY FUMBLER?
THEN USE KEYMATIC!
This marvelous automatic key case holds your four most important keys, each identified by a special marker. Operates with one hand — a push of the patented button and out pops the desired key. Streamlined in design, it does not bulge in your pocket. Constructed of solid, non-tarnishing nickel silver. Selling for 50¢ Send Coin or Stamps
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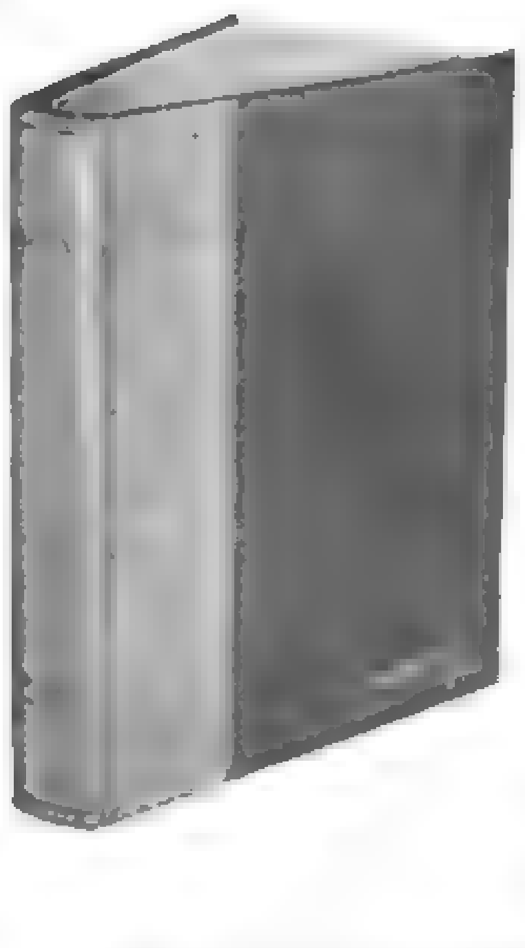

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DE LUXE—GENUINE PIGSKIN—Rich embossed burned-in lettering. Gilt top. A luxurious binding comparable to the individual masterpieces of the Old World bookbinding craftsmen.
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Every active sport . . . and sportsman . . . will welcome these crisply tailored slack suits complete with Kover-Zip trouser closures . . . the fabric-covered slide fastener, no metal shows! Created by the Brentwood Style Guild in correct tradition, and in a wide range of smart colors. In fine lightweight and sturdy rayon fabrics.

Tailored by
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of Tested
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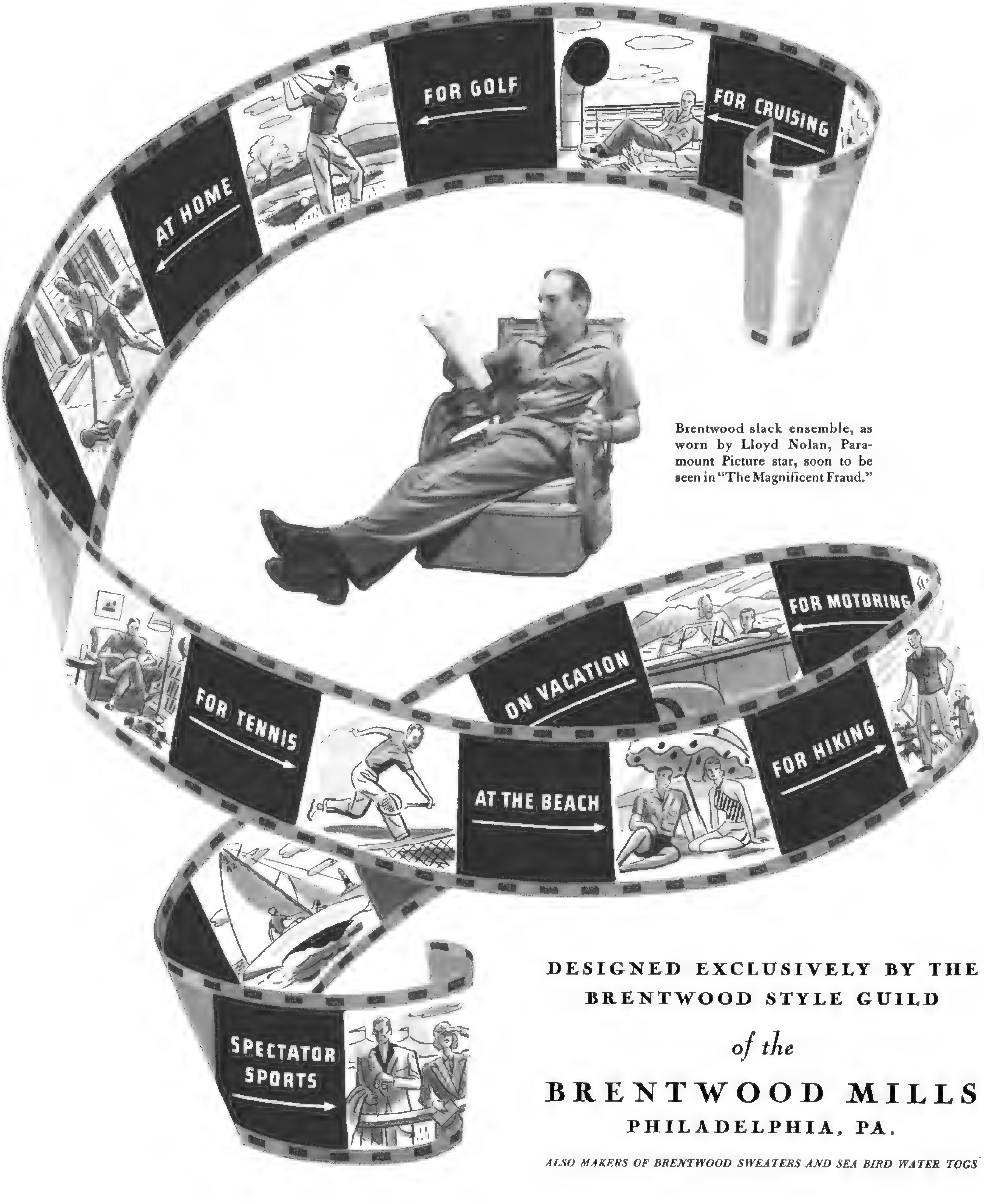
FOR GOLF
FOR CRUISING
AT HOME
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ON VACATION
FOR TENNIS
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FOR HIKING
SPECTATOR SPORTS

Brentwood slack ensemble, as worn by Lloyd Nolan, Paramount Picture star, soon to be seen in "The Magnificent Fraud."

DESIGNED EXCLUSIVELY BY THE
BRENTWOOD STYLE GUILD
of the
BRENTWOOD MILLS
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ALSO MAKERS OF BRENTWOOD SWEATERS AND SEA BIRD WATER TOGS

TO THE PROUDEST DAY IN JUNE

AMONG June's ceremonious events that are filled with orange blossoms and diploma throwing, there is one holiday in which ESQUIRE takes special pride. It's a day dedicated to the man responsible for it all . . . your Father and mine. . . . and because ESQUIRE has always championed the cause for the man of the family . . . Father's Day has always been our secret favorite holiday. So for this year's celebration which falls on Sunday, June 18th, we're passing out the free cigars in the form of a very special Father's Day subscription rate that will be in effect right up to June 30th. The bargain speaks for itself. Regular subscription rates to ESQUIRE are $5.00. Our special Father's Day commemorative rate is $3.00 . . . and you'll agree too, that you don't run into a subscription opportunity like this one every day in the week.

GIFT NOTE: In addition to the subscription you'll want to enter for yourself, we can think of no more appropriate way of commemorating Father's Day than by presenting yearly subscriptions to Dad and your friends. If your gift is for father, we have designed a captivating gift announcement card that will have your name inscribed on it as donor and a gay gift package that will contain his first issue. Both the card and the gift-wrapped-first-issue will be sent to reach Dad just before Father's Day.

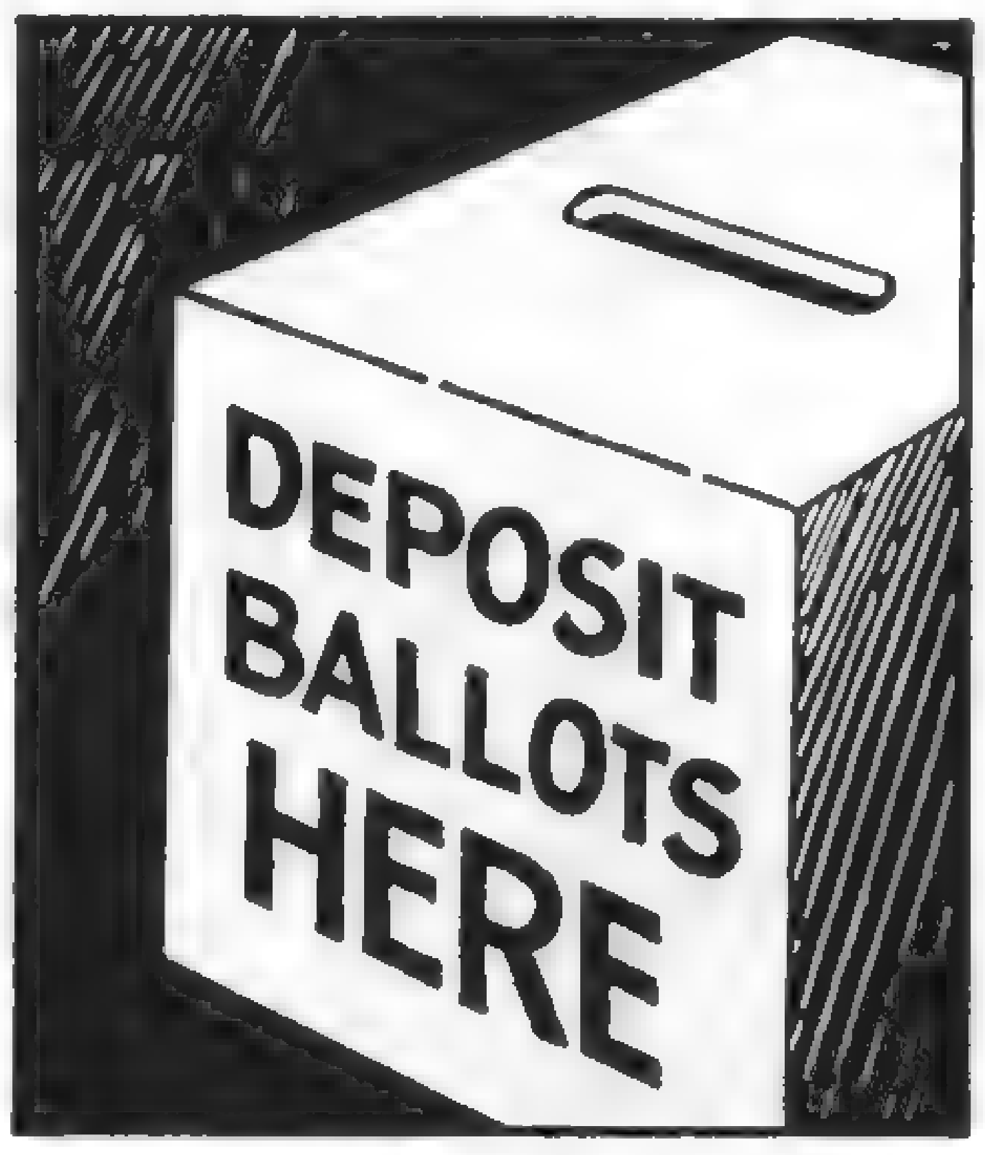
Esquire 919 North Michigan Avenue • Chicago, Illinois

USE THE CONVENIENT ORDER CARD BOUND IN THIS ISSUE

In the City Built Upon....

POPULAR PREFERENCE

ITS LEADING NEWSPAPER IS AN OUTSTANDING EXAMPLE...



Political constituencies, near and far, determine just WHO will be numbered among Washington's population. Vast changes occur... new faces appear in the Capital Scene, on the average, once every four years—sometimes oftener than that. These changes occur not only in the White House...the Cabinet...the Congress ... among the top-flight heads of governmental bureaus and departments. Almost every day witnesses additions to or deletions from the rank-and-file of governmental staffs. The population of the National Capital is indeed determined by the political preference of the folks "back home." There is another brand of popular preference shown in Washington. It is manifested year after year, administration after administration, by the vast majority of people who read...for Washington's leading newspaper, THE STAR. Here is a great newspaper which shuns sensationalism... tells the whole truth. Here is a newspaper with a present average circulation of 145,000 daily and 155,000 Sunday in a city of 630,000. Here is a newspaper which is built upon Reader Confidence, and which for the last seven years has led the entire Nation in advertising lineage. And here is a market with a constant spendable monthly income of $46,000,000. It is a combination which will click for any advertiser.

The Evening Star
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ALWAYS PRESENT AT
Smartest Parties...
8 Fld. Oz.

Wherever smart crowds make merry you'll note that bottle of Angostura Bitters! For it's the one thing sophisticates couldn't do without when cocktail-making time arrives!

For three or four dashes of Angostura Bitters make the difference between a poorly mixed and smoothly blended beverage! Even with the best ingredients you can't arrive at a delicious whole without Angostura, the bitters that blends a drink to perfection!

Next time, order a Planter's Punch made the right, Angostura way. Or treat yourself to a Rum or Tom Collins, *Angostura!* And when you entertain at home watch the way your guests approve that smooth finish Angostura gives to 'long, cool ones'.

Over 115 Years in Use
No other similar preparation has received so great official and public recognition by Royal Families and in Expositions as has been accorded to Angostura Bitters.

ANGOSTURA
Since 1824
BITTERS
32 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS FOR MERIT

Free—"Complete Mixing Guide"—write
Angostura-Wuppermann Corp. • 155 East 44th St., New York, N. Y.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

PENS AND PENCILS... DE LUXE EDITION

None of this pencil-for-a-penny stuff when it's a Father's Day gift. Pencils can be definitely on the snobbish side. There's the magic pencil, gold filled, 2½" long overall when closed, but by pulling the ring at the end, extends to a length of about 5". Then there's the engine turned, gold filled pencil with a special knob a-top for telephone dialing, instead of using the digit system. And those time and temper saving, self-sharpening pencils . . . a push on the top produces a new point. This automatic charging goes on seemingly indefinitely. There's a new pencil which has unusually thin lead . . . almost like a fine wire. Same firm makes a pencil with an extra long eraser and a ribbed barrel so that the pencil doesn't slip in the fingers. The ruler-pencil is a handy gadget . . . sterling silver, 12" long when open. Pencil part pulls apart from ruler so that markings may be made in measuring.

For the gift handsome, you might present Father with a solid gold pen and pencil set, diamond set!

Then there's the pen and ink set which provides an ink reservoir in which the point of the pen rests, sealing the ink against drying up, they tell us; and adjustable so that the pen cannot flood, and is always ready for instant use.

AUTOGRAPH PEN

A well-known fountain pen manufacturer and a jeweler joined forces a few years ago, and to date the combination has produced over forty-thousand pens sporting true facsimile autographs. The owner's signature is engraved by the jeweler on a solid gold band on the pen. He learned the art of duplicating autographs from a forger who, imparting professional secrets, told him to copy them upside down to get perfect results. He has turned them out for many European kings and their officials, including one on a special gold and platinum diamond-studded pen for some Egyptian mogul at the cost of $1250.00. But don't let that scare you. You can get one for Papa with his own John Hancock on it very reasonably. There are autograph pen and pencil sets to be had too, in attractive leather cases.

GOLFER'S GIFTS

Father probably does a bit of golfing . . . which makes gift-giving pretty easy. Obviously golf balls, good ones and plenty of them. Or a very fine calfskin golf bag which has everything . . . long zipper pocket on the side for golf balls, a shoe pocket, a loop for an umbrella (which he will probably ignore), place for tees, a deep zipper pocket that can be converted into a hood. The bag's a big brute, but a beaut.

If he plays what is known as diagonal golf . . . a hook into the bushes, a slice into the ditch, you might give him a bush whacker club . . . 12 inches in height, club head the same on both sides. This lilliputian affair is designed to lift the white pill out of the underbrush. Silly, but they tell us, effective.

GOLF BALL RETRIEVER

Say "water hole" to Father and his morale is completely shattered . . . he knows he'll drive straight for the drink. That's a good 15 minutes and a good ball lost. Aha, but not if you give him a retriever. It's a telescopic chromium steel rod with a cork handle and a special set of jaws that close magnetically over the ball. The rod can be extended to 107 inches . . . long enough to reach down into most water hazards and easier than trying to use a mashie. Collapsed, the thing goes to 36 inches and fits right into a golf bag.

NO TIPPING

No matter what else you are giving the Gov'nur, of course you'll present him with a boutonniere. And with it, it's a nice touch to provide one of those chromium-plated, all-metal boutonniere holders. Unbreakable, streamlined to eliminate distortion of his lapel, and can even be tipped without spilling the water. Some nice fresh flowers, today, mister?

RCA Victor Television Receivers backed by a 7 Year-$2,000,000 Field Test!

The NBC-RCA Television Antenna on the Empire State Building, New York

For those who want the best in entertainment via the air

This big RCA Victor Television and Radio Console, Model TRK-12, has everything you could want in such an instrument. It shows you big pictures, viewed in a mirror set in the lid, which makes it possible for a large group to view television broadcasts in comfort. In addition, this instrument is a superb radio. It can be used for playing records through an RCA Victor Record Player. Its price is $600*

Enjoy the newest and most exciting thing under the sun

TELEVISION

See pictures through the air with an RCA Victor Receiver

Amazement first—then vast enthusiasm—is the feeling of all who see RCA Victor Television. You won't want to miss the dramas, musical attractions, news events, ball games, and other thrilling programs to be telecast this summer.

Outstanding in RCA Victor Television is brilliant clarity of pictures. This almost uncanny accuracy is due to the RCA all-electronic method, developed in RCA Laboratories, and proved by seven years of field tests, costing more than $2,000,000. Such unequalled research is assurance of dependable performance.

You will like the appearance of RCA Victor Television Receivers. Their fresh, new lines and cabinetry give you confidence in a thoroughly modern ability to do their amazing job.

Radio reaches a new brilliance in the three complete RCA Victor Television Receivers. Used to hear radio broadcasts, either American or foreign, they provide tone quality, and deliver performance that is a delight. In addition to complete receivers, there is the RCA Victor Television Attachment for use with your present radio. The Attachment shows pictures, the speaker of your present radio reproduces the sound. Any RCA Victor dealer will gladly demonstrate RCA Victor Television Receivers.

You can buy RCA Victor Television Receivers on C.I.T. easy payment plan. *All prices f. o. b. Camden, New Jersey, installation extra. Trademark "RCA Victor" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by RCA Mfg. Co., Inc. For finer radio and television performance—RCA Victor Tubes.

FREE! Interesting booklet of facts about Television. Write RCA Victor, Camden, N.J.

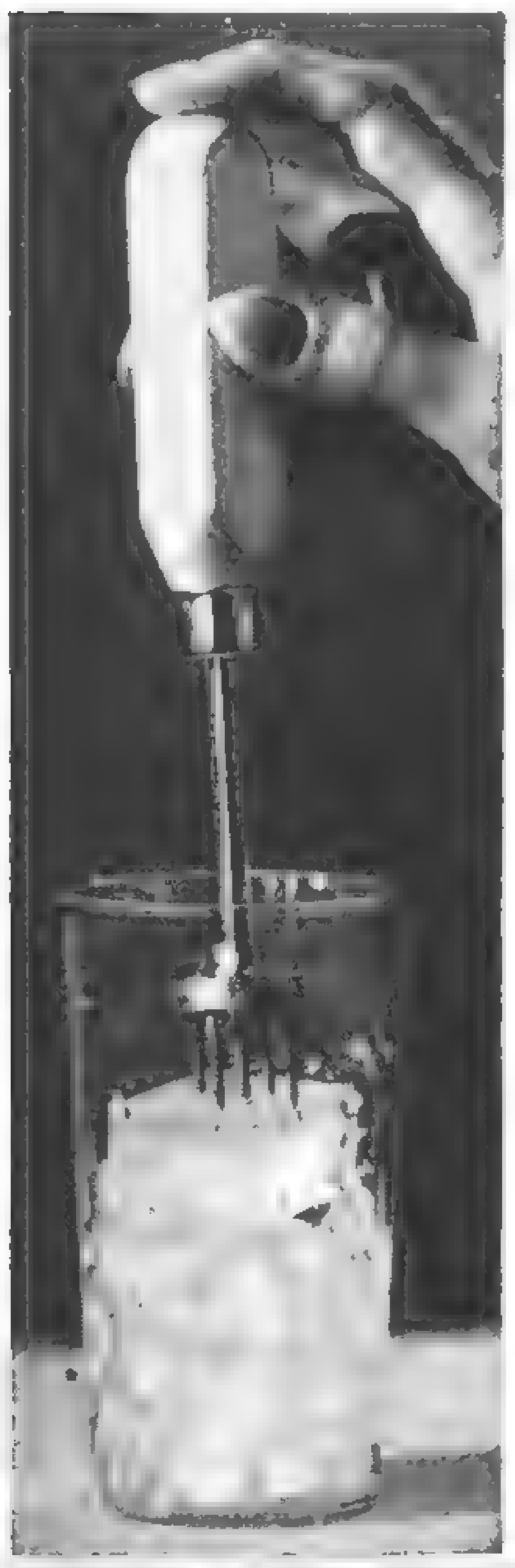
In radio and television it's RCA All the Way

RCA Victor

A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

"I've got a crush on Chip Chop"

THE SPRING ACTION ICE CUBE CRUSHER



- **Scientifically designed spring and hammer action absorbs shock—protects even the frailest glass!**
- **Crushes ice—coarse or fine—as required!**
- **No ice puddle to clean up!**
- **Ideal gift for Father's Day!**

Chip-Chop *crushes* ice—the fine granulated kind that chills drinks instantly! So easy to use. Ask for it by name—Chip-Chop Superfine—It has a white pearlized handle, and *chromium plated steel* parts. Comes in red and white gift box and costs only a dollar.

Sold at stores listed below and at other local dealers

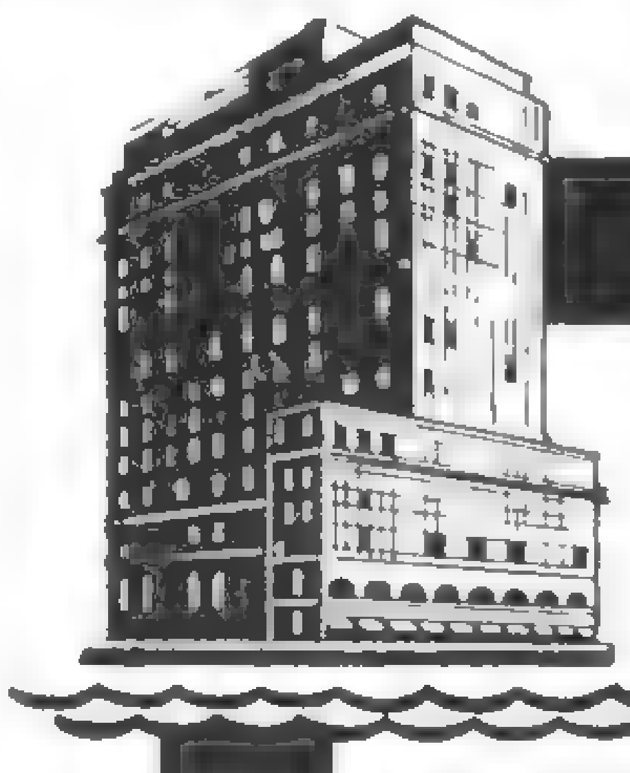
In New York:
Lewis & Conger
Hammacher Schlemmer
John Wanamaker
The Bar Mart
Weber & Weber, Radio City
J. P. Carey, Grand Central
Hoffritz for Cutlery
Weck
Le Petit Mouchoir, 21½ E. 61 St.
Candle-Lux Shop
Buckingham Pharmacy
Abraham & Straus
Monogram Shop, Rye
Walter S. Miller, Inc., Lynbrook
Loreto Connelly, Cedarhurst

In New Jersey:
L. Bamberger, Newark
Edward Madison & Co., Montclair
Wits End, Upper Montclair
Becker Gift Shop, S. Orange
Elsinore Gift Shop, Rutherford

In Connecticut:
Monogram Shop, Stamford
Donnelly's, S. Norwalk

Mfd. by Apex Products Corp., 142 W. 24th St., N.Y. Pat. applied for.

CHIP CHOP



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The Swing's
TO THE SHORE!
For SUMMER-STYLED Entertainment and Superlative Hotel Comfort
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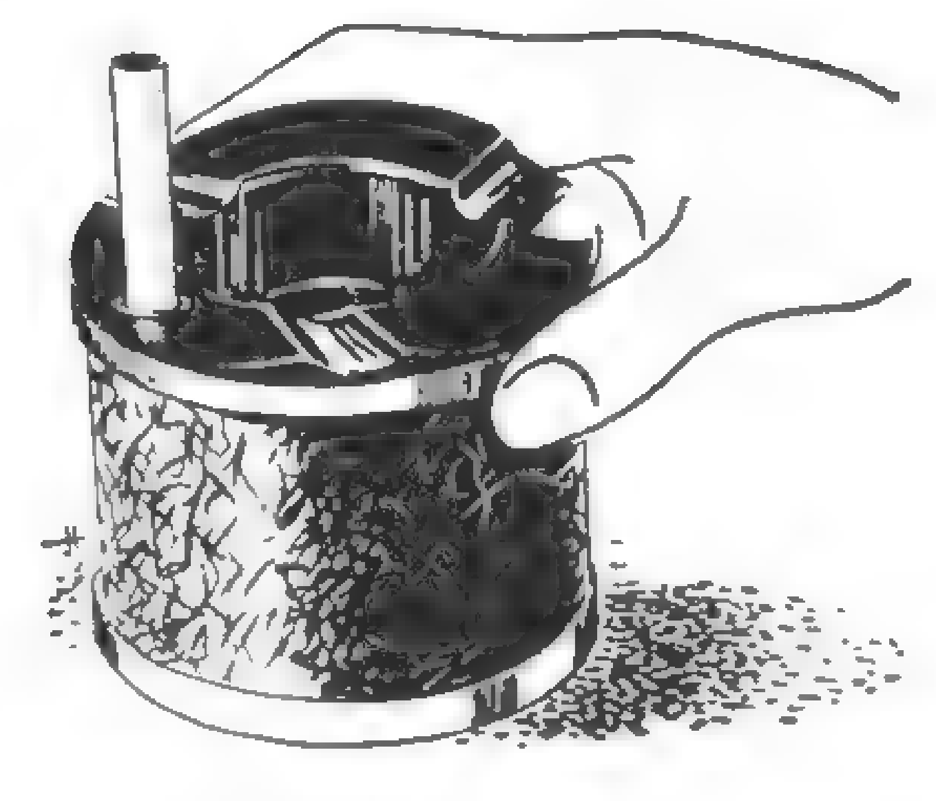
NAT BRANDWYNNE
Virtuoso of the Piano
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
With Lovely DALE SHERMAN
IN THE
Colorful, Comfortable, Air-Conditioned
Merry-Go-Round
Daily for Cocktails, Dinner, Supper
Programmed by C.B.S. Stations

July and August Tariff • European Plan
$5.50 SINGLE with sea water bath $9.00 DOUBLE
Also American Plan
WILLIAM MALAMUT, Managing Director

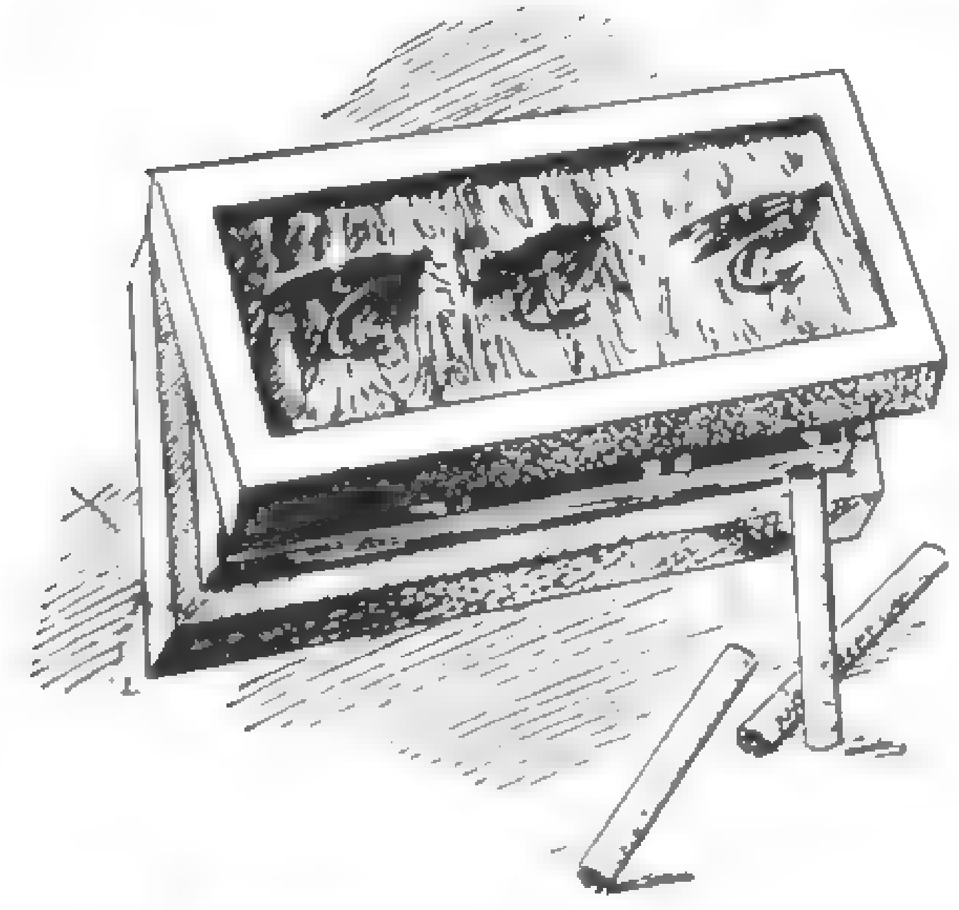
RITZ-CARLTON
ATLANTIC CITY

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP



SMOKING NEWS

Here's a new smoking accessory that should find a welcome place for itself on the table beside Pater's *own* chair. It performs the three-ply duty of cigarette server, container and ash tray, and operates simply besides. Put the cigarettes (it holds a full pack) in their individual compartments, replace and turn the glass ash tray. A cigarette pops up automatically. In addition to being unusually practical, it's a handsome ornament. Comes in four colors of leatherette, and has satin-finished aluminum bands on top and bottom. If there are too many cigarette boxes around the house, Dad could probably do very nicely with it at the office.



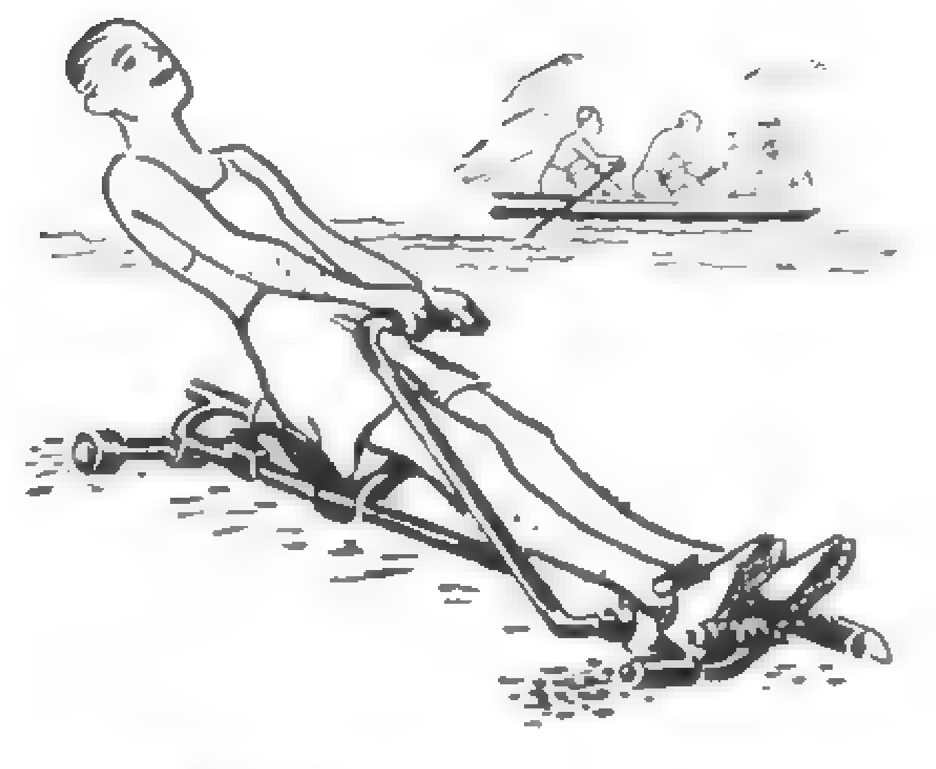
FISHERMAN'S SMOKE

This cigarette box should warm the cockles of any fisherman's heart. If Father's a devotee of the fly casting art, pastmaster or novice, you needn't look any further for a present to give him on June 18th. This is it. Made of hand-stitched, saddle leather, it has three colored flies behind a glass plate on the lid. Practically perfect for a man's study. The flies, by the way, are Black Dose, Night Hawk and Silver Grey. Along the same lines is an unusually handsome sterling silver cigarette case with six flies etched on the cover. The flies have been carefully hand-colored and lacquered.

IF HE TALKS WITH HIS HANDS

New kind of shaving mirror which can be suspended around his neck leaving both hands free. The metal clasp-on support closes around his neck from both sides, giving perfect solidity, eliminating vibration. Swell gift if Dad does a lot of traveling.

You might enclose with this a hand-painted musical "terlit" paper rack which, when pulled, plays a cheery version of "Whistle While You Work."



INDOOR ATHLETICS

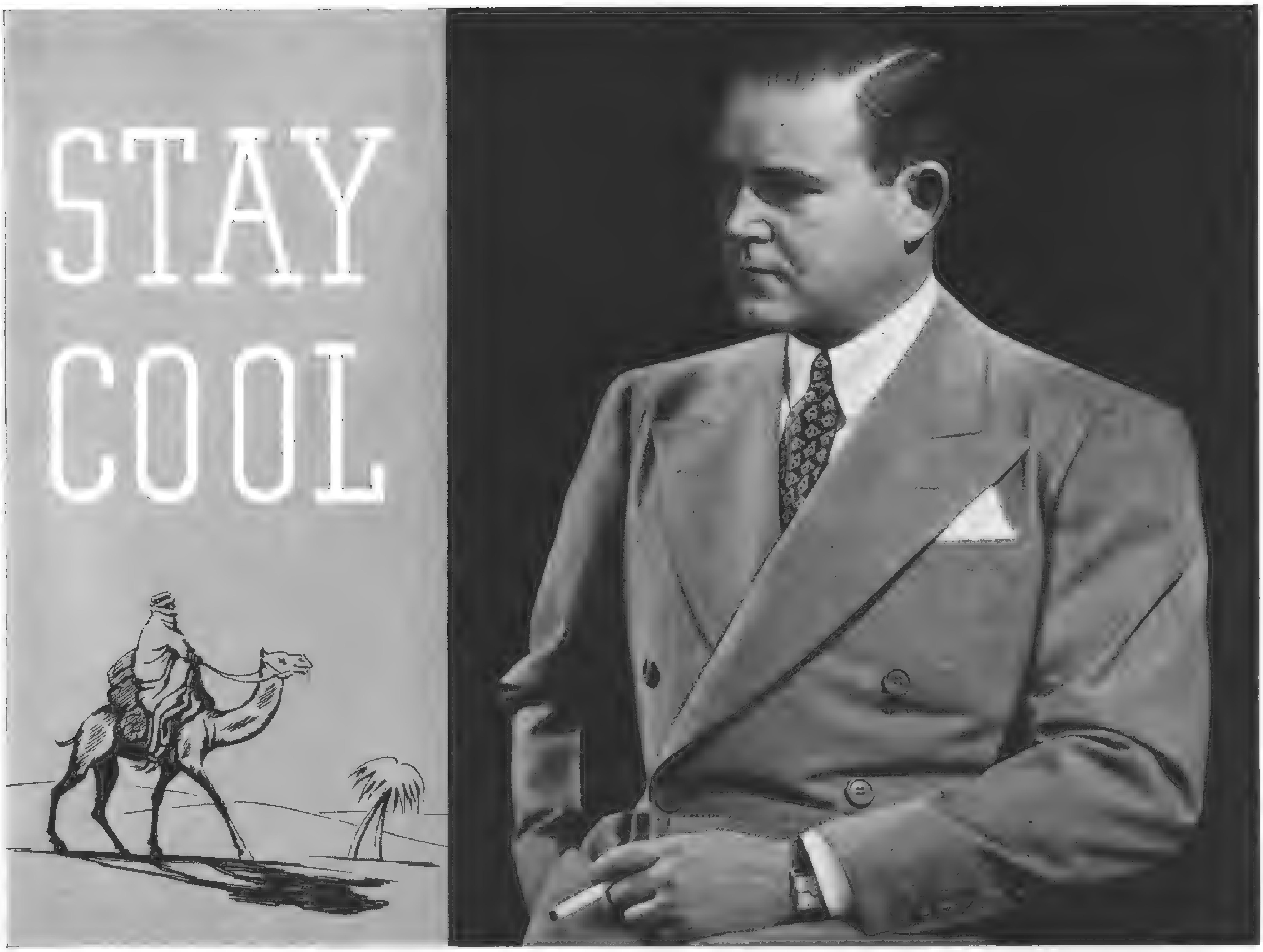
Golfers are possessed of a notorious single-mindedness and when thwarted in their designs can become difficult creatures to live with. If the golfer of the house can't get in the eighteen holes he's planned for the afternoon, you should have a substitute handy. The new chip game will keep him contented, and sharpen his eye for the real thing. It's a green canvas contraption with three concentric circles on the front, something like a target. If the ball lands in the smallest opening, the bell rings and he chalks up a hole in one, the other two openings counting more on his score. It is built to take a beating, and is not only amusing to play, but also helpful in improving one's chip shots. Suitable for indoors or out.

Rowing machines have long been one of the most popular means of indoor-exercise and weight reducing, but they've always been complicated by springs, cords and pulleys. The oars always met the knees halfway, with disturbing results. The hydraulic rowing machine does away with all that. It is springless, has no cords or pulleys. The frame is one piece steel tubing, and the resistor unit with which you can regulate the amount of your exercise, is sealed in oil for long life. The seat rides on noiseless cushioned rollers and you really get the feel of an oar in water on the back stroke. It's excellent for either taking weight off portly Aunt Matilda or hardening the muscles of an athlete.

Ping-Pong tables have also come in for their share of improvement lately. No more flimsiness, warping and collapsing at the crucial moment. The new, permanent table is made of solid walnut with maple trim, and has a center piece and cross boards to prevent warping. It won't curl if left overnight on terrace or porch.

DESK LIGHTER

Really two gifts in one . . . a touch-tip type lighter which also serves as a time-piece. The clock is a 30-hour, stemwind job, and the case is of polished chromium plate enameled in tortoise or black. A nice addition to a Big Exec's office desk equipment.



WEAR SUMMER WEIGHT WORSTED

For thousands of years, desert dwellers have worn wool robes because they keep out the fierce heat of day and protect from night's cold.

Today, Summer Weight Worsted is the nation's most popular fabric for men's suits because it's coolest, also insulates against chill. That's extremely important when temperatures drop suddenly as they do in New York; and now that air conditioning of restaurants, theatres, offices makes swifter changes than old Pluvius himself.

Summer Weight Worsted tailors, presses, holds its shape because it's worsted—sturdiest of all wool fabrics. It has the long-wearing worsted quality . . . is more porous, lighter than winter weights.

Outstanding example of Summer Weight Worsted is Tropi-tex, made from 100% new wool, Naphthalated . . . virgin fleece cleansed in naphtha baths then gently washed in pure water, thus preserving the original strength and resiliency of the wool fibres.

A suit of Tropi-tex weighs only 43 ounces . . . yet, it combines all the long-wearing worsted qualities with superb styling, careful tailoring, fine finish. Men stay cool, comfortable and well groomed in Tropi-tex.

Tropi-tex

FASHION MERCHANDISING BUREAU
Byron G. Moon
Director
401 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

THIS GARMENT IS GUARANTEED TO BE MADE FROM
100% NAPHTHALATED WOOL
For Naphthalated wool the virgin fleece is first cleansed by naphtha baths then gently washed in pure water. This eliminates the usual soaping, scouring and excessive handling and preserves the original life, strength and resiliency of the wool fibres.

Take Dad to the Fair on Father's Day . . in Tropi-tex

New York . . . . . B. ALTMAN & CO. . . . . . BROADSTREET'S, INC. . . . . . 141 Broadway . . . . . 61 Chambers Street
5th Ave. & 47th Street . . . 334-5th Ave. . . . 74 W. 40th St. . . . 50 E. 42nd St.
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MAIDEN FORM'S
*"Curtsy" Girdles. . . .
*"Inter - Lude" brassiere-$1.50; Girdle No. 1301; Pantie No. 1321 —each $2.00.
*"Chansonette" bandeaux — $1.00 and $1.50; and Girdle No. 1310 — $1.00.
THE PERFECT COMBINATION with MAIDEN FORM'S BRASSIERES

Created by the same master-designer — of specially-named †"Tric-O-Lastic" — these two-way-stretch girdles give the lower portion of the figure the same sculpture-perfect moulding as Maiden Form's brassieres give the bustline. In Various lengths and weights, girdles or pantie girdles — $1.00 to $3.50.

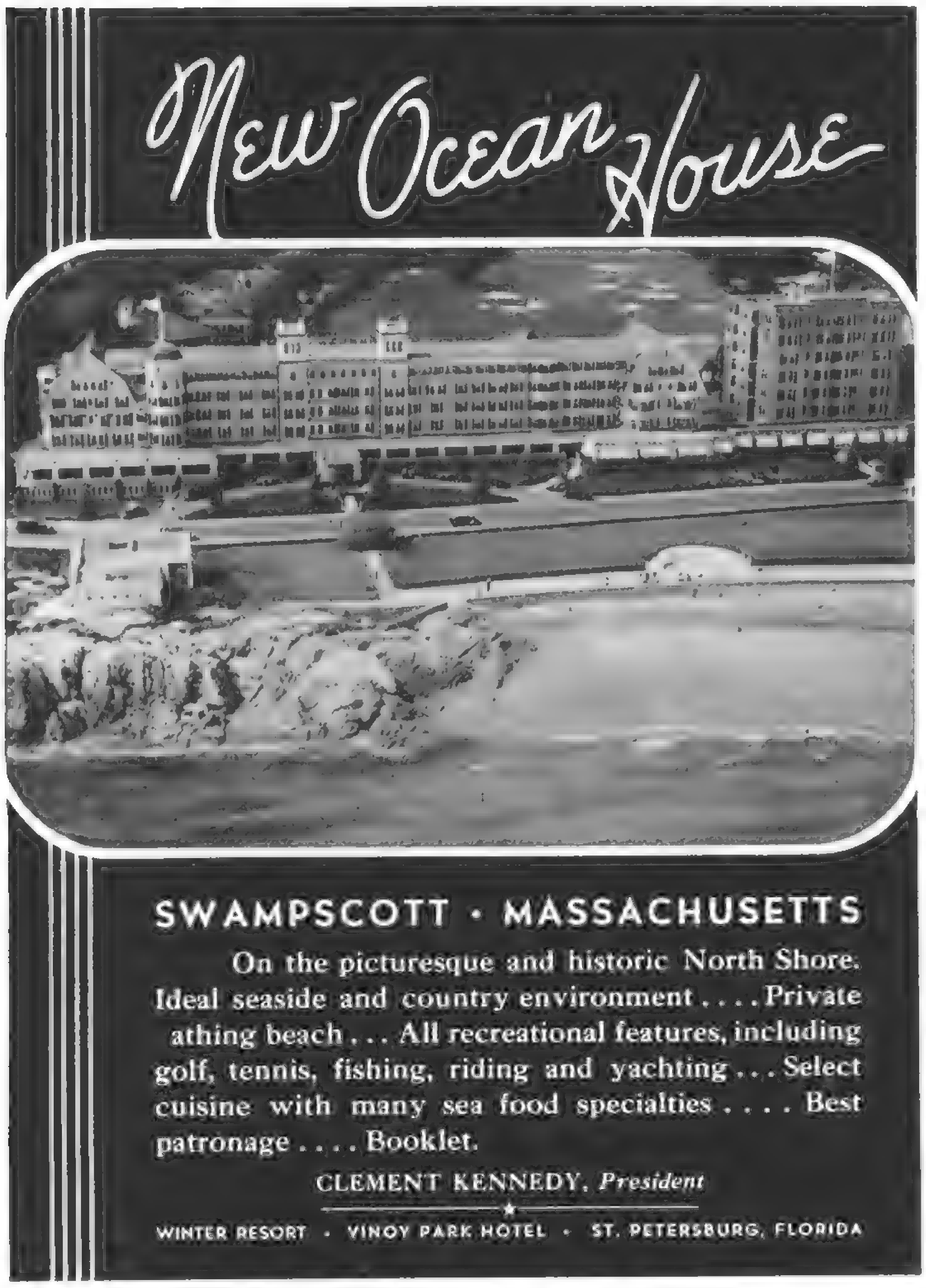
"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

Maiden Form
LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON
BRASSIERES

SOLD AT ALL LEADING STORES

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. †Reg.App.for

Send for free Foundation Booklet VH: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., N.Y.



SWAMPSCOTT · MASSACHUSETTS

On the picturesque and historic North Shore. Ideal seaside and country environment . . . . Private athing beach . . . All recreational features, including golf, tennis, fishing, riding and yachting . . . Select cuisine with many sea food specialties . . . . Best patronage . . . . Booklet.

CLEMENT KENNEDY, *President*

WINTER RESORT · VINOY PARK HOTEL · ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

DEATH IN THE GARDEN

Gardens are certainly very pleasant places in summer . . . *if* they remain relatively free from those inconsiderate pests that crawl, bite and buzz, and otherwise make the evening hideous. There's a very simple way out of all this. An attractive new steel lamp with a rust-resisting finish does the double duty of lighting up your garden, and killing off its insects. The illumination lures the pests to an electric screen surrounding the globe which promptly electrocutes them, depositing them in a catch-pan. In addition, the lamp gives off a sufficient glow, for out-door card playing and reading. It's especially useful for insect destruction on terraces and verandas.

BEATING ABOUT THE BUSH

Gardening implements have kept well apace the modern urge to simplify and ease the trials of physical labor in its many shapes and forms. If papa dotes on pottering about the bushes and shrubs he once so fondly planted, there are some new aids to successful and pleasant gardening he'll be glad to have. To end all his insect problems, why not an efficient hose sprayer, a nozzle which attaches to his garden hose in place of the regular nozzle. It contains a cartridge chamber of insecticide through which the water passes, ending up as lethal a solution as any bug ever saw. It comes out in the form of a fine mist, covering everything in sight, and if there's a long extension nozzle he can reach all parts of plants with no effort at all. For weeding there's a stout hoe with a diamond share that's guaranteed to unearth vulgar growths, very little handle pressure needed. It's especially successful at the tough job of weeding clay tennis courts. The last word in the lawn trimming department is an elegant power mower, which, purring along at natural walking speed, cuts the average size lawn with great dispatch. It has a 20-inch cut, an all-around sturdy construction and is good for many years of dependable, low-cost grass snipping.

GET DOWN TO EARTH

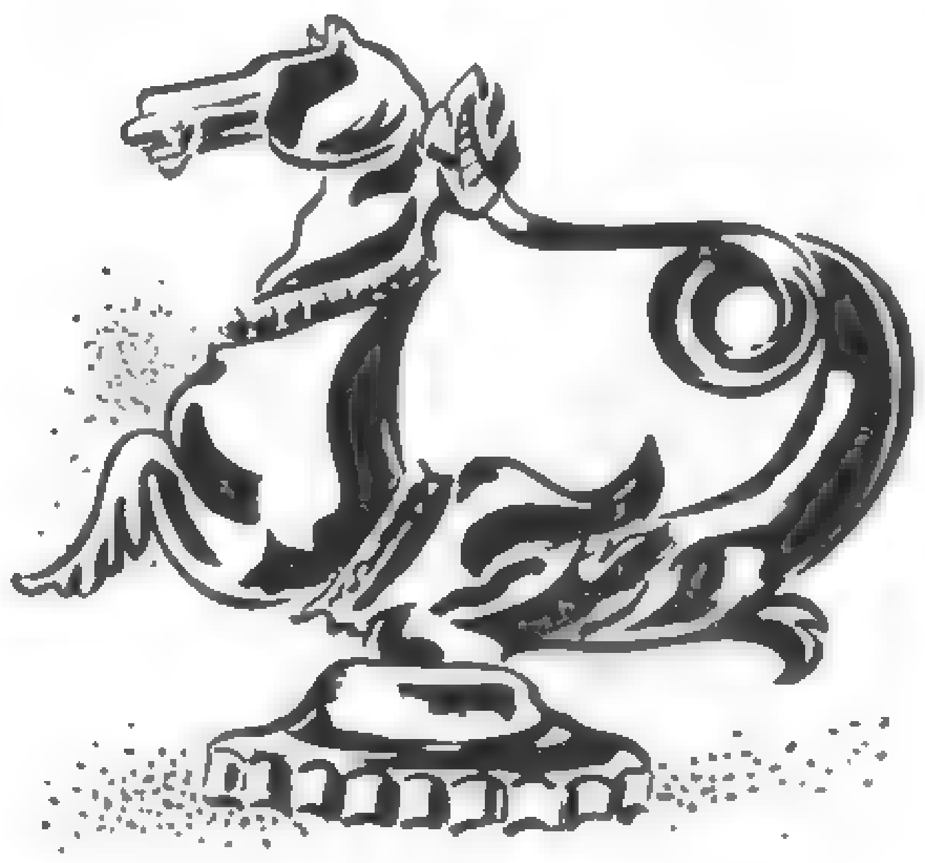
In re this gardening business, Father may find that genuflecting comes a little hard. To forestall callous of the knee, you might present him with the "prie - Dieu," garden variety. Scientifically constructed of cypress for strength and light weight, it has green sponge rubber kneeling platform that opens up, and together with a front trough provides ample space for small tools.

AMATEUR CARPENTRY DEP'T

There's undoubtedly someone around the house who fancies himself pretty adept in the carpentering art. With a drill and grinder kit he'll find new fields to conquer, and probably become a second Chippendale. The kit is useful for everything from lawn mower repairing to model making. Both tools have powerful rugged motors and are finished in blue enamel with polished white metal trim. Another all-round, serviceable tool is the sander, whose uses range from removing paint from furniture to sharpening hatchets.

MONOGRAMMED PLAYING CARDS

Like golf balls, he can always use plenty more. Makes him feel important to receive cards with his own monogram tastily done in plain colored backs. (Most of the decks around the house, he'll admit, bear the little woman's initials). Or you might give him some of those non-paper, washable cards that still look clean and non-chipped even after hundreds of playing hours by the poker club. Some of them are made in a slightly narrower-than-standard width . . . supposedly easier to deal, hold and see.



VENETIAN DOOR STOPS

Taken from the prow of a Venetian gondola, they tell us, is this handsome brass sea horse which Father can put to good use as a paper weight or a door stop.

HIGHBALLS AT NIGHTFALL

If the lord of the mansion is fond of reminiscing over an evening toddy about those very pleasant days he spent amid ivy walls (until the dean unthoughtfully canned him), there's a highball glass expressly made for him. It bears his college seal in authentic colors, and is a handsome, substantial glass to boot. After one look at that memory-provoking seal he'll be off on the glories of yesterday, so if you've heard all his college stories, beware. There are also old-fashioned and cocktail glasses which sport the alma mater insignia.

Ranger

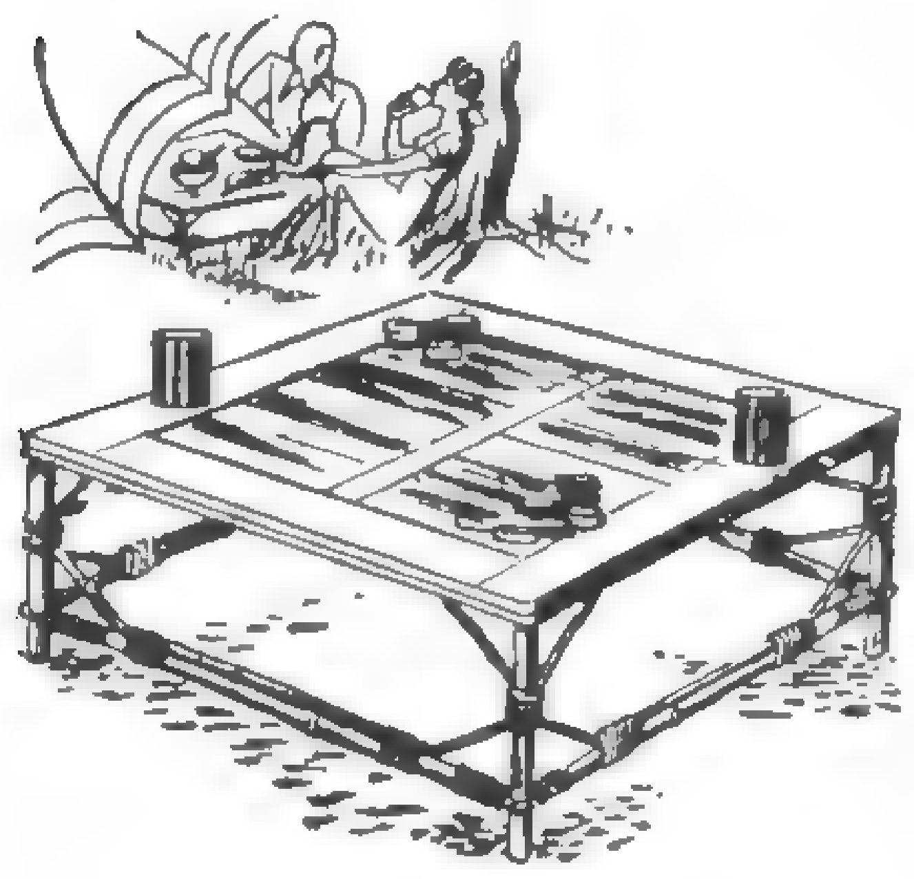
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

TICKET TO HEALTH

Good way to put an end to all that talk of his about never getting any exercise . . . make him a present of a course of gym workouts. Find a good private gym near his office, which will squash that old excuse about not being able to "take the time." There's a dandy little gym in midtown, high up near the sky where the sun pours in the windows, and in good weather exercises are carried on on an ample terrace filled with restful greenery and steamer chairs. Masseurs and steam baths do right well in melting down protuberances, it seems, and there's handball and ping-pong to boot. Ladies are allowed in the morning, but from noon till nightfall . . . it's Men Only.

LEATHER LAMPS

If Father is a lover of leather, you might give him a very fine pair of desk lamps with bases of braided strips of leather parchment shades bound with leather trim. Imported from France. And handsome.

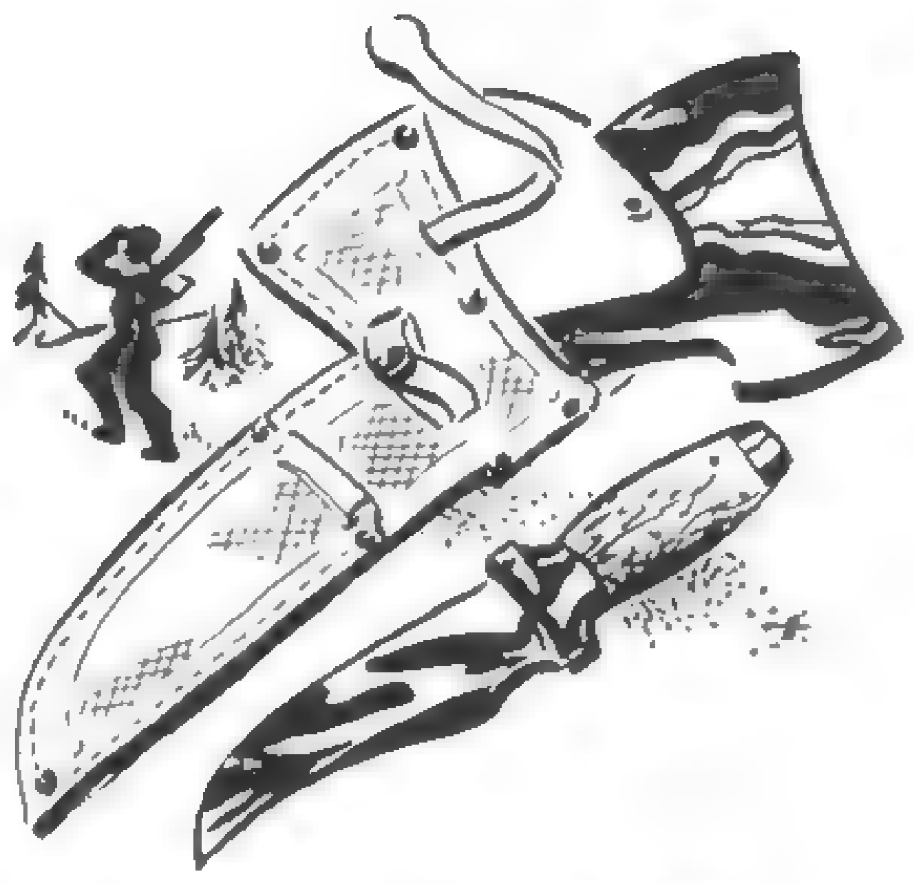


BACKGAMMON OR LUNCH?

Far be it from us to promote the questionable delights of gambling, but if Father's addicted to the very popular game of backgammon, we've found just the table for him. It's a very low one, as shown above, and equally suitable for the beach, cabana, or the terrace at home. When through with his game, and ready for luncheon, Papa doesn't have to budge an inch. With a slight poke on his part, the backgammon board disappears and a luncheon table on the other side rolls around. Very handy for tired business men. It's made of wood and rattan, and there are squat wicker chairs with removable seats that go with it.

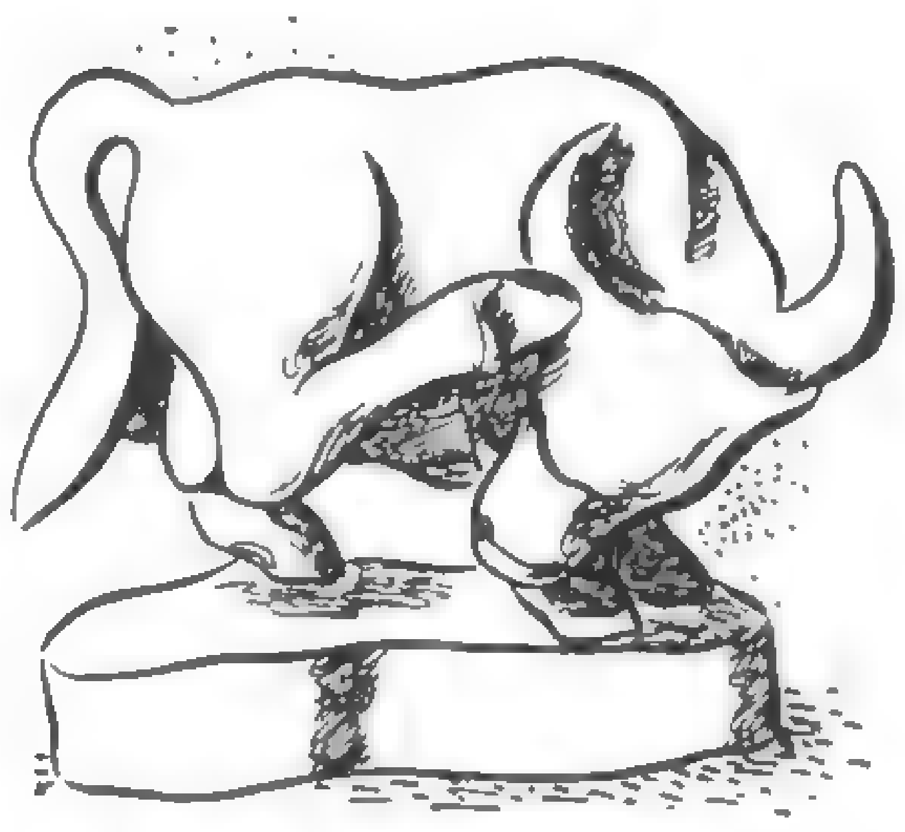
MANICURE SET

He may not always have time to get around to the gorgeous blonde in the barber shop . . . so you might give him a manicure set for emergencies. Compact slide fastened cowhide case with all the trimmings . . . scissors, file, cuticle knife, etc.



LEATHER SCABBARD

If the Old Man has a boy scout hangover, he'll go for a knife and ax combination which is neatly disposed of inside a fancy leather scabbard. The handle of the knife is detachable, and can be used as handle for the ax . . . handle is also a ruler. Whole thing is very compact and swell for hammering in those tent stakes.



THE BULL IN BALINESE

"Bull on rampage" . . . boldly hand-carved in Balinese fruit wood which has a pale, almost silvery appearance. This unusual, exotic piece of wood sculpture would enhance Father's study.

MINIATURE BOWLING ALLEY

If Dad goes for games, there's a mininature bowling alley which can be set up right in the living room. Mother will be wild, but the boys love it. Seven feet in length, pins, balls and all dimensions perfectly scaled.

"GET OUT OF TOWN"

The head of the house may want to try his hand at Boomerang . . . the implement of chase used by the Australian aborigines. These wicked wooden boomerangs are bent at a right angle and must be thrown against the breeze. Fine for the great open spaces.

MARY MARTIN—HER HEART BELONGS TO DADDY

Mary Martin, shining light of the current "Leave It To Me" and one of the most pleasant bits of pulchritude ever to come out of Texas, has been crowned Queen of Father's Day. Our only comment on the matter takes the form of wishful thinking—that all the Fathers in the land, prospective or otherwise, may one day have a daughter like Miss Martin, the pride of Wetherford.

TERMINAL BARBER SHOPS
Exclusively offer you a
SCHICK DRY SHAVE!

The modern Terminal Barber Shops offer men a new exclusive two-fold service:

1. A perfect dry shave with the Schick "Colonel" Dry Shaver at the regular price—25¢—by master barbers.
2. Personal instruction by a master barber in the Terminal Technique of dry shaving. Instruction including a Schick Dry Shave—50¢.

If you have never had a Schick Dry Shave try one now. It will be a revelation.

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*195 Broadway
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*1 Wall Street
39 Broadway

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*Hotel Pennsylvania
*Hotel Governor Clinton
*Hotel McAlpin
*Hotel Lincoln
*Empire State Bldg.
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*Hotel Waldorf-Astoria
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Hotel Roosevelt
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*These shops Air Conditioned

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REDUCE
WAIST-HIPS-THIGHS
and look ten years younger!

"Effortless Exercise"

EXERCYCLE is the modern way to peel off pounds—easily. No strenuous diets—no harmful drugs.

Operated by Electricity

Just get on, turn the switch and RELAX. The machine exercises you. Adjustable to four types—swimming, horseback riding, rowing, bicycling. 15 minutes a day is enough and the exercise is so passive it is recommended even for invalids.

Fun to Use

Yet it gets results *fast!* Hundreds of enthusiastic letters in our files from users prove it!

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Designed for home use

Small down payment.
Terms to meet your convenience.

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Please send me your illustrated brochure telling about the Exercycle.
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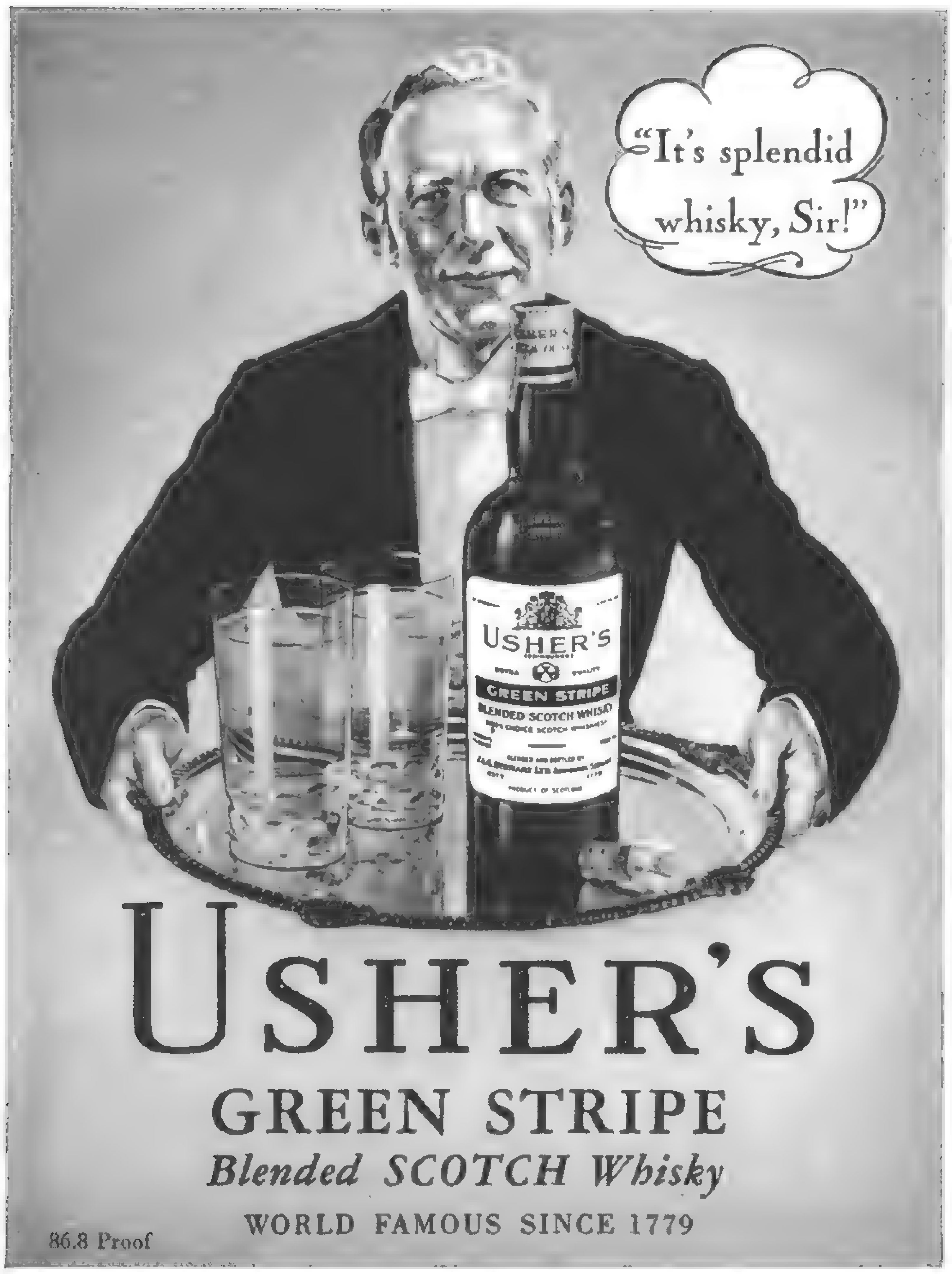

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GREEN STRIPE
Blended SCOTCH Whisky
WORLD FAMOUS SINCE 1779
86.8 Proof
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS • CAPITOL WINE & SPIRIT CORP • NEW YORK

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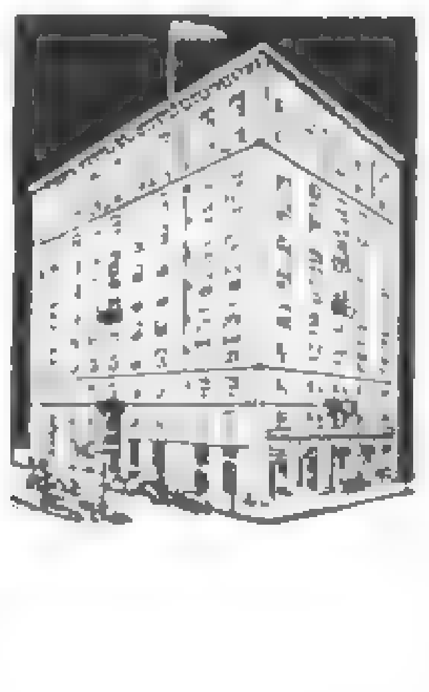
LENOX

Homelike surroundings—Famous for its food and drinks—Conveniently located at Boylston and Exeter Streets within easy walking distance of the shopping and theatre districts. When next in Boston, let the Hotel Lenox make your stay more pleasant.

Rooms from $2.50

- **THE BLUE TRAIN**
  Boston's most unique cocktail salon and the center of social activities.
- **DANCING and ENTERTAINMENT**
  No Cover Charge—No Minimum Charge

IN
BOSTON
TWO MINUTES FROM
BACK BAY STATION



MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

ELECTRICAL MIXER

And another kind of cooler . . . that electrical wizard which can whirr up a frozen daiquiri or mangle fruit, vegetables and even nuts to such an extent that they emerge as a liquid! Dad will have the time of his life showing off when his cronies drop in for a snifter.

PINEAPPLE FOR PAPA

The mixer does right noble with pineapple juice . . . alcoholic or otherwise. If father is entertaining some of his teetotaler friends, he'll probably go to town on some of the following health-giving concoctions: the carrot cocktail – 2 cups unsweetened pineapple juice, ½ cupful of ½-inch cubed raw carrots. Or the spinach cocktail which adds a container-full of spinach leaves to the pineapple juice. What those rapacious blades do to a hunk of spinach is marvelous to behold. Lettuce or diced raw celery can also be used.

NEW ORLEANS FIZZ

When he has a large group gathered about him, he and the mixer will do their stuff on the following: juice ½ lime and ½ lemon. 3 barspoonfuls sugar, 1 slice fresh or canned pineapple, 1½ ozs. gin, white of 1 egg, 2 ozs. cream, 5 ozs. finely cracked ice. Place container with all ingredients except egg white and cream on mixer at low speed. Then add egg white and cream and let run until entire mixture is blended. Just before removing container, turn mixer to high speed to fluff contents. Pour into 12 oz. glass and serve.

THE TENNESSEE OLD FASHIONED

Down in Tennessee, we hear, they mix up an *old fashioned* with pineapple juice. We went into the matter with some thoroughness and found it good. 1 dash bitters, ½ oz. pineapple juice, 1 cube of ice, bourbon or rye, according to taste. Serve in old fashioned glass.

PINEAPPLE JULEP

Over in the Little Bar at the Ritz, George mixes up a fine refreshener: ¾ oz. lime, 1¾ ozs. pineapple juice. Fill 12 oz. glass with finely crushed ice, add Jamaica rum.

GIVE HIM A COOLER

One of the new type electric fans with a modern chromium tubular base. The new fans have gone a long way from the old days when they sounded like a dentist's drill in action. Speedy, silent motors, rubber blades which need no guard for safety.

PINEAPPLE PARTICULARS

There's more to this pineapple business than meets the eye. More than five million cases of pineapple and pineapple juice are shipped from Hawaii each year to all points of the globe . . . chiefly to the U. S.

Hawaiian pineapple has reached the peak of perfection through scientific cultivation. Before planting, the fields must be carefully cleared with engine plows, subsoilers, etc. Then the fields are plowed and the soil worked. Strips of mulch paper in rows 3 feet wide are laid upon the newly plowed earth. Mulch paper, similar to tar roofing paper, defies weeds, keeps moisture in the soil, absorbs heat, raising the temperature and making available to the plants the whole of the top soil in which their root systems may thrive.

After the paper has been laid, the field is ready for planting, which is done by hand. Each planter uses a planting iron which makes a hole in the mulch paper through which a pineapple slip is placed in the ground and anchored there with a mound of soil.

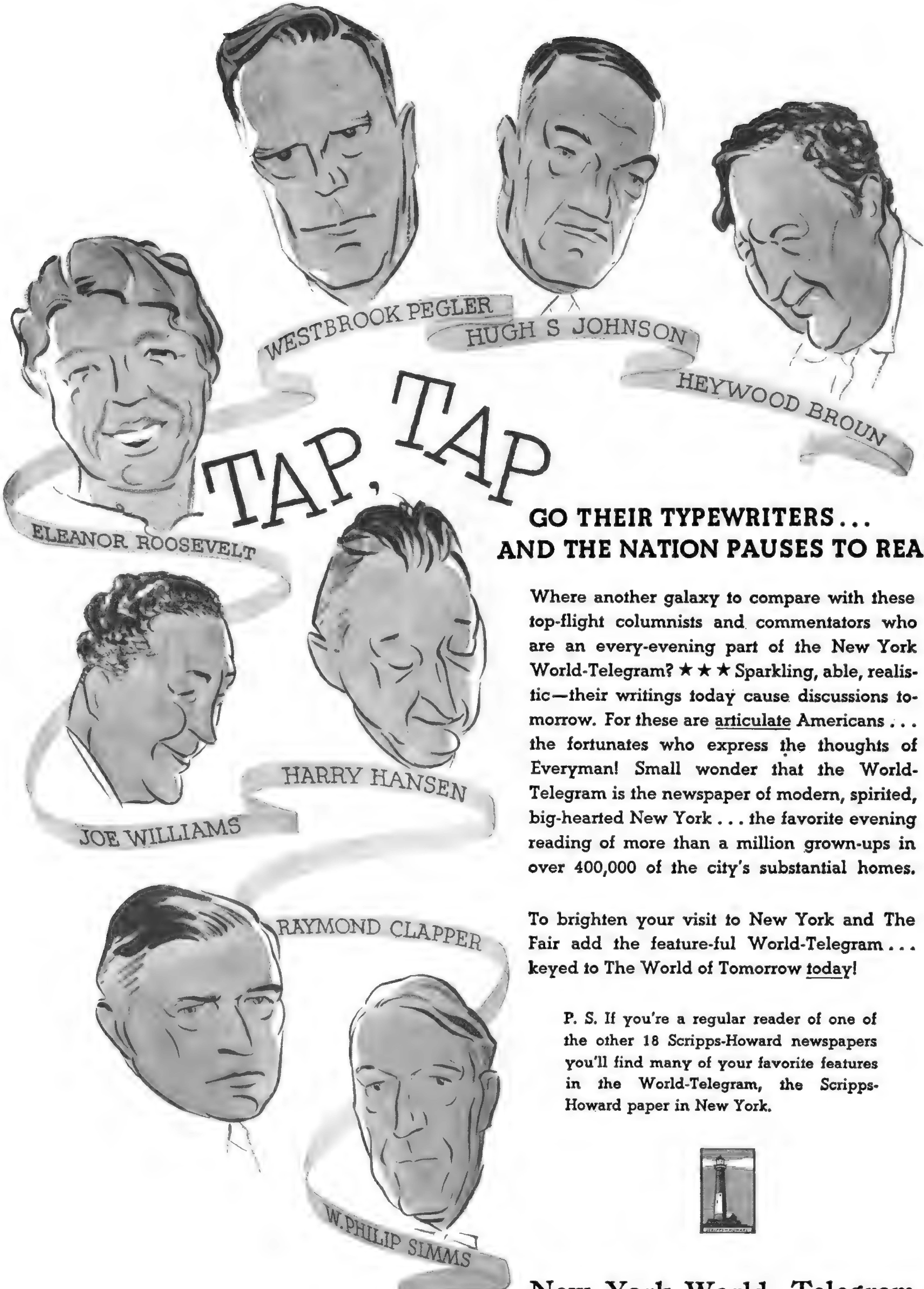
The pineapple is not grown from seed, but from slips . . . the "crown" which grows from the top of the fruit, the "slip" which grows in clusters at the base of the fruit and the "sucker" which sprouts through the leaves of the plant. The seeds are very rare and are used only in experimentation.

The mature pineapple plant is about waist high. A period of from 14 to 20 months elapses from the time of planting until the first crop is ready to harvest. The plant is unique in that it bears but one fruit, the first harvest or the plant crop. After the plant crop is harvested, the stem bearing the fruit dies and is removed, but other shoots called "suckers" spring forth. All but 2 of these are removed from each plant, each of which produces a pineapple. This is the second crop. Third crop is obtained in the same way and is usually the last crop harvested before the land is plowed for rest and replanting.

Although pineapple picking goes on throughout the whole year, biggest harvest months are June, July and August.

Upon arrival at the cannery the pineapple is distributed to the "Ginaca" machines, capable of cutting it into 3 different sizes. The "Ginaca" is a remarkable device. The pineapple is fed into it and automatically it cuts off the ends of the fruit, peels it to fit the cans and cuts out the hard core . . . all at the rate of 100 a minute!

Ranger



TAP, TAP

GO THEIR TYPEWRITERS...
AND THE NATION PAUSES TO READ!

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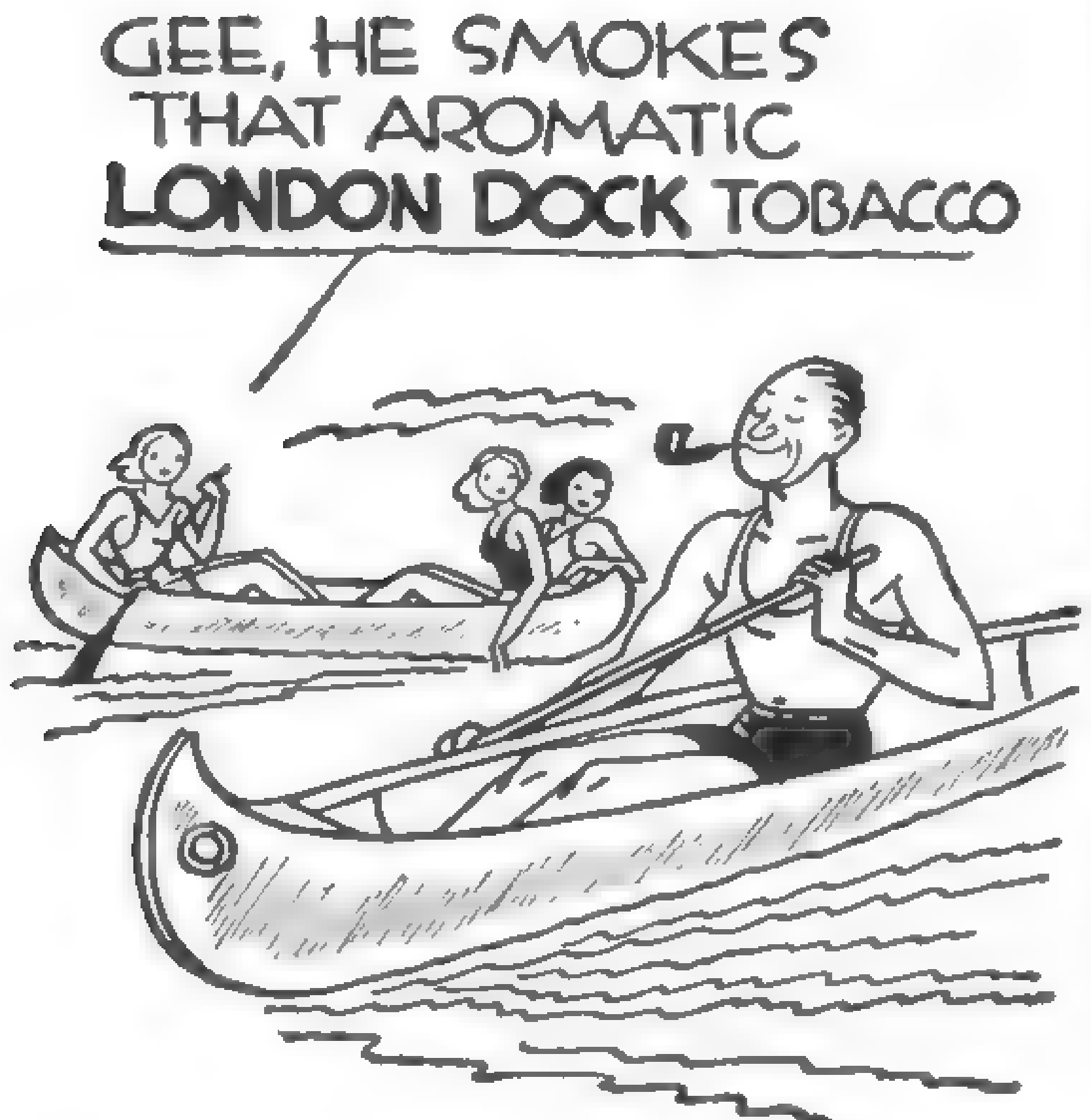
GEE, HE SMOKES THAT AROMATIC LONDON DOCK TOBACCO

Two Buck Tim from Timbuctoo has nothing on men who go down to the sea smoking London Dock. The rich, fragrant aroma of this *special, aromatic blend* wins favor with the fair—from Singapore to Maine. So if you want a girl in every port—set sail for your tobacconist—and ask for London Dock, America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco. Or, send 10¢ for liberal sample to

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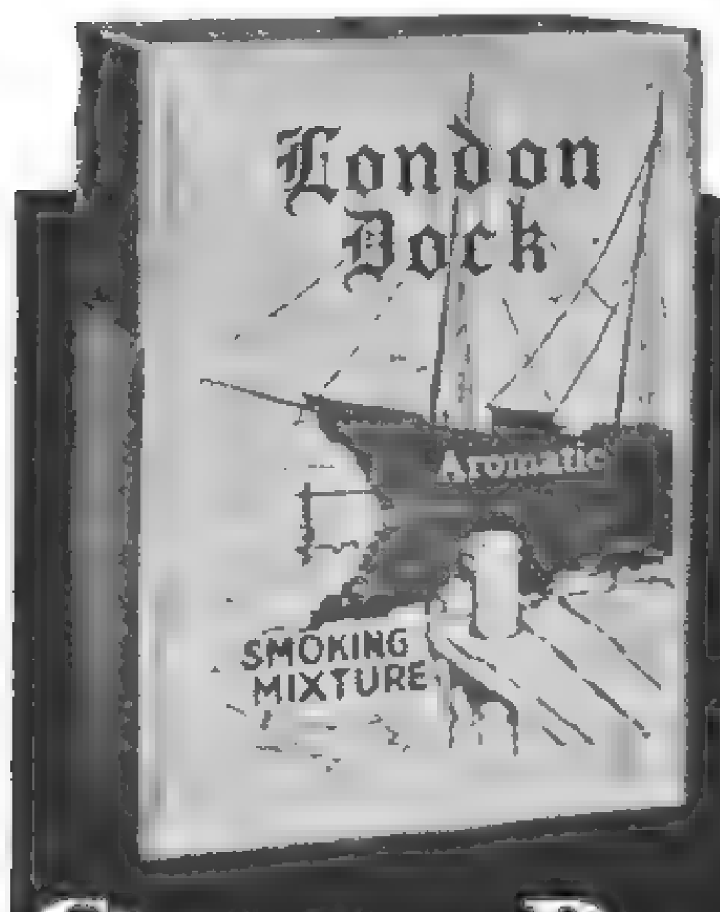

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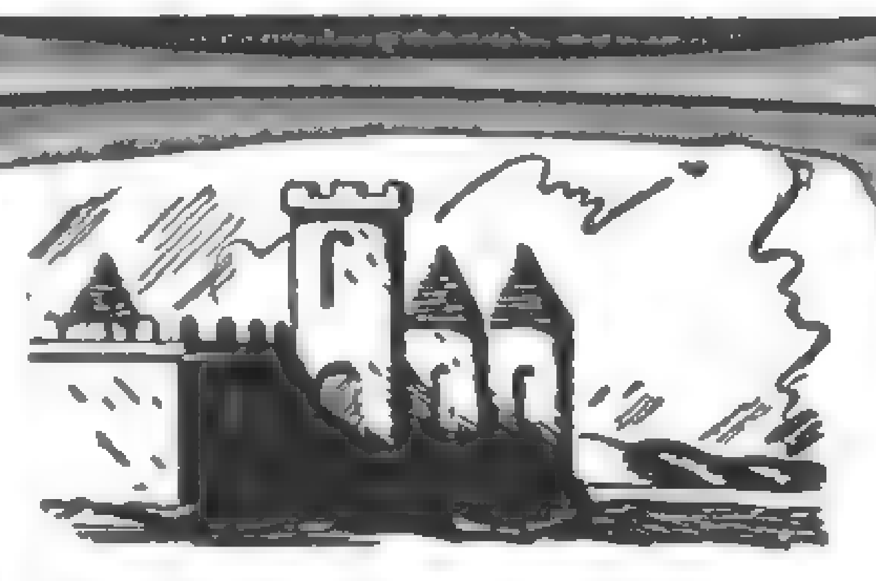

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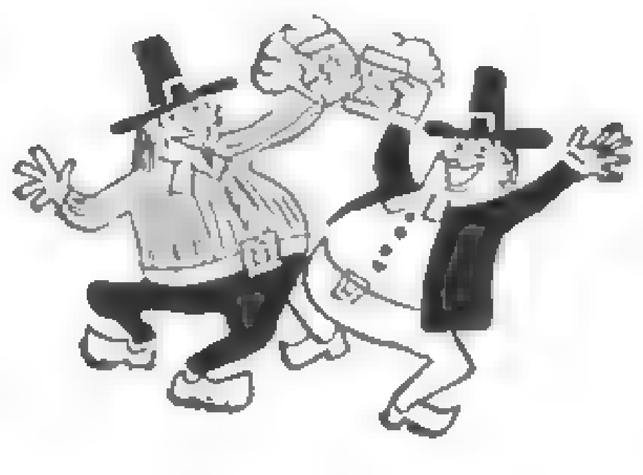
Before the World's Fair opened its glorious gates, we saw an item in a society reporter's column that Society, with a capital S, would look around and decide what particular pavilion at the Fair would be awarded the accolade as the proper place for Cafe Society to foregather. We've seen nothing about it since then. Our conjecture is that it was too tough a job. For if there ever were booths where the food and fun lovers might gather, the New York World's Fair topped all previous plans. Your reporter would be a fool to single out this or that, tastes being what they are and as various as humanity itself. Of a myriad of impressions we might touch on a highlight here and there.

The Terrace Club, well under way before the Fair opened, is a private club. But outsiders, with friends, do get there. The quiet gray of the decor, the nice touch of color at the windows and the excellent view across the glittering bay will long remain with us. Liquor and food are, of course, of the best.

Perhaps because we met the Aaltos, the extraordinary couple from Finland who were the architects that designed the terrace for that honest country, we went first to the Finnish Pavilion. The exquisite uses of simple woods, as shown in the building, are remarkable . . . a sane modernism. The furniture by the Aaltos is also something extra. We'd like a whole house filled with it. Finnish food is not unlike the delicacies of the other north countries. We like especially the custom of downing a glass of aquavit as an aperitif, with a beer chaser, repeating as often as necessary.



The more youthful phase of life is rampant in the amusement sector. The dozens of inns and taverns where the excellent brew flows at will should all be visited. Heineken's-on-the-Zuider-Zee, a reproduction of a little town of Harderwikj, is especially delightful. And of course by now you have all slid down the slopes and slides of the Sun Valley Inn. And there is the Aquacade, which is something in the way of smart entertainment.

Speaking of smorgasbord, as many a traveller to the Fair these days does, the Swedish Pavilion furnishes more strange and startling items than has ever crossed our palate . . . and we thought we'd done our duty by smorgasbord.

Of the smaller niches, the Irish have a nice pavilion. Food not being as important to the natives as conversation, no great stress has been laid on the bill of fare.

Wherever you may dine, then, you will find Cafe Society at your elbow. We've never seen such a hungry season. The Roumania Restaurant, with its touch of the East in the kitchen, has brought forth some astounding dishes. The French, of course, were expected to uphold their noble traditions, as they have done in their various terraces. To run through their wine list is an experience you may never again duplicate. We were also glad to join the vodka ceremonial at the handsome Russian acreage; vodka in any of its twelve varieties goes down easily and makes life brighter. And wherever you dine at the Fair you see such lovely vistas of flowers and trees. We envy those who come upon such beauty for the first time (as this correspondent once did at the Madrid and Armenonville in the Bois). Americans have never taken advantage of their native flora, in dining.

One of the newer places in town is Le Cremaillere; or at least the address is new: 24 E. 62nd. Antoine Gilly for a long time ran an excellent restaurant on Central Park South and in his new quarters carries on the old tradition. This is one of the special top places for dining and should not be attempted unless you go there to dine leisurely and know a good wine list.

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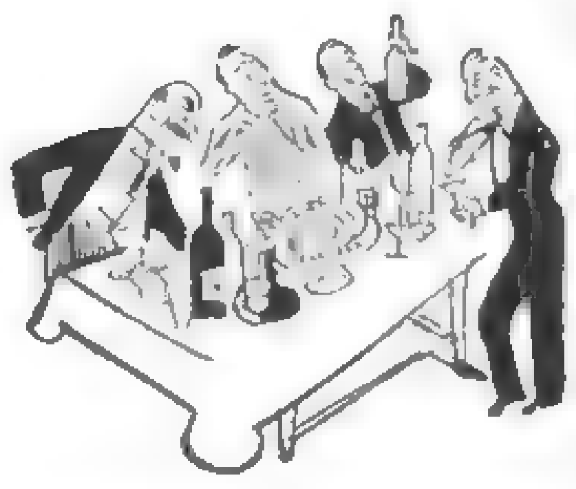
PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Our experience with visiting relatives has been that nothing is quite as much fun as the New York phase of life that is not on the ordinary calendar of events. So in entertaining the kin don't forget the race tracks . . . there's always a season at one of them. Or polo or country horse shows which come nearer than anything to the story book concepts. We've had most success with the Wine & Food Society and their tastings. You can get admissions by a small fee and application. They are held in the best hotels, and this summer some will be held at the Fair. Long tables are filled with fine wines and proper accompanying knickknacks in the way of food . . . cheeses, hams, nuts, cakes, etc. Catalogues, labeled and numbered, are supplied and you make your nervy way around learning to be your own expert. You not only have fun but acquire some valuable drinking knowledge. There will be more than ever reason to order your brand after a tasting. Another treat is the visit to one of the many wine cellars—this can also be arranged and the merchants are the best of hosts. The Cribari brothers, for instance, hold a party every week or two in their cellars (on the third floor by the way) of the building at Eleventh Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street. There you don monk's robes, if you are whimsical, and march around the thousands of barrels of wine—if not you just sit and sample.

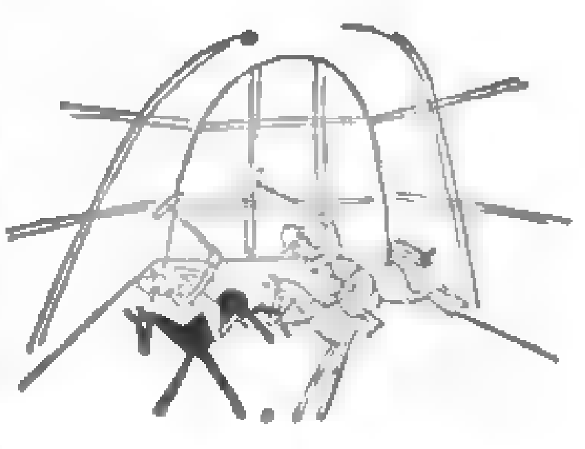


Canari D'or, 132 East 61st, is one of those quiet places where you had best go Monday or Tuesday unless you are a steady customer. We had to wait half an hour recently for a table and then only managed to crowd out Charles Hanson Towne who wanted to rush off for a bridge game. The place is in the manner of the best of the French houses, no fol-de-rol, no music, only food and wine. After a marvelous maison pate and a guinea hen en casserole, we tried Pears a la Towne, named for the poet.

Angelo of the Marguery bar announces for the summer a new cocktail, the Americano. It is made of 1 teaspoon Campari bitters, 2½ ounces Martini and Rossi Italian Vermouth, twist of lemon peel. Serve with chipped ice.

Without being a bore, have you been to Jones Beach? With democracy sometimes on the down-curve, go out and see what pleasures are provided free for a free people. Excellent roads all the way. En route dine at some fine inn such as Bustanoby's, ten minutes from the Fair near Flushing, Lakeville Manor Inn, near Great Neck; Beau Sejour, near Beth Page. Or go out to Roslyn where the Blue Spruce Inn serves as fine food as you may find on the Island. Further out, toward the Hamptons, there is the Famous Canoe Place Inn. Montauk Point is worth a visit if you like the rugged sea. The Connecticut hills are filled with ye old Inns and Taverns from here to the Berkshires. Most of them are pretty good. In Stamford the Roger Smith Hotel has an exceptional kitchen and a pleasant terrace. Westward, try the gay and noisy Chanticler at Millburn—here is a New York night club in the woods. Further on is the Brook (Summit), another good place. And at Andover is one of the country's best—Perona Farms.

After a year of efforts, Mr. Douglas Hertz, the boy who brings polo to your front yard, has got himself a house in New Jersey that is the answer to the horse-lover's prayer. Somewhere on Long Island Mr. Hertz found an abandoned hangar, toted it over to Cortleigh, New Jersey, and set it up on a meadow. There, amid the shouts of the natives, he offers indoor polo, day, night, in and out of season. A horsey tap room and bar soon makes you forget the scrambled ponies. Take Route 9 over George Washington Bridge, turn left at Alpine till Cortleigh. (About thirty minutes by motor.)



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Mix them as they make them in JAMAICA

Use a large tumbler filled with Ice. Add the juice of a Lemon. One teaspoon of Sugar. One jigger MYERS'S FINE OLD JAMAICA RUM. A dash of Bitters. Fill up with Soda Water and stir. Decorate with a cherry and a thin slice of lemon.

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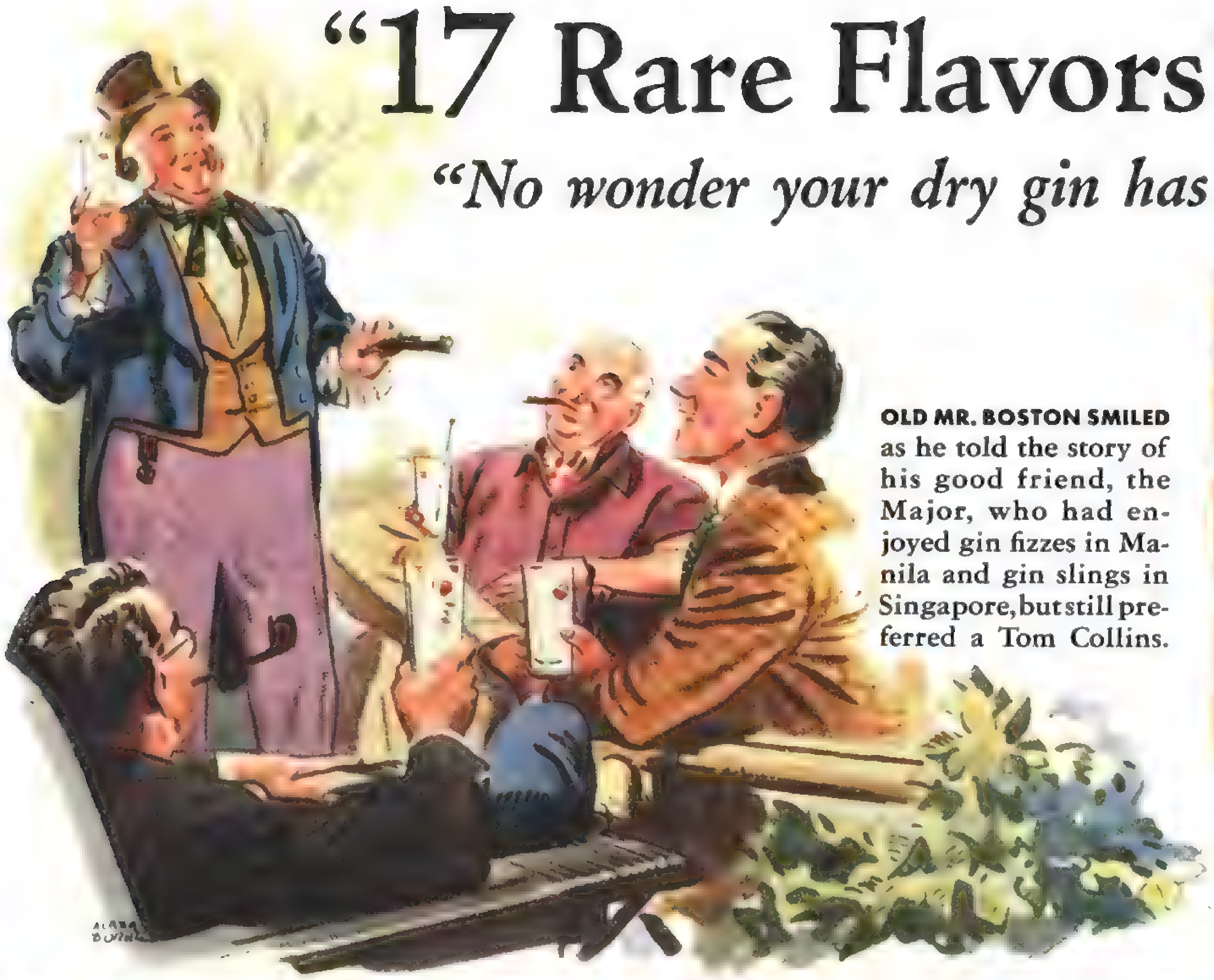
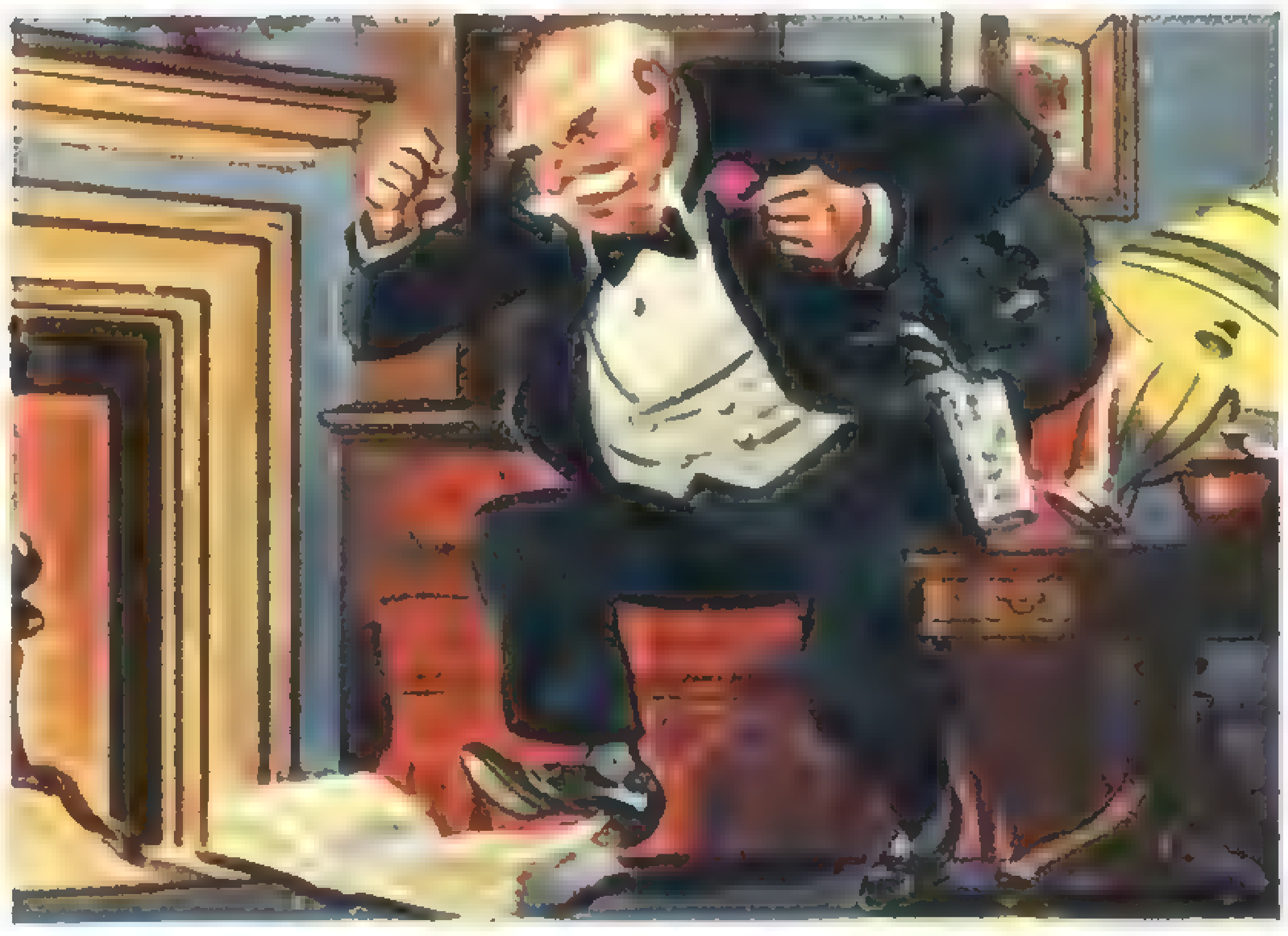
OO-LA-LA!
OUI-OUI!
WHICH MEANS YOU MUST SEE
The World-Famous
LEON & EDDIE'S
33 WEST 52nd ST. NEW YORK

"17 Rare Flavors?"—Roared the Major,

"No wonder your dry gin has such matchless taste!"



OLD MR. BOSTON SMILED as he told the story of his good friend, the Major, who had enjoyed gin fizzes in Manila and gin slings in Singapore, but still preferred a Tom Collins.



"THE MAJOR WAS HOPPING MAD the other evening. He had left the Waltons' early and joined me, muttering: 'They served me a drink *disguised* as a Tom Collins.' Now I know the Major... just give him a *real* Collins and you're his friend for life."

"MY BUTLER WALKED IN with a tray. 'Beg pardon, sir, but this Collins is the peak of taste-perfection . . . made with Old Mr. Boston Gin!' The Major smacked his lips—and with very good reason!"

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"FROM THE 4 CORNERS of the earth I gather 17 rare flavor ingredients for my dry gin. Not one or two, gentlemen, but 17—to give you *perfect balance* of aroma and bouquet. Caraway seed, cloves, cardamom, angelica root and orange flowers—to name just a few."

"THEN JUST AS A FAMOUS CHEF blends his sauces, I skillfully blend, or merge, these seventeen rare flavors into one delightful whole. The result is a gin so s-m-o-o-t-h you can drink it *straight.*"

"YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE MAJOR. '17 rare flavors', he roared. 'No wonder your gin has such matchless taste! Why it rates a medal for distinguished flavor and superb bouquet...your tip-top Tom Collins proved it!' "

OLD MR. BOSTON
OLD MR. BOSTON
DISTILLED DRY GIN

FOR SUPERB FLAVOR TRY THIS OLD MR. BOSTON TOM COLLINS!

HAVE YOU EVER had a Tom Collins served to you and then found it lacked a certain *something?* When you discover the superb flavor of the 17 rare flavor ingredients in Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin—you'll know why we say it's so s-m-o-o-t-h, you can sip it *straight!* Experience the keen delight and captivating taste of a tall, sparkling Tom Collins—made Old Mr. Boston's own particular way:

Into tall glass put juice of 1 lime or ½ lemon, 1 teaspoon powdered sugar, 2 ounces of Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin. Add ice, fill with soda water. Stir well. Decorate with Maraschino cherry, slice of lemon and a slice of orange.

OLD MR. BOSTON DRY GIN

Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits—90 Proof *Ben Burk, Inc., Boston, Mass.*

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ICE REVUE
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At the Fair, don't miss the Belgian Pavilion with its stunning black marble main hall, its diamond exhibit, the carillon concerts, and various industrial displays. And above all, don't miss the terrace where you may dine on authentic native food with the best of French wines. The room is one of the handsomest at the Fair, with its white walls and modern mural treatment, overlooking the lagoon. Dr. Joseph Gevaert, Commissioner General for the Belgian Government, should be made a permanent institution in this country.

Ralph Hitz, of the New Yorker, has put on another one of those ice carnivals that fill the ever-changing Terrace Room of his popular hotel. This time the icycade has been designed and trained by one of the best skaters in the world—Katherine Schmidt of the Admirals Ice Palast, St. Moritz, and later the swank clubs at Madison Square Garden. The show is expert, pretty and fast . . . the last named virtue being one that is often overlooked. For our money the new decorations for the room are the most successful that have ever been attempted. The walls, covered with a new fabric woven of glass, give a spaciousness and scale that is pleasing to eye. Jan Garber has an orchestra that is keyed up to the high swing necessary these days to make the feet of youth move. The New Terrace show will have its full share of the million visiting firemen, is our guess.

The Meadowbrook at 52 E. 55th St. is a superior restaurant that is not to be confused with a number of similar looking establishments. Whereas gayety and cocktails are the keynotes in that sector, the Meadowbrook concentrates on excellent food. The proprietor has been serving in the best places in New York for two decades and knows what the top-flight diner requires.

It would be difficult to find a more satisfactory show than the one turned out by the Cotton Club impresarios. They have the secret of all theatrical success—excitement and timing. There's never a dull moment from the expert hoofers to the world's best native singers. Sister Thorpe, who once sang spirituals in a southern church, is alone worth the price of admission.

For more years than we like to remember, the Hawaiian Room of the Lexington Hotel has been packing 'em in nightly. On a recent visit, we had to sit at a table hurriedly set up in the middle of the dance floor, in order to see four Hawaiians do their rhythmic stuff. Charles Rochester, genial host of the Lexington, could make a lot of money selling his entertainment secret. While other maestros pull and haul, throwing mints out to decorators, ephemeral band leaders and other inventors of gadgets, Mr. Rochester goes merrily on with his one idea of good clean fun. Three years is a long time for anything in New York, let alone a dining and eating place.

You may have seen Monte Carlo, you may have seen the National Casino at Havana, but your education isn't complete until you have tasted the pleasures and excitements of Ben Marden's Riviera. Perched on top of the cliffs on the Jersey side of the Hudson, the Riviera, with its many handsome rooms, caters to all the pleasures you are accustomed to finding in the Continental resorts. Whether you are watching the magic Hudson, or Sophie Tucker and Ted Fiorito in the circular ball room, or whether you are watching the other acts of the glittering show, you have the feeling that you are a part of a super-super Hollywood affair. Cross the Washington bridge and see Europe.

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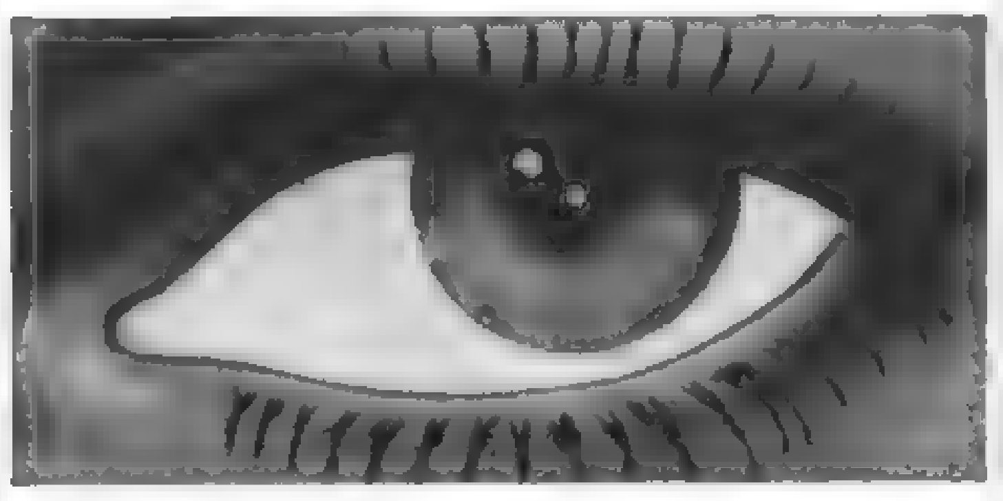
in Seconds!

Only TWO DROPS of this eye specialist's formula are needed to SOOTHE and REFRESH dull, tired eyes. Its special EXCLUSIVE ingredient quickly CLEARS eyes red and inflamed *(from late hours, fatigue, etc.).



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No advance in rates during the World's Fair

The Plaza has advised its patrons throughout the World that its rates will remain the same during the World's Fair.

Single from $7 . . . Double from $9
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Air-Conditioned Rooms Available
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Henry A. Rost
President and Managing Director

The PLAZA New York
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JIMMY KELLY'S
THE MONTMARTRE of NEW YORK "GREENWICH VILLAGE"
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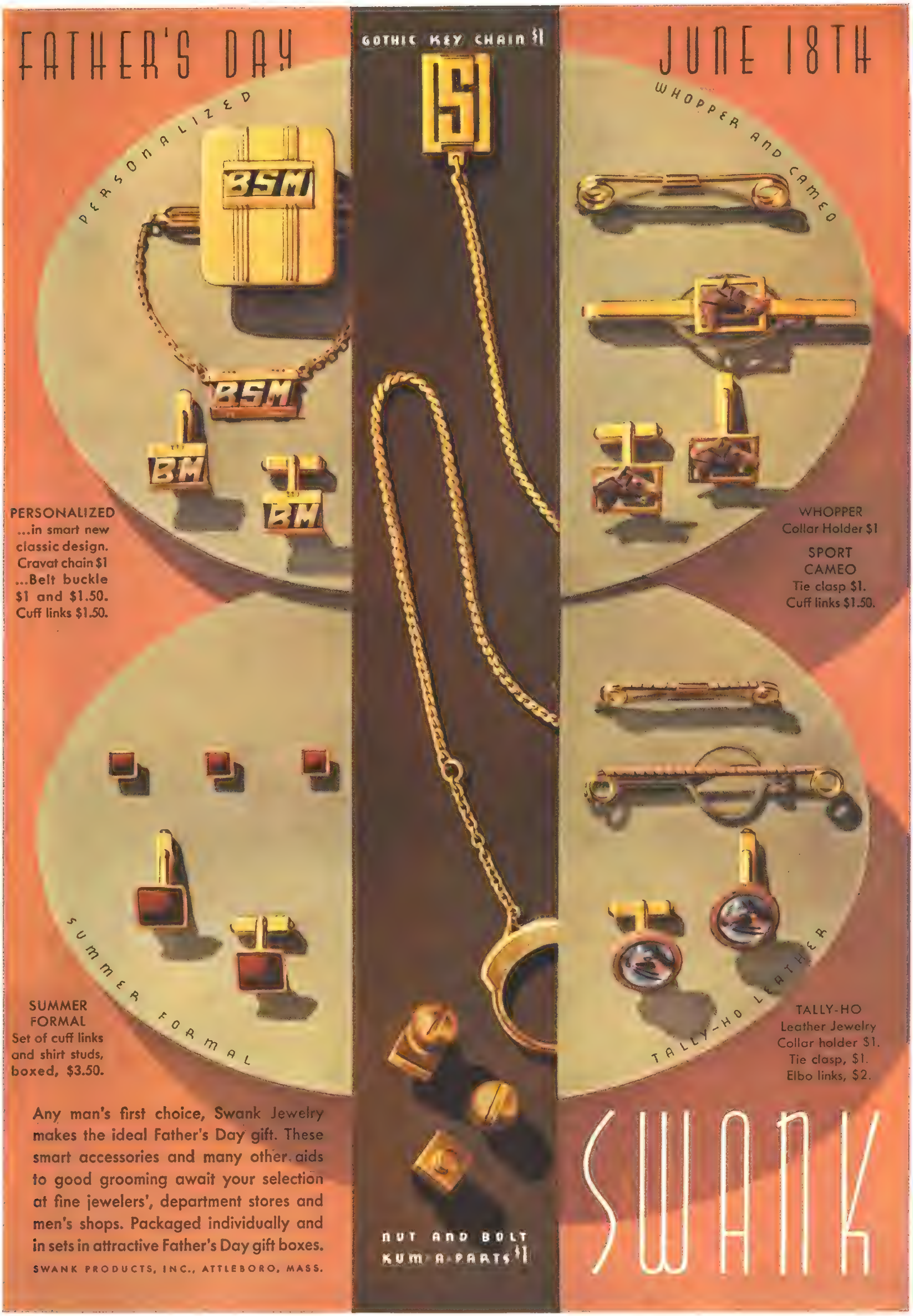
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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Sidney Skolsky

Sidney Skolsky went to public school in the tough Chelsea district where he paid a "Dead End" kid two pencils a week to keep the other tough guys from molesting him. He kept this up until one day, getting angry, he slugged his proctor. Next, he says, "I attended De Witt Clinton High where I wrote for the school magazine and ran on the track team. I still write, but I puff when I walk quickly up a flight of stairs. Then to N. Y. U. in the evenings, where I wrote a humor column for the day paper. I quit in my third year. Broadway always fascinated me, and I would walk on the street to look at the theatres and the lights. I maneuvered to become a press agent, in time became Broadway columnist for the *N. Y. Daily News*, then Hollywood columnist. I now reside in Hollywood, would like to become a movie producer."

•

A second son was born to **Martin O. Marcus** on the day he received payment for *The Trial at Gulkana*, so his cup ranneth over. He lives in Cordova, Alaska, where he combines fishing with writing. He was born thirty years ago in Portland, Oregon, quit school at seventeen. Since that time he's been a tire builder, orange grower, logger, clam digger, fisherman, truck driver, ambulance driver, hearse driver, taxi driver, mail driver. Also, he's worked for WPA.

Martin O. Marcus

•

The author of *Pygie Takes a Wife*, **Will F. Jenkins**, briefly observes that he is a professional writer, he lives in Virginia, has a wife and four daughters and has written more stories than he likes to remember and published some books that everyone has agreed to forget. He doubts that anybody will feel any passionate desire to know more about him.

•

Morris L. Ernst, in addition to collaborating with Alexander Lindey, has written *America's Primer*, and *The Ultimate Power* and *To the Pure* (with William Seagle), and *Censored* (with Pare Lorentz). He is counsel for the Dramatists Guild, the Author's League and the American Civil Liberties Union. He is a member of the Banking Board of the State of New York and has acted as state counsel for the Insurance Department. He writes fiction for *Cosmopolitan* and *Redbook*. And in 1938 he was awarded a prize by *Current History Magazine* for writing one of the best non-fiction books of 1938.

Morris L. Ernst

Alexander Lindey

•

Fred C. Kelly divides his time between wandering over Europe trying to satisfy his curiosity about what's going on and staying at home on his six hundred-acre farm outside Peninsula, Ohio. His neighbors all think he's crazy because he toils over his typewriter all day long, refusing to do any farming. Long before the AAA program was ever heard of, he boasts, he discovered he could operate more profitably by not farming. His only livestock is three dogs and he won't let anyone bring a plow anywhere near his land.

•

Francis Steegmuller got the material for *The French Way* while completing his research for *Flaubert and Madame Bovary, A Double Portrait* (Viking, 1939), a book about Flaubert and his time. He was born in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1906, graduated from Columbia in 1927 and took an M. A. in English literature at that university. He wrote *O Rare Ben Jonson*, *Java-Java* and *Sir Francis Bacon* while at Columbia. For the following two years he taught at Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn's Experimental College at the University of Wisconsin in Madison, wrote *The Musicale*, a novel that annoyed Madisonians considerably, joined for a time the staff of *The New Yorker*, then turned to free-lance writing. With Marie Dresden Lane, he wrote *America on Relief*, an objective picture of the relief setup.

•

Alexander Lindey is co-author, with **Morris L. Ernst**, of *The Censor Marches On*. He has been associated with Morris Ernst in practically all the important censorship cases during the last decade, including those involving Mary Ware Dennett's *The Sex Side of Life*, Radclyffe Hall's *The Well of Loneliness*, Arthur Schnitzler's *Casanova's Homecoming*, Dr. Marie Stopes' *Married Love* and *Contraception*, Flaubert's *November*, James Joyce's *Ulysses*. Together they have also written a book on libel called *Hold Your Tongue*. Mr. Lindey has specialized in censorship, libel and divorce and has written and lectured widely on these subjects. *The Censor Marches On* will be published by Doubleday, Doran in October. Five chapters of the book, of which this is the second, will run in Esquire.

•

A thousand pardons to **Mr. McNeill Vereen Bell** and **Mr. Neil Bell** for a boner on this page for May—a picture of the former was accompanied by biographical notes on the latter. McNeill Vereen Bell, who wrote *The People's Choice*, was born in Cairo, Georgia twenty-six years ago, attended college at Davidson, North Carolina, and, aside from a two-year turn which he did on *The American Boy*, has devoted virtually all of his time to free-lance writing.

Ken Clark

Ken Clark has behind him twenty years as necktie salesman, poet, publicity man and manager of a news bureau, but mostly as a reporter. He was born at the end of the century, reared in Western Canada and flitted briefly through Dalhousie University. He has since been surrounded, sometimes supported, by annoyed families of various kinds who make it difficult for him to concentrate on stories like *What Place Is This?*

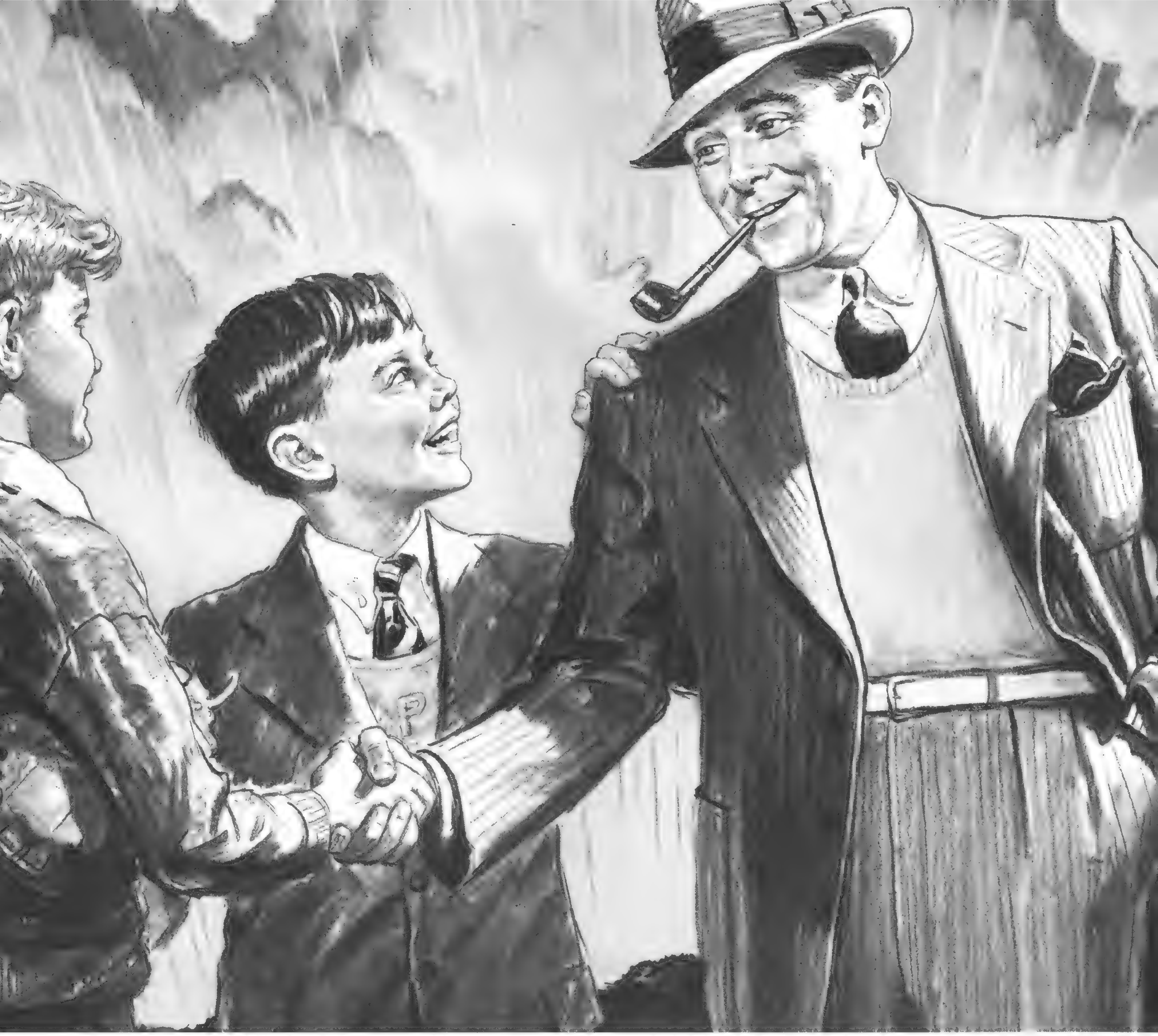
•

Charles B. Roth knows all about camping out. He has lived all his life in the West, and has explored it from one end to another in motor car, afoot and on horseback. He claims a modest reputation on outdoor matters, including ballistics. And his only regret is that he wasn't born in 1798 instead of 1898, so that he could have gone West with the mountain men—who he deeply envies.

•

Since 1926, **Ben East** has been outdoor editor of a chain of Michigan dailies. He lives in Grand Rapids, and in the winter he gives lectures, with motion pictures, taken on summer field trips. He writes for outdoor and juvenile magazines mostly, when he can find the time. He is married, has a daughter eighteen, a son fourteen.

Ben East



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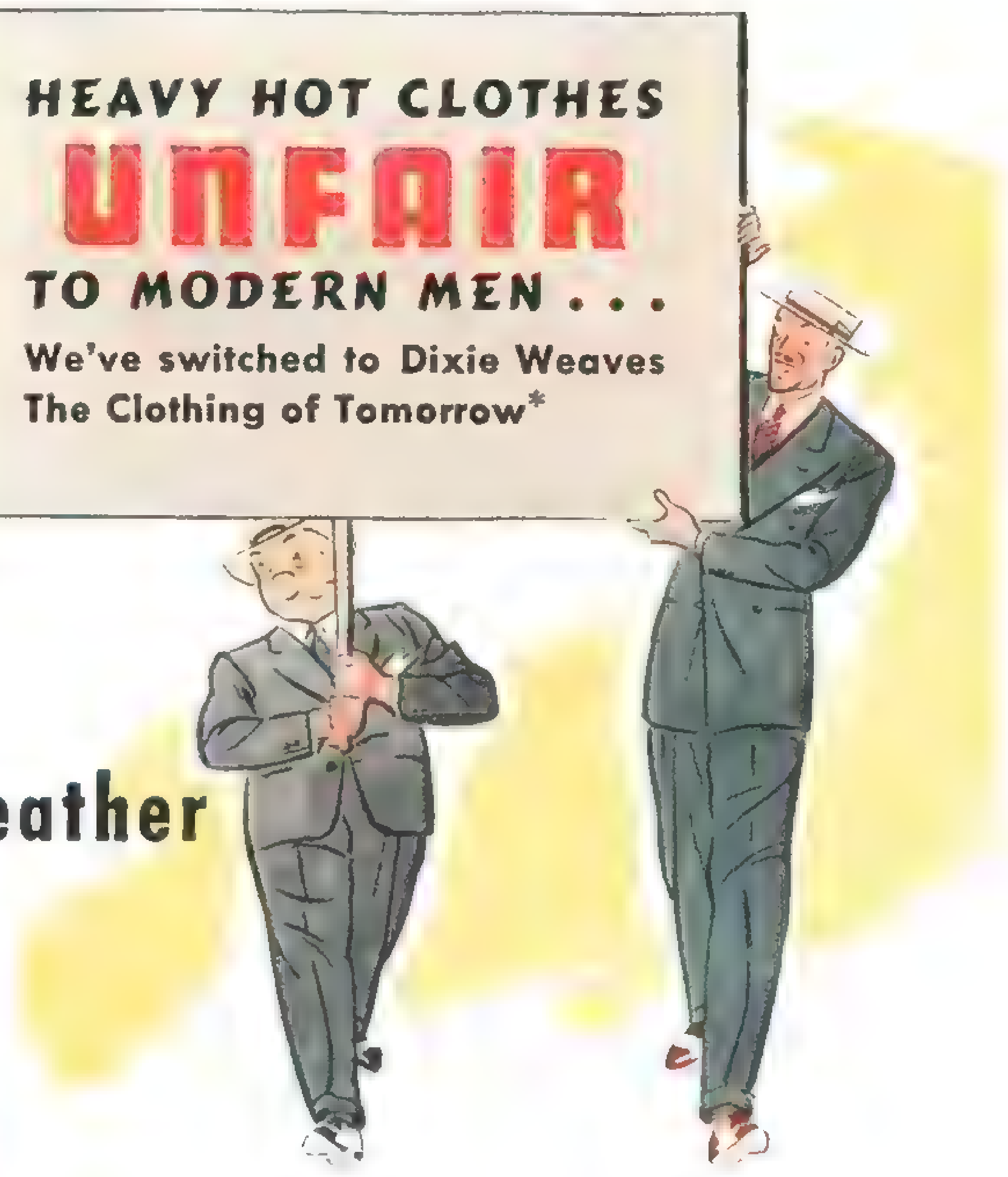

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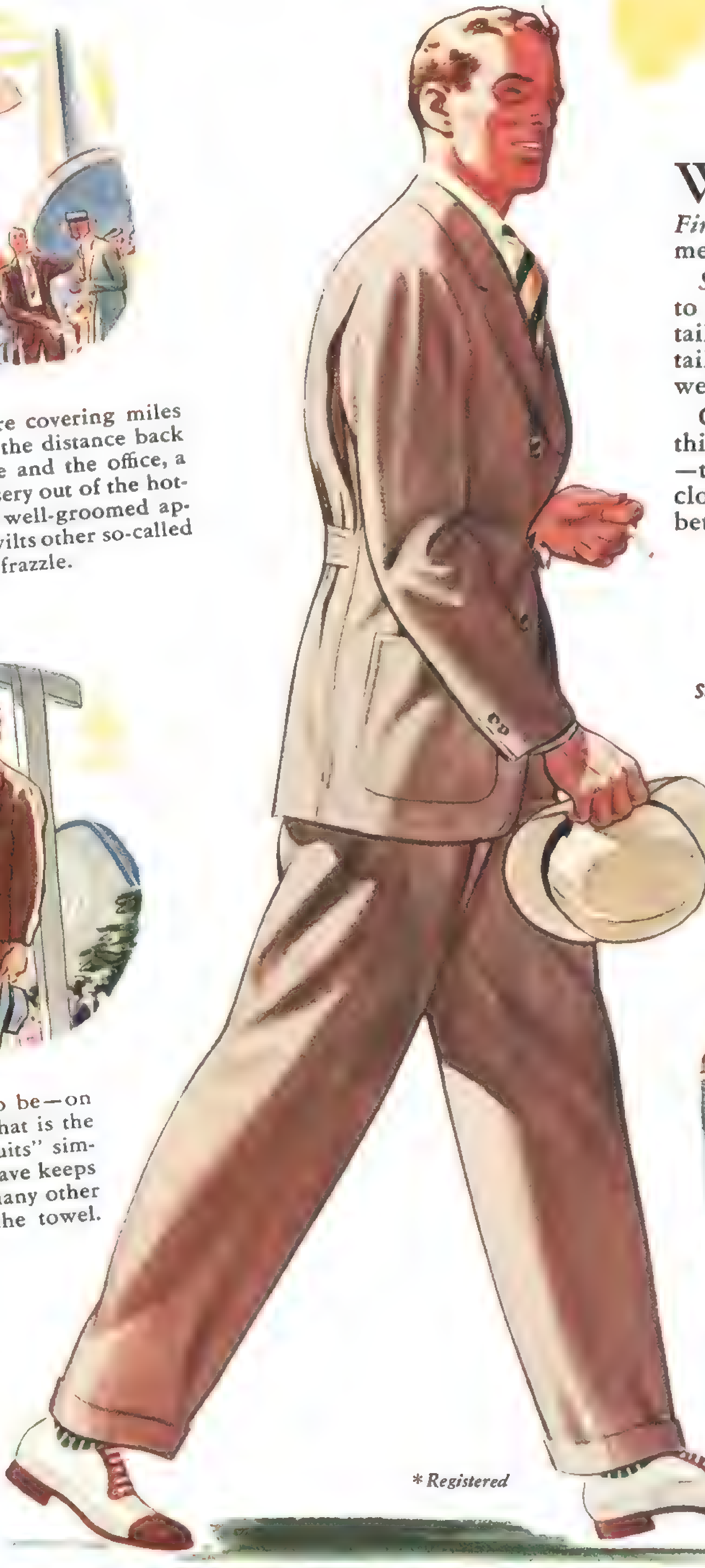

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The French Way

In the common, daily relations of French people there is a degree of meanness undreamt of by Americans

by FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

It was with eager anticipation of pleasure that I rang the bell of Monsieur Lefevre's apartment in the Avenue Henri-Martin. I was about to meet a man whom I had long wanted to know—the greatest living authority on Gustave Flaubert. I had often been in Paris before, but always as a tourist: now I had come to complete the research on Flaubert which I had begun in America and to try my luck at writing a book about him, and my first desire was to pay my respects to the scholar who had devoted his life to the study of my hero. I had been offered, and had accepted, an introduction through a French friend of a friend of M. Lefevre's; I had mailed it, and had received in return an invitation to present myself at this hour. A maid opened the door and ushered me into a book-lined library. A slight, white-haired man held out his hand across a desk and said "Bonjour, Monsieur." I burst into expressions of pleasure and admiration; my remarks were accepted with a smile; a hand was waved toward a chair.

Barely a quarter of an hour later I was out on the sidewalk, in a daze. For instead of my paying my respects to Mr. Lefevre, it had been M. Lefevre who had paid his to me, and in a way for which I had been unprepared.

He might as well tell me, he had informed me the moment I sat down, that I was utterly incompetent to write about Flaubert. Not because of my literary qualifications or lack of them, concerning which he knew nothing, but simply because I was not French. No foreigner was competent to write about Flaubert or about any other Frenchman: to claim to be able to do so was presumptuous and absurd. No foreigner was qualified even to do research in France—for the good reason that French librarians and curators seldom saw the necessity of placing manuscripts and records at their disposal. I should therefore by all means abandon my project, for anything I might produce could under the circumstances be but valueless. But instead of writing a book of my own, M. Lefevre continued in a somewhat blander tone, why did I not translate one or more of the books on Flaubert already existent in French? Since I wanted my fellow-Americans to know more about Flaubert, that was my obvious task. He would be glad to co-operate, he said, were I to translate and secure the American publication of any of his books, and he was sure that his fellow-Flaubertians would co-operate likewise.

My dismay, I fear, was all too apparent. I thought of the books by M. Lefevre and his colleagues—of the devotion to Flaubert which they professed and of their value for students; but I thought also of their dryness, their formlessness, their lack of life. Americans needed something quite different—a book which would contain all possible information about Flaubert but which would be readable and attractive. Someone could write such a book, for the story of Flaubert's life was a good one. Even in France the existing books on Flaubert had few readers; in America they would have none.

These unutterable thoughts interfered with the smoothness of my reply, and I was not allowed to complete it. "You are not, I gather, enthusiastic about my idea," said M. Lefevre. "It is only kind, Monsieur, to warn you of disaster if you persist in yours. Beware, at least, of making use of work done by Frenchmen. We in France are jealous of our rights, Monsieur."

Then he rose, coughed, mentioned a cold and fatigue. "On second thought," he said, as I moved in a trance toward the door, "I withdraw my suggestion. After all, there is no reason why our books should appear in any other language. People who will not take the trouble to learn French do not deserve to know anything about Flaubert. Au revoir, Monsieur."

* * *

My French friend was full of apologies the next day when I recounted to him the lamentable impression I had made on the great man. "I should have warned you," he said. "I should have realized that Lefevre would have such ideas. There are a great many people like that in France, particularly in the official world, *le monde officiel.* To be in good standing among the official cultural élite, chauvinism is almost obligatory. Most members of the French Academy are snobs and foreigner-haters, but you would probably have found an Academician more subtle, more polite on the surface. Lefevre shares the ideas of the Academy, but a man like him has a sense of inferiority as a result of his failure to be elected a member of it: thus he is less suave than someone of completely established worldly position, less courtly than an Academician, who has received official confirmation that he is a Mandarin. Besides, don't forget that in Lefevre's eyes you are not only a foreigner, but a foreign competitor; you are encroaching on his territory. He has made Flaubert his field. He owns that field. What right have you to come barging in? Why don't you stay home and write about American subjects, if you want to write? That's the way he feels, and others will feel like him, so be warned!

"On the other hand, a person as excessively brutal as Lefevre probably behaves nastily towards everyone, French as well as foreign, except of course towards officials and people in influential positions. For men like that, who are just generally unpleasant, we have a name in France: we call them *mauvais coucheurs*—bad bedfellows: they are a common type here. In daily life in France, in ordinary relations between French people, there exists a degree of meanness undreamt of by Americans."

And when I asked my friend whether at least it were not surprising that I should have been so received by a friend of a friend of his, he merely shrugged. "In France, practically nothing is done *except* through friends or friends of friends," he said. "We call it acting *par relations:* nobody makes any new contacts in any other way. Thus, as a result, though in one sense friendship and acquaintance

Continued in center of page 155

Residents of Other Cities

This is a pogrom: first you hear yelling and the desperate sound of running, then the approaching mob

by IRWIN SHAW

▪ FICTION ▪

When the Bolsheviks came, the men of the city, the peasants and clerks and small merchants, hurriedly put on red badges and ran to greet them, singing the half-learned words of the Internationale. *While they remained in possession of the town there were police on the streets at night and an air of purpose and everyone was called "Comrade," even Jews. Then when the Whites recovered the city the men who had not gone with the Bolsheviks ran to greet them and the women hung white sheets out the windows and the houses of the Jews were sacked in pogroms and Jews were killed and the young girls were raped by the city's hoodlums. This was in Kiev, in 1918. The city changed hands many times as the war rocked around it, and the full record of those changes could be read in the eyes of the Jewish residents.*

The riots started at five o'clock in the evening. All afternoon the men had been gathering silently in the square and in the small inns near by. The peasants came in from the fields, armed with axes, and soldiers of the broken army of the Czar sat at the inn tables with the rifles with which they had fought the Germans.

We knew they were coming and we hid the silver, the good blankets, the money, and my mother's Paisley silk scarf. The whole family gathered at my father's house, all eight children, the four boys and four girls, and my uncle and his wife.

We put out all the lights and locked the door and pulled the blinds and sat all together in the living room, in the twilight, and even the small children sat still and hushed on the floor. My uncle's wife suckled her four weeks' old child in the room because it was less fearsome there, with the family assembled. I watched her carefully. She was a handsome woman, my uncle's wife Sara. She was very young, nineteen, and her breast was full but upright. She sang very softly to the child as it fed and that was the only sound in the whole room.

My father sat alone in the center of the room, on his face that same abstract expression as when he led the prayers in the Synagogue and looked as though he were engaged directly with God's angels in elevated but intimate discussion. He had a lean, scholar's face, my father. He ate very little and was much concerned with spiritual matters and disliked me to a degree because I looked like a peasant, big and broad for my age, and went to the Academy and painted naked women. He caught me looking at my aunt's bare breast and his nostrils widened for a moment and his lip lifted. I watched for another thirty seconds, resisting.

We heard a yell far away, in the still city. The yell died down. The child sighed in my aunt's arms and fell asleep My aunt covered her breast, sat without moving, watching her husband, my uncle Samuel, pacing slowly up and down between her and the door. A muscle kept tightening and relaxing in Samuel's jaw, making a little white ball and disappearing, again and again. My mother swiftly pulled books down off the shelves, slipped banknotes between their leaves, put them back on the shelves. There were two thousand books on the shelves, in Hebrew, Russian, German, and French. I looked at my watch. It was a quarter to five. The watch was new, a wrist watch, like officers in the army. I was very proud of it. I wished something would happen. I was sixteen years old.

This is what a pogrom is like. First you hear a yell or two far off. Then the sound of a man running, the steps coming nearer swiftly, the sudden opening and slamming of a door near by. Then a moment later more running and more and more, all silent but for the desperate sound of speed on the street, like leaves swift before a wind. Then silence for a moment and then the mob, approaching, with its single noise.

The mob came up to our house and passed our house. We didn't look out the window. We didn't say anything. My uncle paced up and down and my aunt looked at him. My father closed his eyes as the mob paused at our house, opened them when the mob passed. My seven-year-old sister Hester picked her nose. My mother sat with her hands in her lap.

After a little while we heard a woman weeping outside. The woman walked past our windows and around the corner, weeping.

It was a half-hour before they came. And then they broke the windows with clubs and knocked the door down with axes and in a moment the house was full of men and the street in front of our house was full of men. There was the smell of sweat and the peasant smell of the farm and a little smell of alcohol and there they were, a blur and confusion of faces and coats and guns and knives and axes and bayonets and clubs in the small neat house my mother dusted three times a day. They lighted the lamps and a big man with a mustache, in the uniform of a sergeant of the Czar's army kept yelling, "Shut up! For Christ's sake, keep your mouths shut!"

We stood huddled in one corner of the room as the big sergeant walked up and down in front of us. My uncle Samuel stood in front of his wife and child and my mother stood in front of my father. Hester cried, the first tears.

The sergeant had a bayonet in his hand and he tapped it on the palm of his other hand. "The oldest son!" he said in an impatient manner. "Where's the oldest son?"

Hester wept. None of us said anything.

"Well!" the sergeant yelled. He smacked the bayonet down on a table and splinters flew off. "Godammit, where's the stinking oldest son?"

I stepped out. I was sixteen and my brother Eli was older than I and my brother David, but I stepped out.

"What?" I said. "What?"

The sergeant leaned over. "Little one," he pinched my cheek and the men behind him laughed, "little one, you are now going to make yourself useful."

I looked at my father. He was watching me thoughtfully, his face abstracted, his eyes narrowed, conversing with the angels.

"What do you want?" I asked. I was facing the whole roomful of men. I could feel the blood passing through my elbows and knees.

The sergeant grabbed me, not very roughly, by the collar. "Little Jew," he said, "we want everything there is in the house. You will take us from room to room and deliver everything." He shook me. He weighed two hundred and twenty-five pounds.

My mother pushed her way to me. "Give them as little as you can, Daniel," she whispered in Yiddish.

The sergeant pushed my mother back. "Talk Russian," he said. "Everybody talk Russian."

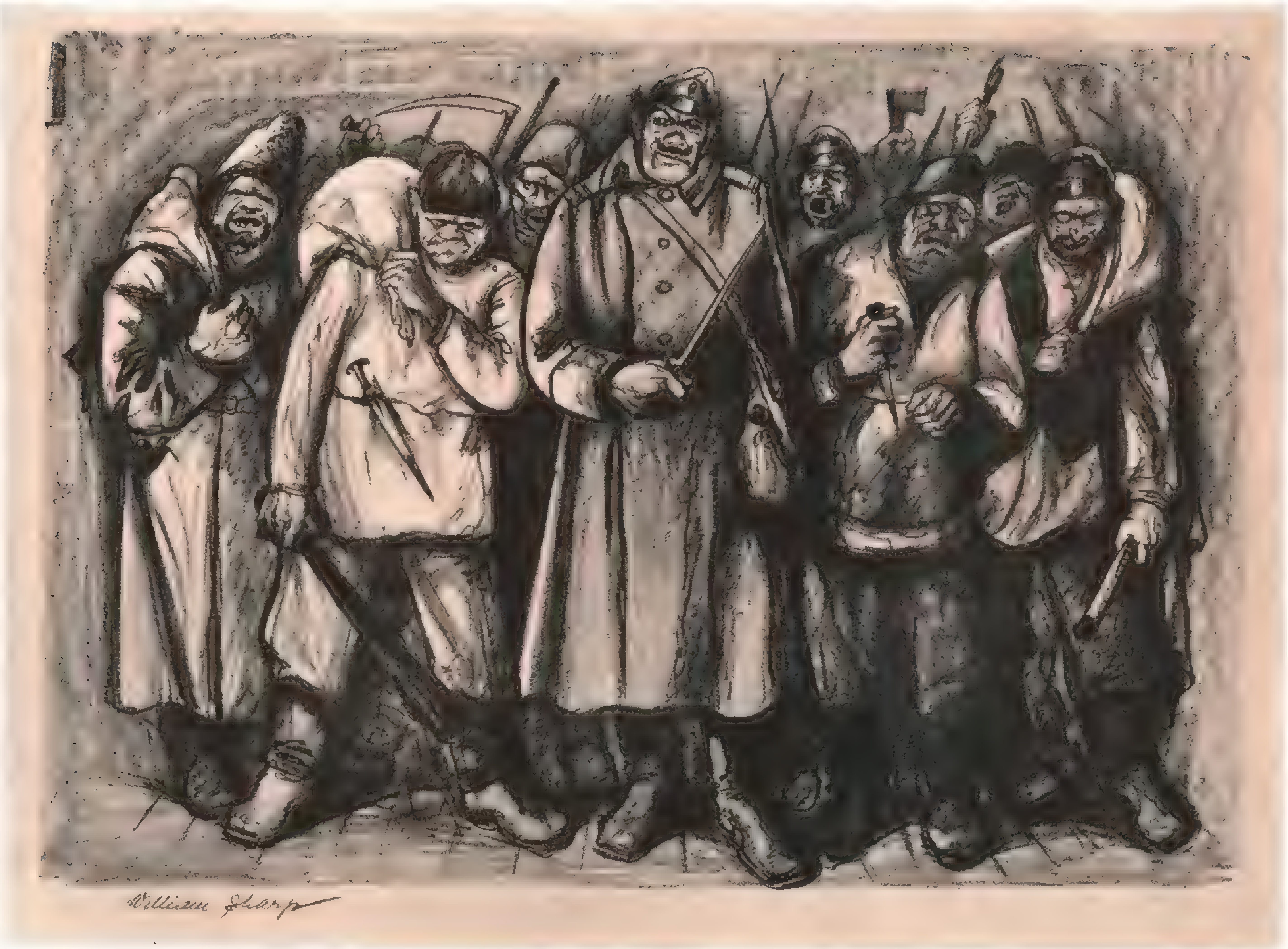
"She doesn't talk Russian," I said, lying, trying to plan swiftly what I could give them and what I could hold back.

I went from room to room with five of the crowd, growing old, cunning, adept, thoughtful at each step, giving them the things they would have found most easily, some of the silver, some of the blankets, a few small trinkets of my mother's. There were other mobs coming and they, too, would have to be satisfied.

When I passed through the living room again my uncle Samuel was lying on the floor bleeding from the head and a big peasant was holding the four weeks' old child in one hand and Sara was in a corner, crying, with men all around her, pulling playfully at her clothes, lifting her skirt. Hester sat on the floor, with her fist in her mouth. My mother sat stolidly, a little fat figure, in front of the glass doors of the bookcase. My father, thin and tall, stood looking dreamily at the ceiling, pulling from time to time at his little beard. The men were laughing and it was hard to hear what anyone was saying and there was broken glass on the carpet already.

In my mother's bedroom, I stopped. The men had made a big pile of goods outside in the hall. "That's all," I said. "You got everything."

The sergeant grinned and pulled my ear. "You're a nice little boy," he said. He was



LITHOGRAPH BY WILLIAM SHARP

enjoying everything. "You wouldn't lie to me, would you?"

"No."

"You know what happens to little boys who lie to me, don't you?"

"Yes. You're hurting my ear."

"Oh," the sergeant turned to the men behind him with broad concern. "I'm hurting his ear. I'm damaging the poor little Jewboy's ear. Isn't that too bad?"

The men laughed. There was laughter throughout the house. All the mobs that came to our house made the house ring with their laughter.

"Maybe if I cut it off," the sergeant said, "maybe it wouldn't hurt so much. What do you say, Boys?"

The boys agreed. "A nice kosher ear," one of them said. "For stew."

"You're absolutely sure, now," the sergeant said, twisting my ear, "that there's nothing left?"

"Yes," I said.

"I hope you're right, little boy. For your sake."

We marched down through the living room and to the small music room right next to it. There were sliding doors between the living room and the music room. "We are now going to search the house, little boy," the sergeant said very loudly. He had a voice you could hear over all the noise. "And if we find anything you haven't shown us, if we find one little silver baby spoon . . ." He touched my throat with the bayonet. I felt the blood come to the skin, drip in a little trickle to my collar. "The end. Poor little Jewboy." The sergeant looked significantly at my mother. She looked back at him firmly. My two older brothers, David and Eli, pale and spiritual looking, like my father, stood together, holding each other's hands. David's eyes were open very wide and there were white lines, like ridges, across his cheeks. They watched me intently, never taking their eyes off me.

The sergeant marched me into the music room, after ordering the men to search the house. The sergeant closed the doors firmly. "Sit down, little boy," he said. I sat down and he sat down opposite me, the bayonet across his knee. "One little silver baby spoon," he said. "Sssst!"

I didn't feel that he could kill me. He was a foolish, lumpy man, with spit sliding down his chin. I had read books on French art, I knew what Impressionism was, I had seen reproductions of the paintings of Cézanne and Renoir. It was impossible that a big fool with a torn and muddy uniform could kill me.

"You're still sure there's nothing else?"

"You got the last piece."

"All Jews should be killed," he said. I looked at the bayonet and thought of the searchers passing the bookcase with the rubles hidden in every other book, passing the trunk with the false bottom in the attic, the coal pile hiding the samovar in the cellar, the lace in the samover . . .

"Russia is ridden by Jews," the sergeant said, grinning. "It is this country's great plague. I fought at Tannenberg, I'm entitled to have opinions."

Sara started screaming outside in the living room and I heard my father start to pray.

"We will kill the Jews," the sergeant said, "and then the Bolsheviks. I suppose you're a Bolshevik."

"I'm a painter," I said. I said it proudly, even then.

"Well," said the sergeant, speaking loudly, because Sara was screaming, "a little boy like you." He picked up my hand and saw my wrist watch. "That's just what I've been looking for," he said. He tore it off my wrist and dropped it into his pocket. "Thank you, little one." He grinned.

I felt very bad. That wrist watch made me a gentleman, a citizen of the world.

He took out a pack of cigarettes, took one, automatically offered the pack to me. I had never smoked before, but I took one. I smoked it, feeling suddenly a man, thinking of what my father would say if he saw me now, smoking. None of us smoked in our house, not even my uncle. Well, I thought, no matter what, I know what it is to smoke. I didn't inhale the smoke. I pushed it around my mouth and hurriedly blew it out.

"The painter," the sergeant said, "the little artist. Are you having a good time, Mr. Artist?"

He was a very cruel man, that sergeant.

"Maybe they're opening a closet door downstairs," the sergeant said, patting my knee, "and maybe they see candlesticks there, gold candlesticks."

"They don't see anything," I said, crying all of a sudden because the smoke whirled up in my eyes. "There's nothing to see."

"Little Artist, little Jew painter." He cut the buttons off my coat one by one with the

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The Trial at Gulkana

Sheriff McDan warned Hulk he'd have to stop killing people but you couldn't teach that gorilla

by MARTIN O. MARCUS

▪ SATIRE ▪

When the people of Gulkana decided to hang Hulk Carter, well, that put me on the spot.

You see, Hulk is a powerful man, well over a fathom tall, a good yard and a half around the chest, and very close to two feet around the neck. He is well proportioned with the exception of his head. He wears a size five and a half hat. Strong as a gorilla, but he's stupid. By that I mean he doesn't know his way around, like me, for instance. I can read and write, see.

Then just imagine those fool people insinuating that I'd starve if Hulk hangs. Well, now, that wasn't fair to me at all. You see, Hulk and I fit together like the hand and glove you've heard about.

Why, many a night I would lie awake scheming—I mean, figuring—out Hulk's next job of which I took a three-quarters cut. Hulk alone could never get work, but since I and him went in cahoots, I managed to keep him busy regularly six days a week, and because he could do the work of six men and a horse, I managed to live very nicely according to the standards of Gulkana.

And now all my security was at stake, just because they decided to hang Hulk. Why, you say? Oh, the thick-headed gorilla killed Dusty Turner. It all started about noon today.

Hulk and I were lying in the shade of the big lone cottonwood that stands on the edge of the cemetery. I was trying to explain the catch of a story I'd told Hulk last Sunday, when much to my disgust, I see Dusty Turner ambling towards us in his loose, disconnected way of walking. Now Dusty Turner was the lowest of scum. Why, several times he'd made cracks of how I was sponging off of Hulk, and not only that, just the looks of him would make anyone sick—the way his dusty long hair sprawled out from under his scarecrow felt; clear on down to his peaked Adam's apple. His hair always reminded me of a sack of spuds left in a damp dark cellar till late spring—you know how them long sprouts just shoot off in every which way.

Well, Dusty finally sorta rolled to a stop right between us, rocked on his bare flat feet a second or two, and says, "Hiyuh, Hulk," then he turns to me and says, real nasty-like, "Hello, Crook!"

Now, you know you would have been plenty riled. Well, so was I. So I says, "Hit him, Hulk."

Hulk throws his feet under hisself like lightning and brings his right fist up from the ground and plants it right alongside Dusty's ear. Well, as soon as Dusty stopped turning cartwheels, I could see that he was deader'n a smoked herring. His skull was bashed in like an eggshell, and besides his neck was broken. Hulk just stands there unconcerned-like, and says to me, "But why did the salesman go back several years later?"

Now you can see why I had to look after the big baboon.

"Shut up and listen, you big ox," I says. "This is going to be tough on us, I mean you. You remember what Sheriff McDan told you the last time you killed a guy. Now you get the hell outa here and get Sheriff McDan while I stay here and think this over."

Hulk heads right across country to McDan's ranch, and I finds myself a comfortable seat, cause I see where I have to do a lot of heavy thinking. But I don't seem to be able to make any headway in that direction, maybe it was because I could see an occasional farmer go and come from Timothy's General Store—Gulkana's only store. That store sure is a mint. I've tried for ten years to sort of legally gyp Timothy out of that store, as then I wouldn't have to worry about Hulk any more.

Seeing's I wasn't getting nowhere, I sort of relaxed, and I'll be hanged if I didn't go to sleep. But I didn't get to sleep long, because the farmers began to gather in front of Timothy's store, and the noise was terrific.

I got there just as Sheriff McDan got on the store steps and started in roarin' with that handle-bar mustache of his'n waving in the breeze.

"Citizens of Gulkana!" he roars. "We are meeting here today to conduct the first murder trial in the history of Gulkana. As you all well know by now, Hulk Carter killed Dusty Turner! And," he continues, "being's I represent the law in these here parts and being's I heard tell of a murder trial up in Goshen several years ago, I do hereby elect myself chairman of this here jury trial."

Well, I was somewhat thunderstruck, and I noticed Barton, Slaven and Smith—near-by farmers—also Timothy—sort of stand there in a trance. I guess it was a surprise to them as well as myself to find that Sheriff McDan was a first-class lawyer. Things didn't look at all promising to me.

"Now," says Sheriff McDan, "you, Timothy, and you, Barton, and you, Smith—you are deputized jurymen. Now answer me—do you go about this with an open mind and agree to weigh all evidence and prosecute without mercy?"

Barton and Smith nodded. Timothy held up his right hand and said, very solemnly, "I do."

"Now we shall proceed with the trial," says the Sheriff. "Go wake up your portage, Benchy Gordon," he finishes, pointing his dirty fingers at me.

"What's that, Sheriff? I didn't quite get the drift."

"I said, wake up your portage—your provider—Hulk Carter. He's over there sleeping on a bale of sacks agin the store."

I didn't like them catty remarks, but I didn't want to get the Sheriff riled up, so I goes over and kicks Hulk in the ribs. But that don't do any good. I have to step on his nose before he wakes up.

"Get up, Hulk, and come on. You're on trial for murder. My advice is confess to everything, then you will probably get let off easy."

"What's your name?" says the Sheriff.

"Hulk Carter."

"Where was yuh born?"

"I was born in Gulkana."

"How old are yuh?"

"I dunno."

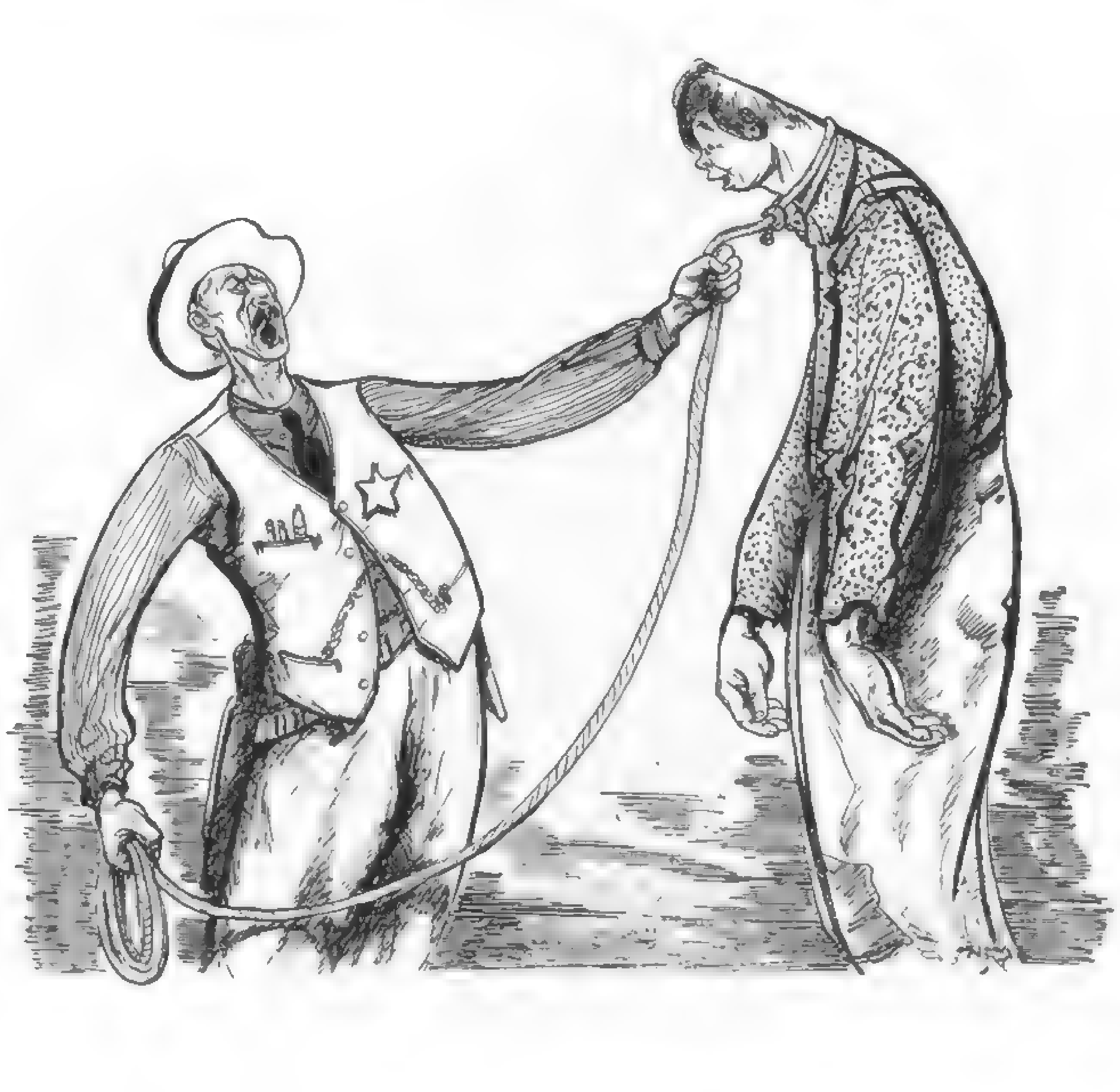
"Hulk Carter, did you or did you not kill Dusty Turner?" the Sheriff shouts at Hulk.

"I did," shouts Hulk, twice as loud.

"Gentlemen of the jury," says the Sheriff, real low-like, "you have heard the testimony and confession of this here defendant," then in a roar, "What's your pleasure?"

Well, they all stand there sort of spellbound, excepting Timothy. He ups and says, "I do hereby find defendant guilty of first-degree manslaughter and do hereby sentence him to hang by the neck until dead, this evening."

"Thank you, Timothy," says McDan, then he asks Barton and Smith, he says, "Do you agree with



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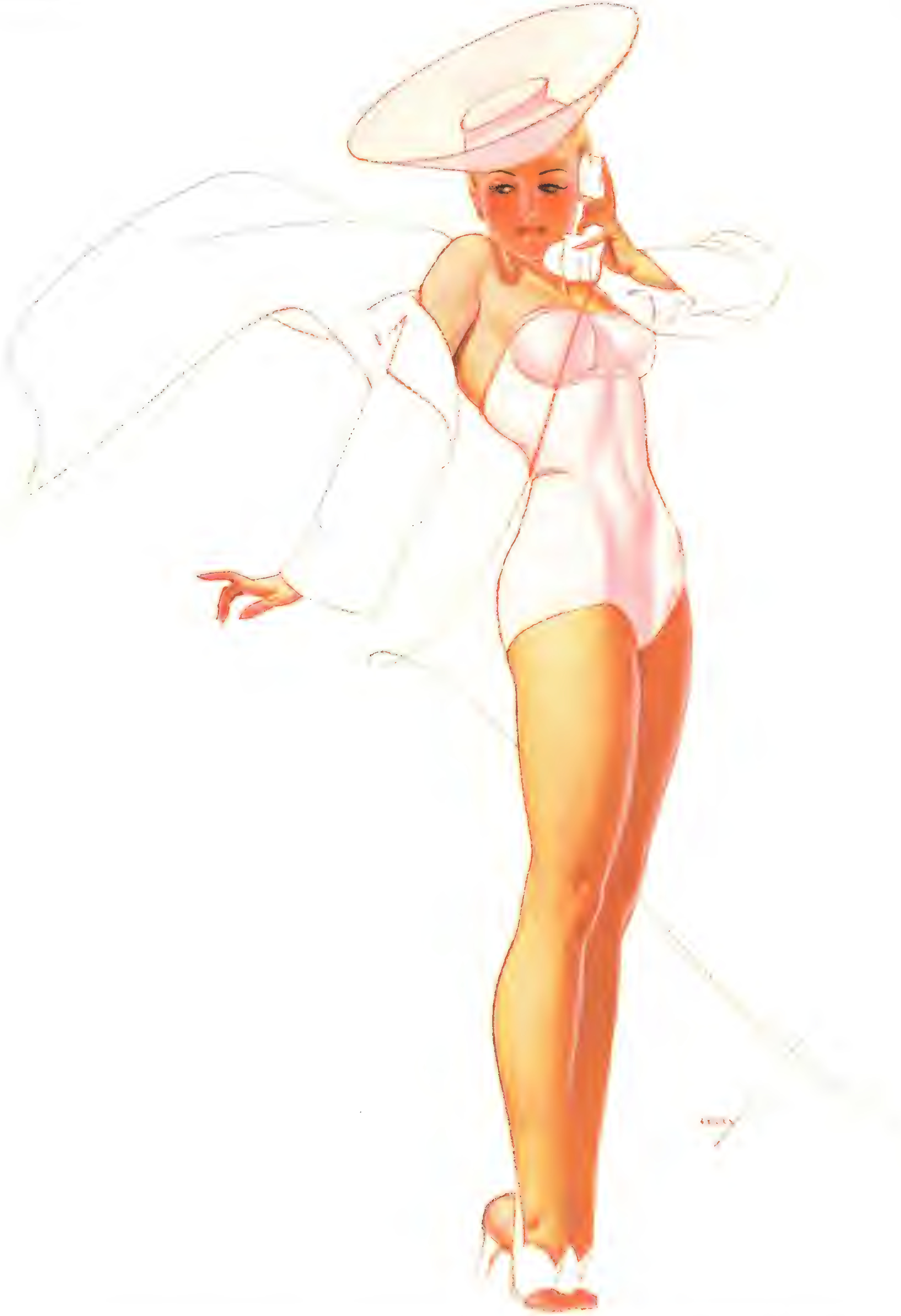
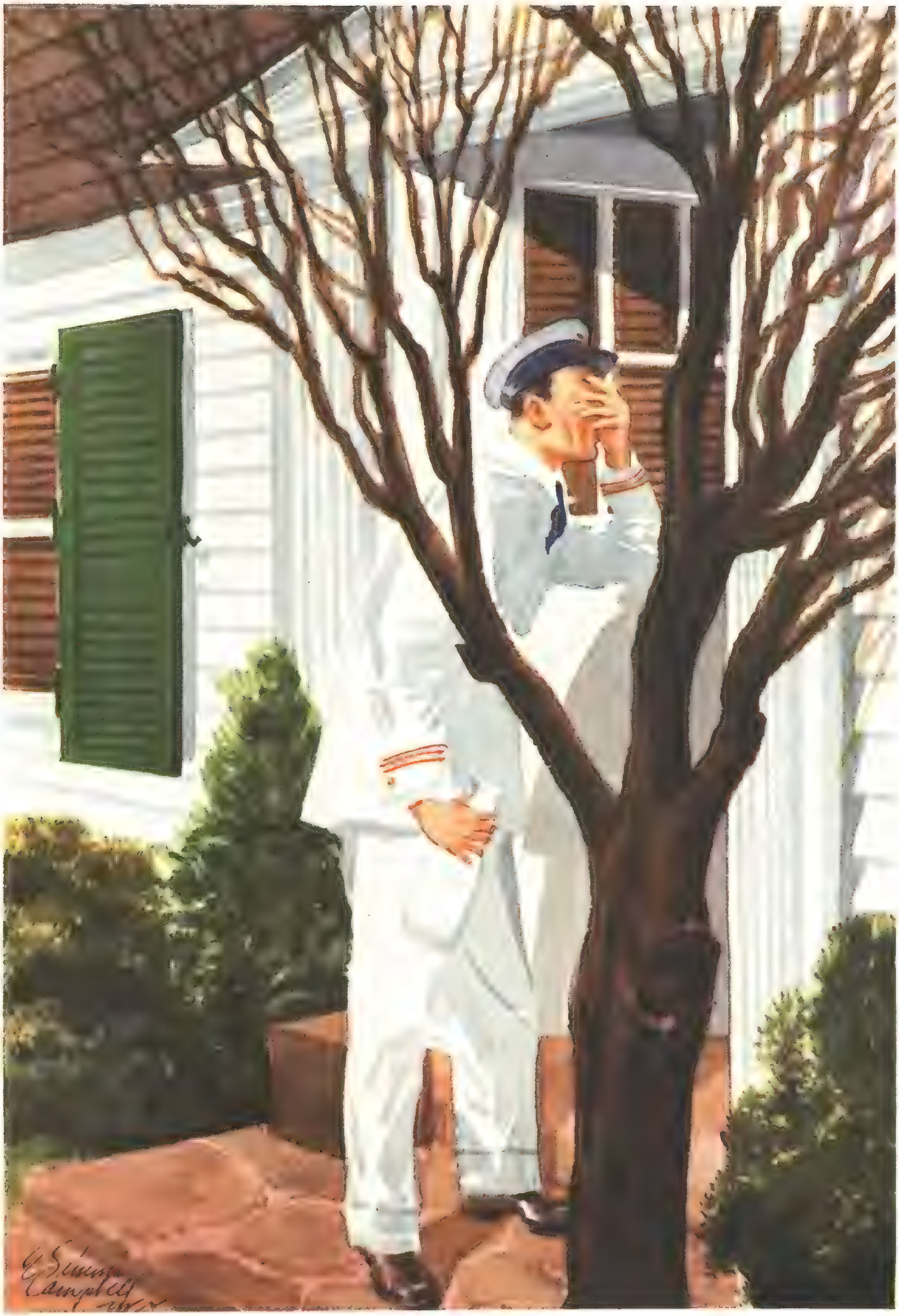


"I know what he wants for Father's Day, but I'm going to give him something to wear"



"Please, lady—that ain't fair! I'm a married man and I love my wife"

My Cousin Bella

It was a hopeless love from the first with all those delights and torments only the young can know

by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

FICTION

I THINK it is a very natural thing for cousins to fall in love with each other. Constant and familiar association, common and intimate memories do much to further such loves, which usually find solution and expire just as smoothly and innocently as they began.

My case was more dangerous. What made it more dangerous was my unusual, and in certain respects almost pathological, sensitivity. And the fact that Bella was three years older than I. She was twenty; I seventeen. She was already a ball-going belle; I was only in the eighth grade of the *gymnasium*.

The affair began during the winter, at Carnival time, on a dark morning. It was about seven o'clock. With my books tied together under my arm, I was just leaving for school when I met her in the opaque antechamber. She had just got home from some ball. She was exhausted and still aroused after the night which she had just danced and flirted through.

She looked at me and burst out laughing: "Oh, you look so fresh! Your hair's still wet! Have you just washed?" She capriciously embraced me, pulled my head to her, smelled my face, and continued, laughing:

"You have such a good, fresh, soapy smell! I can smell the Odol on your breath!" and she kissed me playfully.

God only knows what happened, what kind of intoxication possessed us both. I don't remember the details any more, only that this cousinly kiss didn't seem to have an end. It lasted for minutes and became constantly greedier. Then, when we had run out of breath and let go of each other, we both leaned against the wall, panting.

Bella looked at me almost in terror. She wasn't laughing any more. She was deathly serious when she said:

"Oh, I didn't know you were that big!"

My face was flaming:

"Yes, I am big. And I love you!"

She didn't answer. She arranged her hair. (Even today I can smell the sweet violet scent I inhaled at this light motion of hers.) Then she left me in the empty antechamber, because my aunt, who had chaperoned her at the ball, was calling her from inside.

I spent this first forenoon after the kiss amidst strange emotions in school. I had a feeling that I no longer belonged in the benches among the boys. What one of them could have had a romance like mine? On the mouth of what one of them could have been burning such an invisible boon as on mine? I was proud and absent-minded. I was waiting with impatient desire for one o'clock to come, so that I might go home and see her again. Then it occurred to me that Bella perhaps was laughing at me, that perhaps she was feeling sorry for her foolish behavior, that perhaps the whole thing had meant nothing to her, anyway. Suddenly I felt the painful magnitude of the distance separating us, and my heart became heavy. Our love seemed very hopeless to me.

When I got home, my aunt (I lived with her on account of school, since my mother at that time was living in a small village) was discoursing with some late visitor in the salon; my uncle was sitting in his room, reading his paper. Bella was alone in the dining room.

I noticed that she hardly dared to look me in the eye. She asked me with embarrassment:

"What did you do in school today?"

"I thought of you!" I said suddenly, just because it had been on the tip of my tongue.

She picked up a little dessert spoon from the table, and began drawing small circles with it on the white tablecloth. She didn't look up.

"Silly boy!" she said.

I understood very well why she was calling me silly. Deep sorrow descended upon me. My voice must have been quivering as I spoke:

"Don't be afraid of me! I am also big enough never to bother you again, not even with one word, if you don't want me to . . . And if you think I should, if you are ashamed because of what we did this morning, I'll be glad to jump out of the window right now!" And I started in the direction of the window instantaneously.

Bella took my hand. And then we kissed again, avidly, but with trembling anxiety, because we heard my aunt's guest taking her leave in the adjoining room.

* * *

After this we kissed a lot. Always and whenever it was possible. In nervous terror, if we were left alone for a second, trembling, hearkening to the noise of opening doors, like two butterflies which fly together only for a second.

God, what celestial taste those kisses had! And still we were both very naïve, and had no idea of the more advanced technique of kissing. We were gradually making small discoveries in sensuality. Our teeth clinked together during our fiery kisses. In our impotent searching we bit each other. Our mouths hurt.

It is a strange thing, but I can no longer reconstruct in my memory a perfect face of Bella. Something is lacking to me of her features. All I can remember is that she was very dark. Dark-haired and dark-skinned. She had thick eyebrows, which grew together over her nose, and very long eyelashes. And I remember that she had very healthy teeth, which were white as sugar, and that one of her eyeteeth was a little bit out of line with the others. When she smiled this small irregularity was enchanting between her opening lips.

If I think of it, this forgetfulness hurts me. Even though twenty-two years have passed since then. But still, it hurts me. Because I loved her so much. And I don't even dare to hope that my life is going to have another period so filled with emotional sensations, delights, and torments as the one during which Bella's coal-black, shining eyes were holding sway over me.

I must say that, no matter how much we kissed, still I suffered enormously during the few months of this love. You can imagine that I had no easy situation on my hands. Bella was already a big girl; beautiful, clever, and rich. A whole host of young men was swarming around her. Five or six beaux were coming to our house regularly, all courting her according to middle-class formulae. All with serious intentions. I often sank into the most maddening torments of

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Not Without Guns

The Whetstone boys were quiet and respectful when they slipped out of Protracted Meeting for a swig

by JESSE STUART

▪ FICTION ▪

It was in April. I was working on the hill. I was plowing corn ground. Erf Ealey come up the hill to me. I saw him climbing over the furrows. I stopped my mules and waited to see what Erf wanted. He come up the hill with his face all flushed red. He was getting his breath hard. I could tell Erf was skeered a little.

"What's wrong Erf?" I says.

"Plenty wrong," says Erf, "ain't you heard about it?"

"No," I says.

"Well the Short Branch boys and the Coal Branch boys have bunched together," he says, "and declared war on us Whetstone boys! Said they dared us to come to the Protracted Meeting tonight. Said we'd get our heads peeled with clubs. Said for us to quit taking the Short Branch and Coal Branch girls home. Said they's ending the whole thing."

"How did you find it out?" I says.

"Feel of the knots on my head," says Erf. "That's how I found it out! Ain't you heard about 'em waylaying me and beating me nearly to death?"

"No," I says.

"It's the news all over Whetstone today," says Erf. "They piantly laid it on me last night. I took Susie Abrahams home. Her brother Dick Abrahams was one of the gang that laid the clubs to my head. If I hadn't tore loose and run to the brush I believe to my soul and God they'd a-killed me."

"You go around and round up all the boys," I says. "I've got to get this patch of corn ground plowed. If I don't Pap will raise hell. He says I've been doing too much sparking and too much churching here lately. Says I ain't been wide awake during the daytime since Brother Stokes started the Protracted Meeting at Short Branch. Pap told the truth too. I'm getting like an owl. I see better at night."

Erf went up Whetstone to round up the rest of the boys. I'll tell you the pump knots on his head were big as guinea eggs. I felt sorry for old Erf. "Let that gang try it tonight and they'll get the hot lead," I thought. "They won't be jumping on the least man on Whetstone. They'll be bucking up against some real men. I'm as good a man myself if I do say it as ever packed a pistol or wore a pair of pants."

I finished plowing Pap's patch of corn ground. I took the mules to water. Then I took them to the barn—unharnessed them. I put them in their stalls and fed them. I could hardly remember the right number of corn ears to feed each mule. I was thinking about the fight we would have with the Short Branch boys and the Coal Branch boys. When they come at us with their clubs we'd answer them with a load of hot lead.

I et my supper. Then I changed my clothes. I put old Hulda in her holster. I put on a coat to hide my holster. I was ready for church. "Boys go to church nowadays," says Pap, "to spark gals. They go to drink and fight. They don't go to hear what the preacher says. The world is on the road to hell and damnation."

"It may be Pap," I says. "I don't know. I just know I like to go to church. I go because they ain't no place else to go."

Pap looked hard at me. But I walked out'n the house and down the road. I'd meet the rest of the boys at the forks of the road. Then we'd turn to our left—climb the pint, go through a pine thicket on top the ridge and then we'd turn over yan side the hill to Short Branch Church. The church was right on the divide between Short Branch and Duck Puddle and Duck Puddle flowed into Coal Branch. All the Coal Branch crowd had to come up Duck Puddle to get to the Short Branch Church. I guess that's what made them friendly with one another. We's on the other side of the big hill over on Whetstone and they hated us.

"Well," says Erf, "we are here. If this ain't enough to subdue 'em we can get reinforcements. Price Taylor said he wasn't brewin' for trouble but said if it broke out tonight and they got too hot for us to send a boy back over the hill and let him know. Said he'd come with his autermatic shotgun with high-powered shells filled with chilled-buckshots. Said he used 'em for dogs among his sheep."

There was Lum Sperry, Butch Noell, Jack Todd, Ephriam Bates, Andrew Duncan, Rufus Powell, Bad-Eye Flannery, Steave Walker, Tom Brown, Estill Brooks, Erf Ealey and myself. "There's a dozen of us here," I says, "and they'll have at least three men to our one."

"That won't make any difference," says Butch, "we've got the difference between men on us. Every one of us is ready. We ain't taking no foolishness. We ain't thinking about fighting with clubs nor our fists either. We're going to take our girls home."

"Don't ever think they won't have more than clubs tonight," says Erf, "after the way they beat me up. They'll be prepared for us. They'll be ready and waiting. The club practice on my head was just bait to draw us all out tonight!"

"Well they've got us," says Lum.

"What can they do with us?" says Estill.

"Let's get going," says Bad-Eye Flannery. "Church will soon be started. We'll haf to go in late—all bunched together and have everybody watching this Whetstone crowd come in! I don't like to walk in a church house and have everybody to start staring at me and quit a-listening to what the preacher says."

Bad-Eye carried our whiskey. He had two one-gallon jugs with a strap buckled between the handles. He put the jugs over his shoulder to make them balance. Erf Ealey led the way up the path. We started over the hill to Short Branch Church. The moon was out. It was light enough to shoot a rabbit. The path wound up the hill like a snake. It was too steep for the path to go straight up the hill.

A rabbit jumped from a stool of briars. Bad-Eye jerked his pistol and aimed.

"Don't shoot," says Butch, "save your cartridges. We might need them tonight. That old rabbit's liable to have youngins anyway this time of year. You can't tell. Save the rabbits to shoot at next year."

Bad-Eye lowered his pistol. He put it back in the holster on his hip.

"I've always said," says Lum, "when a rabbit lives the season through here and dodges all the bullets shot at it, then the rabbit ought to be left alone until another hunting season comes around. It's only fair, boys, to the rabbit! If we hunt next year we've got to leave a few rabbits for seed."

"All right boys," says Bad-Eye, "hush your mouthing. I've put my pistol up. I don't intend to shoot at a rabbit. I's just limbering up—practicing on gettin' my pistol out'n my holster."

We's gettin' hot under the collars by the time we got to the pine woods on top the hill. Bad-Eye was sweating and panting with two gallons of licker swinging across his shoulder. "How about swigging a little from these jugs?" says Bad-Eye. "It'll kindly lighten my load a little."

"Suits me," I says. "I never was so thirsty."

Well we stood in the moonlight and passed the jug around. Every one of us took a big swig. Then we passed the jug around again. We took another big swig apiece. After each man took his swig he would go "aham" and spit on the ground. It was good whiskey. It was the real corn. It would put life in you. It would make you want to fight. It would make you take your part. It would make you wade right into a bunch of clubs. When you got this moonshine under your belt you didn't even fear the Devil himself.

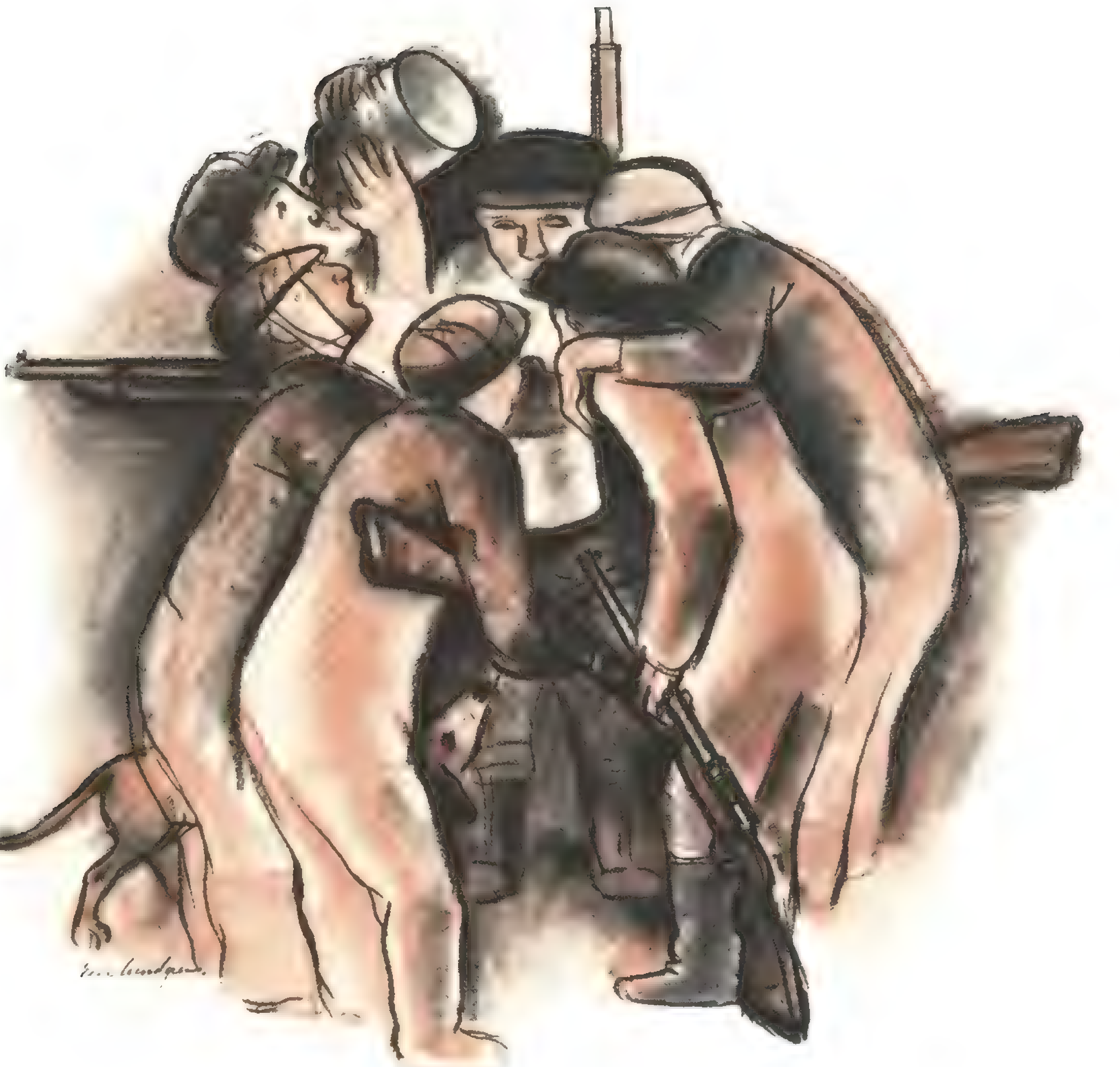
"This jug's emptied," says Bad-Eye. "Now we must keep the other jug to nibble on while we are in church."

"Who's going to guard the jug," says Erf, "while the rest of us go in the church house?"

"I'll guard tonight," says Rufus Powell. "You guarded last night didn't you Bad-Eye?"

"Yes I did," says Bad-Eye.

We's feeling higher than the Whetstone



pines above us. We felt the new life coming into our bodies. All of us had been plowing, or sprouting ground, or digging coal all day. But we wasn't tired now. We's rested and ready. We could see the white church house in the moonlight down in the shoulder of the hill below us. We could see the white strip of path winding around down the hill like a snake below us. We were on our way to the church. We could even hear them singing and hear the organ playing. We could see the bright lighted winders. They were brighter than the moonlight.

"Now boys," says Rufus, "when one of you feel the urge for a swig I'll have the gallon right out here by this black oak—right here next the graveyard. Don't all of you come at a time. We might be indicted next Grand Jury for disturbing Public Worship."

"It's a damn shame," says Butch, "that we have to have a man to guard our licker at church. Of all the places on this earth you'd think your licker would be safe at church. But I've lost more licker at this church than any place in the world. Boys just come here and never go inside. They just run around the house like heathen and pilfer—hunting for licker. You haf to watch it here."

"Reminds me of crows," I says, "one will stand up in a tree above a shock of corn while the others get down and fill their bellies. The crow in the tree will caw-caw to the crows on the ground when he sees a man coming. Then they fly up and fly away. They work with one another—just exactly like we do. We have one of our crowd to watch our licker every night to keep a Short Branch man, or a Coal Branch man or a Duck Puddle man from stealing it."

"I've always said," says Steave Walker, "that they ain't any difference much between men and crows! They are all thieves and rascals. But they hang to their own gangs. They've got to do it in this world boys! Now look how Erf got beat up when he's by hisself the other night! If we'd a-been with Erf it wouldn't a-happened. W'y I can shed tears every time I think of the pump knots on top his head! I run my hand over his head and it felt just like sweet-tater ridges!"

"Quiet boys," I says, "we're at church. Let's go in and act like men. Let's show Brother Stokes how nice the Whetstone men can act!"

"It's a go," says Butch. "We don't want a jail sentence for disturbing public worship nohow."

Brother Stokes was preaching when we went in. There was a big long seat in the back of the church. It was empty. We got this seat and we all sat together. Just across the aisle from us I saw the Coal Branch boys. They's on two big seats. They's off to themselves. In front of us was another long seat and it was filled with Short Branch boys. There was half of another long seat in front of us filled with Duck Puddle boys. I wondered why they weren't all together. But when it come to fighting us, I knew they'd soon be together. They didn't like the Whetstone boys. We had about the same love for them.

"This Protracted Meeting," says Brother Stokes, "is bound to be a success. Look at the young men from every creek and holler around here! Look at them won't you! They have come out here because they are interested in their souls! The older people all ought to be ashamed to let these young men come out and beat them! When so many young men come out, my Protracted Meetings are always a success. It shows that the people of the community are hungry for the Spirit. It shows that they crave the Spirit and they come."

We looked straight at Brother Stokes. We didn't make a lot of noise. Just one of us at the time slipped out to the jug Rufus was watching. After we got our swig we slipped back and let one of the other fellars go. We didn't make a lot of noise. We were quiet about it. I've seen men turn the seats over getting out. But that ain't in the blood of a Whetstone boy. We never acted like that

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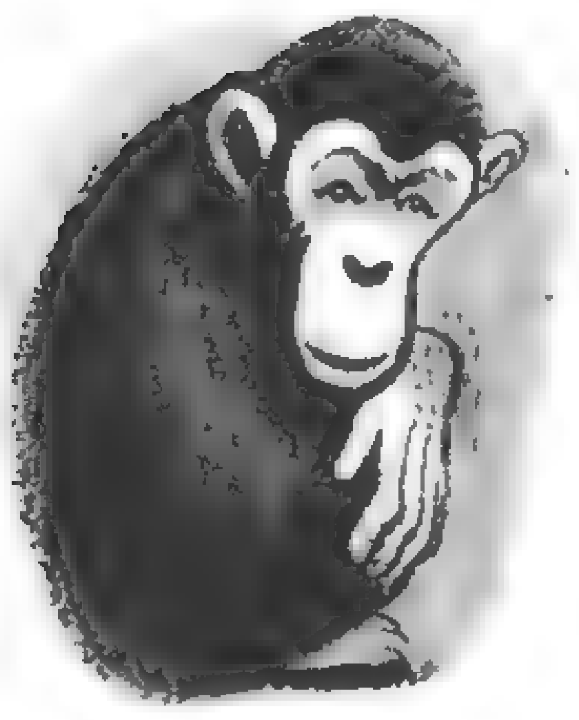
Tennis at the Zoo

Ex-champions, no longer playing for country, perform in Java's grueling sun for the diversion of local gentry

by PARKE CUMMINGS

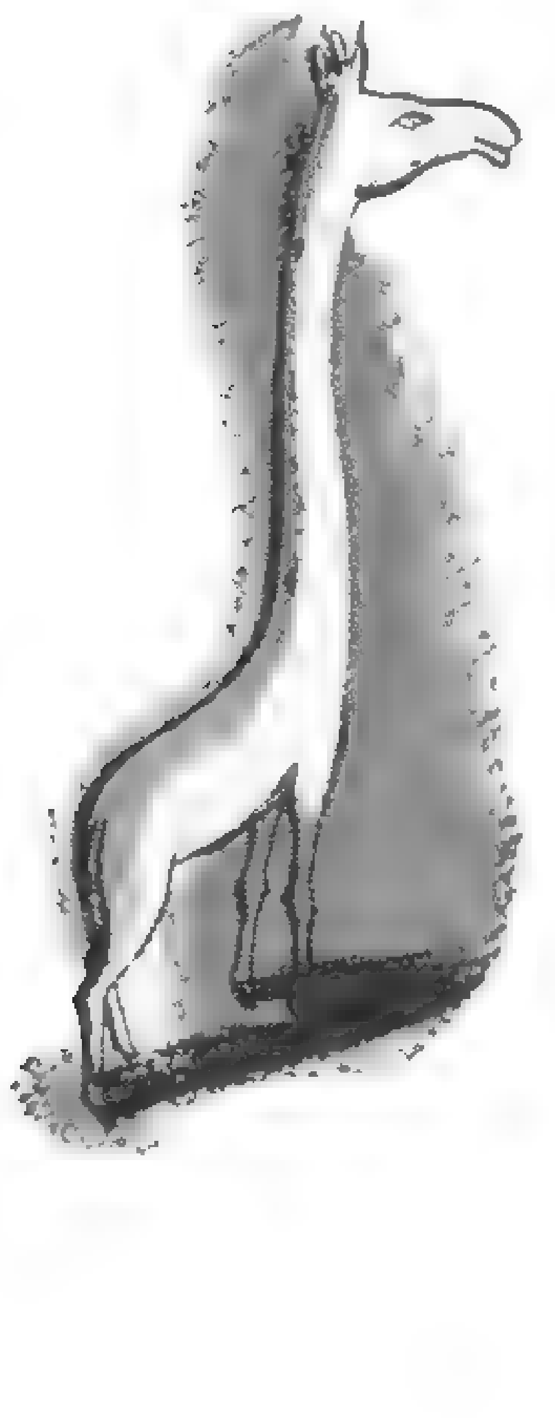
■ SPORTS ■



1918. The tall man. His first year in the top ten. His first championship. Not in singles; in doubles with the short man for his partner. The short boy, rather. The stripling. Twenty-five years old, the tall man. Not so young to appear in the top ten for the first time. Not so young by a long shot. At twenty-five some of them already begin to fade. Well, late start, late finish. Who knows?

1928. The tall man playing the short man. Another short man now. Playing for their countries. The tall man out for revenge on the cocky fellow who has beaten him so often of late. The stands packed with the compatriots of the short man. A trophy in the balance. The man of thirty-five against the man of twenty-six. Revenge? No. No revenge today. Long sets, all of them, but only three. All to the younger man. What can you expect? Thirty-five is too old. The veteran is on his last legs. The heat, the tension, the partisan crowd. The tall man is too old for tennis like that. He should give up. He should put away his rackets. No more running around in this heat, chasing the little white ball. Finis. Finis soon.

1938. The tall man playing the short man. The same tall man and the same short man. Good for the short man! Ten years, and still going strong. Thirty-six now. Getting along. And the tall man? Only forty-five. Only twenty years of fast competition. No playing for their countries now. Just a match for the people to watch, the people of the city of Batavia, on the Island of Java in the Dutch East Indies. Two dollars to sit in the stands and chairs around the brown dirt court in the zoo grounds, and watch the tennis. A share of each two dollars to go to the tall man and the short one. How much? Well, a share.



Was it hot that July afternoon in Paris ten years ago? Did I say that? I was wrong. It was cool. It was like playing on a tangy October day. One would need sweaters almost. Hot? Nonsense! Eighty, perhaps. Or eighty-five. Surely not more than ninety. No ninety-degree heat in Batavia, snug under the equator, on a March afternoon, the time of the equinox. No such thing. In the covered passageways in the Hotel des Indes—where it was shaded from the sun—the mercury would be a hundred and two. Out here on the court—well, a hundred and ten, say. Perhaps a little more. What difference? A hundred or a hundred and twenty. When it is muggy, when the air is dripping with moisture, when it feels like invisible steam, what are a few degrees one way or the other?

Hard on the spectators, though, the sports-loving Englishmen and the Dutchmen, and on the half-castes, Chinese, Javan, Malay, who had seen the posters advertising the match and who could afford the price of admission. A few steps, the least motion, and your clothes, even the white lightweight clothes of the tropics, are dripping wet. It is as though you had jumped in a pool. But no one with the taxi or streetcar fare walks in Batavia. Even a couple of blocks—it is better to ride. Nobody had walked to the tennis court in the zoo. Foolish that.

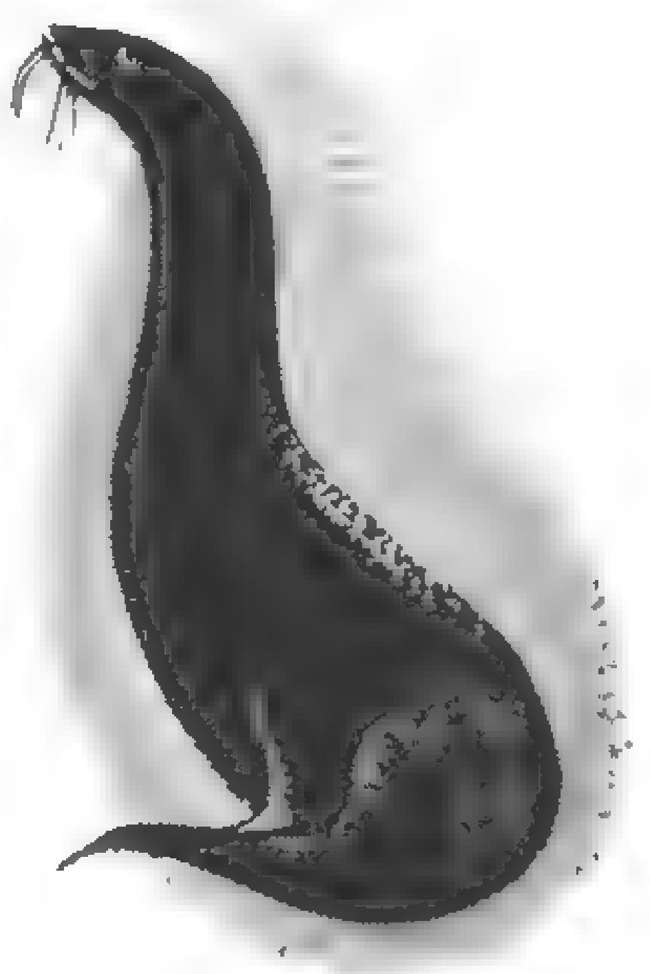
The natives? The real Javanese? No, they would not be watching a tennis match. What was tennis to them who lived on a few cents a day? But more important, far more important, this is no time of day to be watching a tall man and a short man play tennis. It is three o'clock in the afternoon. That is siesta time in Batavia. You work at nine, and you stop at one. You close up shop, and eat your ricestaffel. You eat leisurely, and when you are through, you go to bed. At four you open up the shop again, and go back to work. You stay out of that midday sun. It is bad to walk in it, bad to stand in it even. Only mad dogs and Englishmen stay out in the midday sun. Well, and tennis players and a few Dutchmen and half-castes. Not mosquitoes, though. The tall man and the short man won't have to cope with them. Mosquitoes in Batavia stay out of the sun until it is almost down. That won't be for a while yet. At least, not until the match is finished.

No mosquitoes. No wild animals at your back or under your feet either. Be thankful for small favors. A zoo, yes, but a rambling sort of a place, more like a park. You might hear a hyena barking in the distance —when the referee doesn't call too loudly— but around the court just people inside the canvas drops that bar the view from those who don't hold tickets. A wooden grandstand along both sides of the court, a few rows of folding chairs back of the ends. No animals. Just a thousand or so spectators—that would be two thousand dollars—and blazing tropical sun overhead in a cloudless sky, and a tall man and a short man at a game of tennis.

They take only a moment or so to warm up. Warm up! Happy phrase. Let us say they rally briefly. Linesmen ready? Yes. A full crop of them. Just like Forest Hills or Wimbledon. Only linesmen don't wear sun helmets at Forest Hills or Wimbledon. They do in Batavia. Spectators, too. And the referee. Little black and red velvet caps on the ballboys, the little barefooted Javanese ballboys in shorts. Who have we forgotten? Oh yes. The tall man and the short man. No sun helmets. No hats. No caps. Bare heads for them. Long trousers. Batavia, the zoo, the equator, the scorching brown court, but the conventional costume. Always that.

The tall man serves first. A big wind-up, a mighty smack. The point is his. And the first game too. Next game to the short man, serving easily and smoothly. Already you can notice the contrast in their styles, the tall man running, running; the short man quick and economical of his motions. The tall man in the back court, his strokes long, full ones. The short man advancing to the service line at every opportunity, volleying, volleying, moving no more than necessary to keep the ball in play, his reactions like lightning, his manner nonchalant, almost insolent.

No. It would not be the tall man's day for revenge. The next game to the short man, and the next, and the next. Four-one, and now, as they change courts, the tall man stops at the water bucket, puts the ladle to his lips, takes a few swal-



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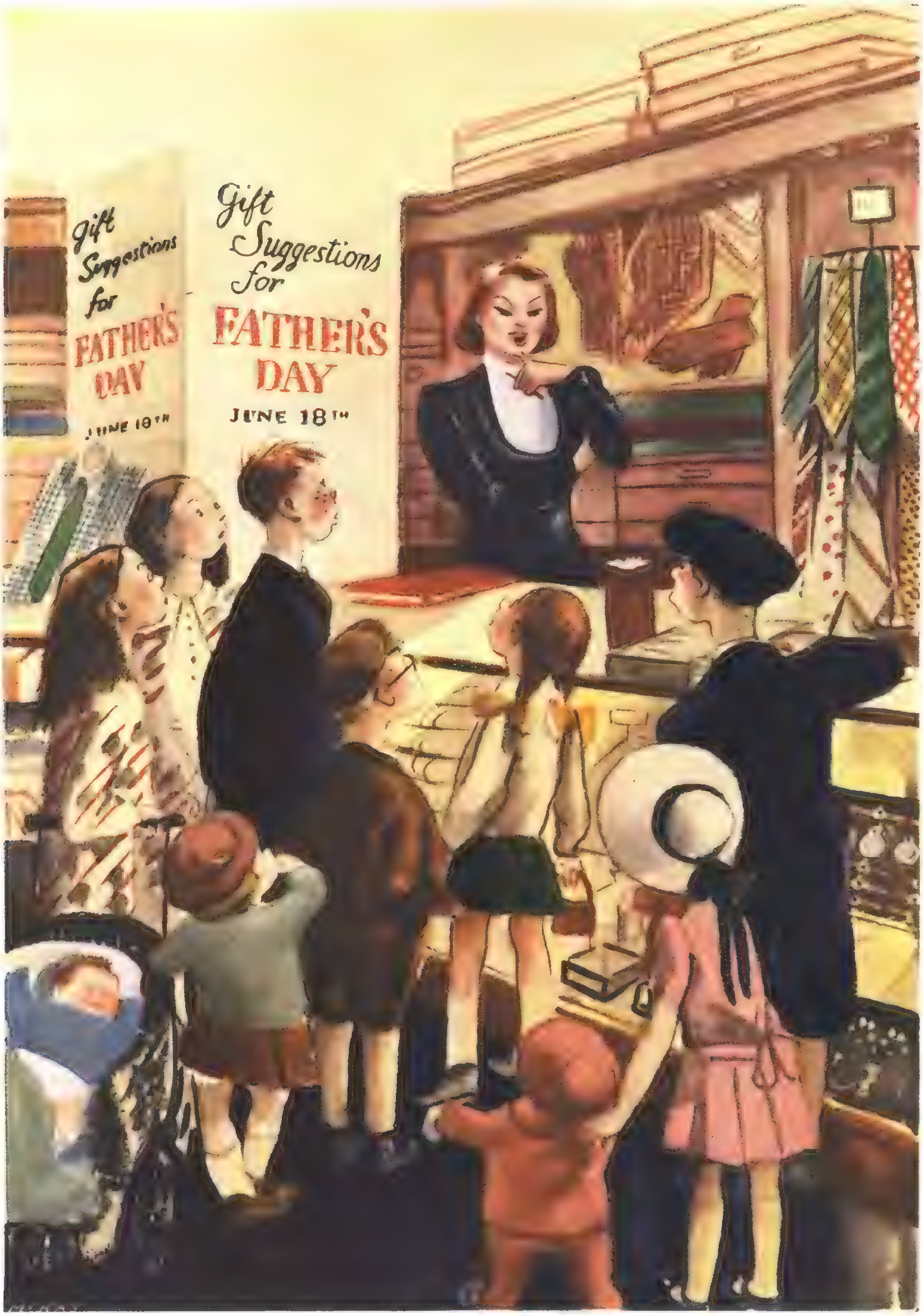
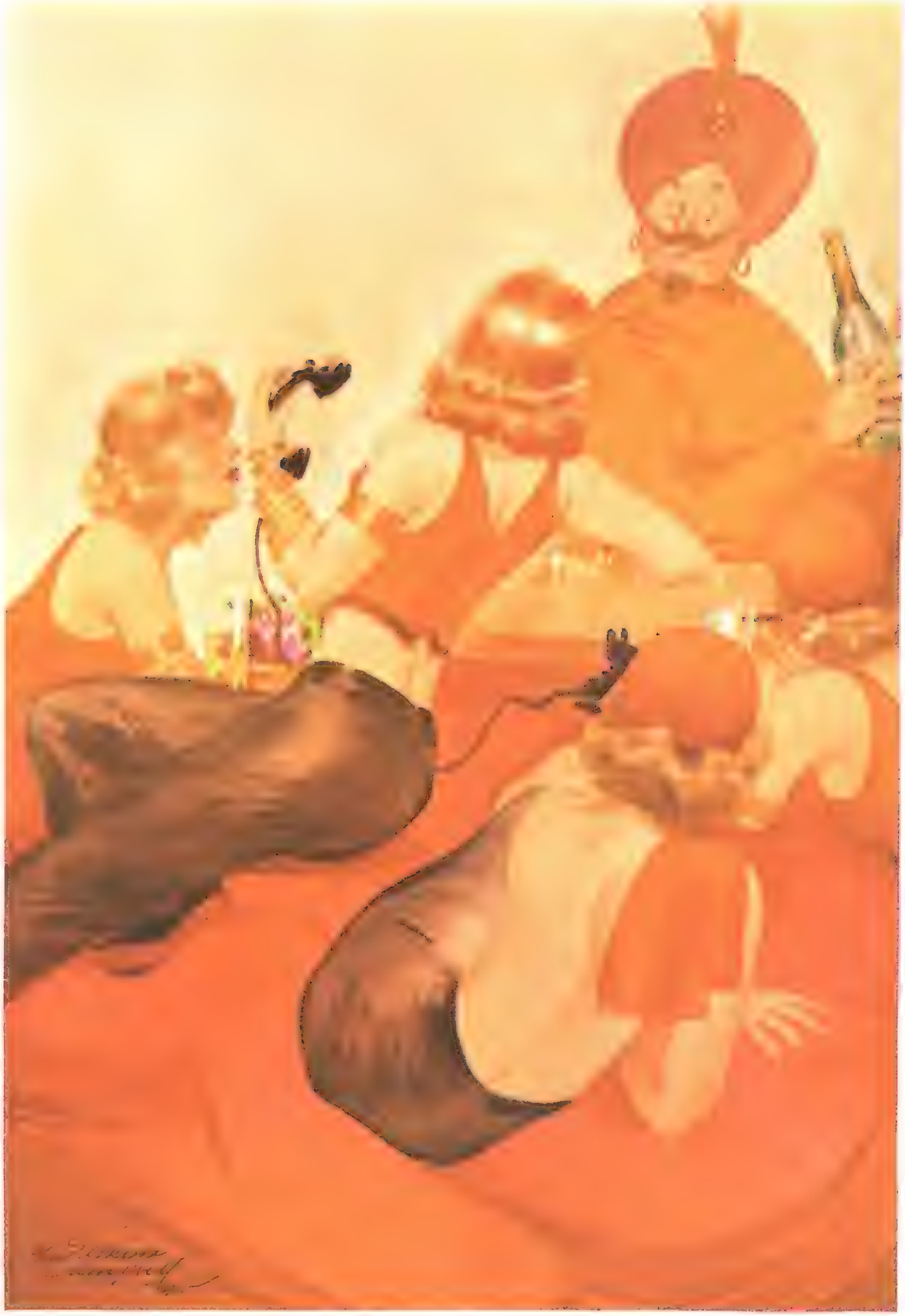

Gift Suggestions for FATHER'S DAY JUNE 18TH
Gift Suggestions for FATHER'S DAY JUNE 18TH

"Well, now, let's see—what does your daddy do in his spare time?"



"It's Adolph Hitler. He wants to know if he can borrow some dancers"

What Men Don't Like About Women

Their literary appreciation is nil: they're pushovers for Big Names and most female authors need a scrubbing

by THOMAS D. HORTON

■ ARTICLE ■

THEIR FAILURE TO DIFFERENTIATE BETWEEN A BOOK AND A REVIEW OF IT

WOMEN instinctively assume they have read a book when they have read only a review of it, and have no qualms in discussing it even with the author. In all fairness, it must be said that this failing is also common among men, but women are far more adept at this sort of white fraudulence. Having less shame than men, women will continue talking about a book even when it has clearly been shown that they never saw the cover of the book. In a pinch a woman will say, "I may not have read every word of the book, but it is romantic, I mean it belongs to the school of classical romanticism, like Flaubert and John O'Hara." Is it any wonder that the wives of writers are generally simple, quiet girls who prefer listening to discussing?

THEIR PREFERENCE FOR FAMOUS AND HANDSOME AUTHORS

a. For the same reason that women like restaurants with names better than merely good restaurants, they like the books of celebrated authors better than the good books of unknowns. Whatever Hemingway writes during the next ten years, however feeble it may be, will find plenty of women admirers. On the other hand, if you give a woman a book by an unknown and praise it highly, the chances are a thousand to one that she will find excuses for not reading it, or having, by some miracle, read it, she will sniff at it. For a woman to admire a book, its author must be something more than just a good writer. He must be Somebody in the literary world.

b. The average woman looks upon a book not as mere reading matter. She looks upon it as the product of a possible dinner companion and sleeping partner. If he is good-looking and appears virile, she will see infinite virtues in his writings. Publishers who know their business are therefore very careful with the authors' pictures they send out. They take the same care in this regard that the publicity departments of motion picture companies do. An author's picture, like an actor's, must have a come-hither look.

RODNEY deSARRO

THEIR SYMPATHY FOR WRITER'S MISERY

Other things being equal, a woman will find more pleasure in reading the work of a writer who ended up in the gutter than in reading the work of a writer who ended his days normally. This is especially true in the cases of writers who went to pot because of their entanglements with the opposite sex. Heine's vogue among the gentle sex is due almost wholly to the fact that he was always in love and finally died of syphilis. Women love writers whom their sisters ruined. Thereby they experience a vicarious form of conquest over the male.

WHAT THEY REALLY READ

Women read books the way they read newspapers, that is, they look only for man-woman gossip—what she said to him, what he said to her, why they quarreled, how they made up, and so on. That is why, deep down in their hearts, all women prefer the works of Kathleen Norris to those of Thomas Mann, and why the novels of Warwick Deeping are so dear to them. A kiss, a touch, a pat, a stray tender thought—each is more important to a woman than all the problems of eternity.

THEIR PREDILECTION FOR THE UNINTELLIGIBLE

Women flock to vague, unintelligible writings the way they flock to new, abstruse, fuzzy religions, and for the same basic reason. A woman feels most at home among, and hence can best discuss, things that make the least sense. Ronald Firbank, who never had a clear idea in his life, was adored by 90% of the literary ladies of America, France, and England. William Faulkner's last three novels made almost no sense to most of the men reviewers, but Fanny Butcher, the literary critic of the *Chicago Daily Tribune*, liked them better than any of his previous books. When the late Hart Crane began to mumble his corrugated nothings, the first to acclaim him were women, who were also the first to sniff when he wrote anything that made even 39% sense . . . There is a profound justice in the fact that the fountainhead of all the literary unintelligibilities of the last twenty-five years is a woman, Gertrude Stein.

THEIR LOVE OF THE SALACIOUS

Many women still pretend a horror at four-letter words and four-letter situations. The truth, alas, is that they love them. Every dealer in erotic literature will tell you that his best customers are women. Consider *Lady Chatterly's Lover*. Not one man in a thousand read it beyond page 100, because the ordinary male is bored by a succession of fornications in print as in life. On the other hand, not one woman in ten thousand was not sorry that *Lady Chatterly's Lover* ended where it did . . . Women seem to forget that beds are made to sleep in as well as to love in.

UNDOUBTEDLY A GENIUS

THEIR JEALOUSIES OF BOTH MEN AND WOMEN AUTHORS

a. If a man tells a woman he loves Shakespeare or Flaubert or Dostoevsky or Melville, she instantly assumes, deep down in her soul, that he doesn't love her. It is inconceivable to Mary and Nancy and Olga and Mildred that a man could conceivably have any good emotion about anybody else in the world beside themselves. A woman is even more jealous of a man's literary favorites, dead or alive, than of his work. One such woman, known to the present author, once remonstrated with her fiancé, to cancel an appointment with a friend to hear Toscanini conduct a Beethoven program: "Oh, dear, you can always hear Beethoven, and I so want to be with you tonight. Anyway, we can play the radio if you must have music." The man was appalled. He did go to the concert. In three weeks the girl announced that she had broken the engagement.

b. Women are jealous of women authors because of their fear that men occasionally like to talk to females who really do things. So they will refer to women writers as old maids, manufacture all sorts of ailments for them (particularly gland trouble), and never miss the chance to label them freaks . . . Such pettiness does not escape the attention and the proper judgment of most men, who are far more sporting and fair than the opposite sex.

THEIR POINTLESS CRITICISM

Since women generally read reviews of books rather than books, since they love the salacious so much, and since the larger problems of living concern them so little, they are perforce the worst critics in creation. In the entire history of the world no woman has been a good literary critic, even in the privacy of her home. If she has ever uttered a single original thought, a brief investigation will

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Triumph of the Flesh

Grandpa said he'd earned his food, he helped sharpen the axe, catch the chickens, and chop their heads off

by LOUIS ZARA

• FICTION •

THE morning sun blazed from the polished cheek of the axehead and flashed into the boy's eyes. He blinked and watched the old man study the cutting edge. It gleamed like a rim of silver.

Grandpa Oliver hunched a shoulder and adjusted his suspender. He twitched the side of his mouth at the boy and again Francis began to push on the iron hand of the big wheel. His feet spread apart, the old man hugged the axehead between his palms and worried the blade against the turning grindstone. From a rusted can fixed above, solitary tears of water dropped. They wet the stone and spread.

Suurr! the steel complained. *Suurr!* it whined plaintively. *Suuuurr!* Francis bore down on the wheel, and the iron hand, going about faster and faster, lifted him and suddenly threw him off-balance. He sprawled on his back, his naked feet kicking out into the air.

Grandpa Oliver did not take the blade from the stone. He looked out of the corner of his eye and chuckled. "That'll break your arm if you're not careful," he said as the boy scrambled to his feet and ruefully massaged his shoulder. "It kicks like a mule."

Francis waited till the stone lost its momentum. *Susss!* the blade hissed as the wheel slowed. Then he gripped the hand and began to bear down once more, but Grandpa Oliver had again paused to examine the cutting edge.

The old man's breath came in long sibilant exhalations, hissing through the gray mustaches that drooped about his mouth. His head was massive and bald, but his eyebrows, separated by two deep furrows, grew out as heavy and almost as gray as his mustache.

He hitched a shoulder and tried the other side of the blade. The waistband of his trousers wrinkled and the ivory suspender buttons stared like blank eyes. The boy turned the wheel round and round, his bare toes digging into the earth.

At last Grandpa Oliver was content. He gave the blade several strokes on a whetstone, examined the edge once more and then speculatively moved it across the hair on the back of one hand.

Francis picked a horseshoe nail out of the dirt. He turned the wheel and ground the nail against the stone. *Urrurrurr!* it rasped. Then it became hot and little sparks darted out. He dropped the nail and brought his scorched fingers to his mouth.

* * *

It was fun chasing the fowl behind the henhouse. This was the first time on any of his visits that Grandpa Oliver had allowed him to help. They scurried and let out shrill squawks when they sensed his shadow starting after them. The boy stood stock still a moment, watching the sharp little heads, the red combs. Chicks ran about like fluffy yellow balls of cotton tumbling in the wind. A hen *hookrooed* excitedly and the chicks milled around her, pecking at each other and at the ground. The roosters ran, too, but they stepped grandly, pulling each leg up as though it were soiled from the touch of the earth. The musty odor of feathers and the sharper presence of poultry excrement were in the air.

When Francis went after them they scattered, crowing and cackling and cheeping. He caught a rooster by a wing. The comb stiffened to a painted ratchet. The eyelids fluttered. Shrill cries and calls issued. The feet jerked and feathers flew. Suddenly the rooster turned his head and pecked at the boy's hand. Francis let go . . . His grandfather slapped his thighs and crowed.

He stepped in, swept his arm out in one direction and caught a rooster by the legs, swept his other arm out in another direction and captured a second rooster. He held one bird under his arm while he twisted the other's wings. He did the same to the second fowl. Then he marched away, the head of the axe sticking above his belt like the hilt of a sword, a rooster dangling from either hand. Francis ran after his grandfather.

No sooner had both left than the squawking ended and the fowl calmed. One little chick continued to run around and around until it teetered comically and dropped from exhaustion.

Grandpa Oliver threw the chickens down by the tree-stump which stood in the barnyard and took the axe from his belt. He brushed his eyebrows back with the ball of his thumb.

The boy stood off and squeezed his toes in the dirt. The sun was behind him and his shadow reached toward the captive fowl. One rooster lay quietly, blinking his eyes, his wings twitching. The other tried to lift himself. His feet jerked out and clawed the earth. He flapped a wing and little feathers sailed out.

The old man grumbled and picked up the squawking bird. "No use complainin'," he said. "No use complainin'." He held the rooster between his legs and plucked several feathers from about the neck.

Francis was fascinated with the way the fowl raised his head as though trying to escape Grandpa Oliver's capable hands. He could very clearly see the rooster's tiny red tongue.

"Took nearly an hour to sharpen that blade and I don't mean to dull it on your fool feathers!" Grandpa Oliver said quietly to the bird. He laid the fowl across the stump and placed one hand on the wings. He seized his axe about the middle of the haft and brought it down with a swift chop. *Thud!*

The little head flew out like a pellet from an air gun. It struck the dirt alongside Francis—he jumped!—and rolled over and over, the beak nipping the earth grotesquely each time it turned over.

A spurt of blood from the headless neck splashed across the shiny axe. The old man swore softly and went to wipe the blade in some weeds.

Francis' eyes glowed as he watched the juices ooze from the open veins. A circlet of feathers turned to red petals, the scarlet liquor was so bright. The blood dripped off the edge of the stump, slipped over an exposed root and was absorbed into the earth. He was entranced with the way the neck jerked, the body still heaving, the dirty yellow feet still twitching. In the little head that had rolled away the eyes had closed peacefully.

Grandpa Oliver waited until the rooster had ceased moving. Then he replaced him with the other fowl. He stepped back and raised his axe with both hands. Suddenly the

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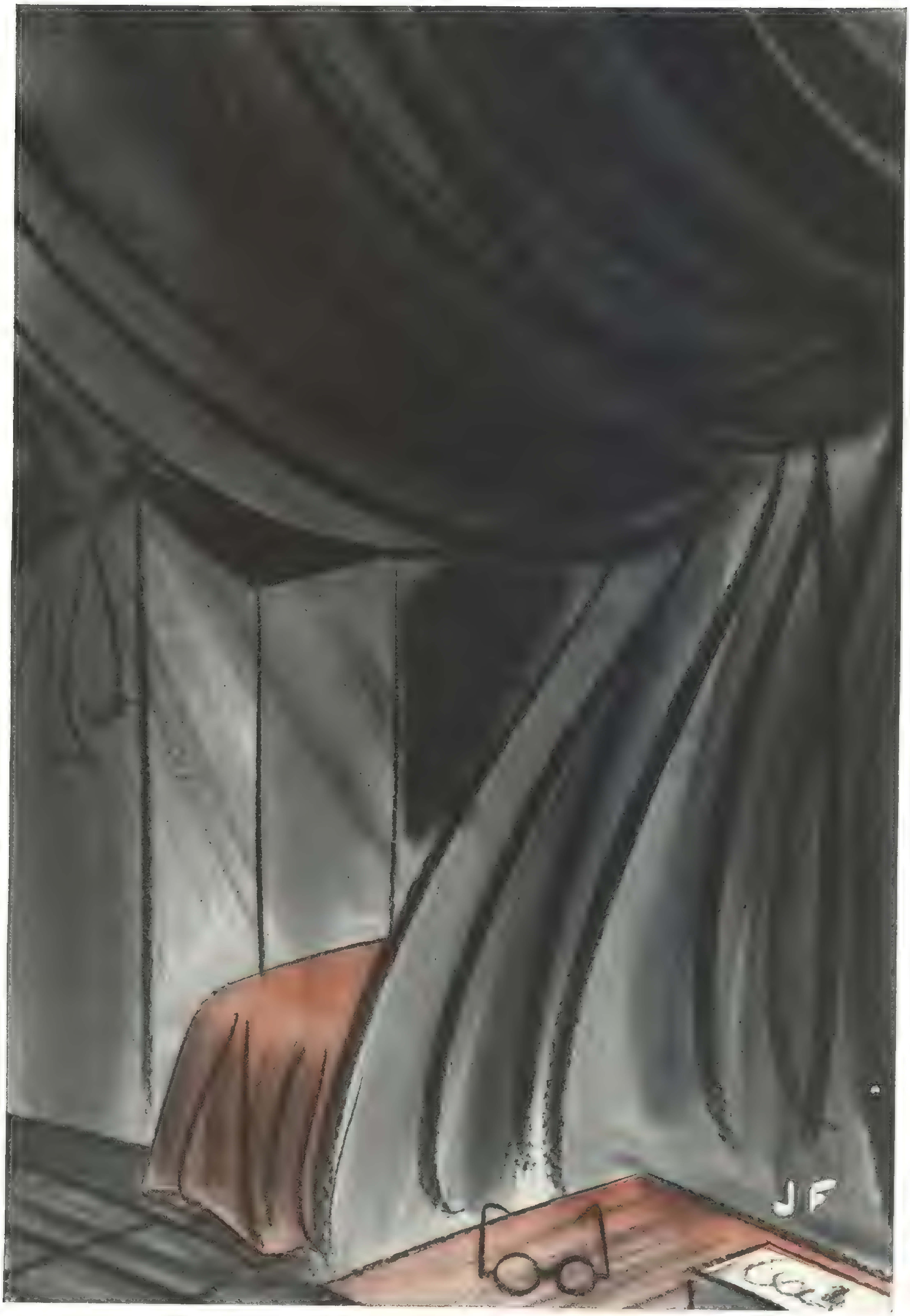

"Just so I get a passing grade, Professor—I'm not fussy about the class honors"

Christmas Greetings

Warning: there'll be a Santa Claus in every department store sooner than you can light a firecracker

by PARKE CUMMINGS

• SATIRE •

This piece may appear to be jumping the gun a bit, but don't be too sure. Christmas gets going a lot sooner than it used to. The "do your Christmas shopping early" campaigns have got us to the point where anybody who has failed to purchase father's ties or Aunt Martha's knitting bag by Thanksgiving at the latest is looked on as a traitor to the American shop girl, God bless her. I can remember when the day before Christmas was a day for me to go scurrying about, gathering in tree ornaments, candy canes, scarfs, and what not, loaded to the gunwales with Christmas spirit (not the liquid kind).

Nowadays on December 24th, the Christmas tree (usually a shrub in the front yard) has been glowing with lights for the past week. Several bulbs have already burnt out. The gifts have long since been opened and examined (nobody today pays any more attention to "do not open before Christmas" seals than they do to peace treaties), and the thank-you letters have already been written, and, if not actually in the mails, are ready to be jammed into the box the first thing on the morning of the 26th. Christmas has become a matter of planned efficiency. Its former number one sentiment, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," is still with us, but it has been relegated to second place. The leader today is "Procrastination is the thief of time."

And look at Christmas cards. Formerly you got them on the day before Christmas, or, at the most, two days before. In these times we remark: "Well, I guess the Joneses aren't sending cards this year"—or "must be sore at us"—if their card hasn't been duly received and strung up under the mantel by December 15th. There is a vicious circle here. If I get the Joneses' card on the fifteenth, and send them one on the nineteenth or twentieth, they will think: "He just waited to find out whether we were sending *him* one." Or if they don't think that, I will be afraid that they are thinking it which is just as bad. In self-defense I have to dispatch my card so that the Joneses will get it on the fourteenth.

Well, nobody is going to beat me to the draw *this* Christmas. My cards are going to be sent out during the first heat wave in July. They are going to be very Christmasy ones, reindeers and lots of snow and people whose breath shows in the cold air. This will take the recipient's mind off the heat, and cool him off a bit. Moreover, it will give me time, during the days immediately before Christmas, to think more of Christmas and less of meeting mail-box deadlines. If I have any spare time on my hands, I'll be thinking of Easter cards.

Now this is a piece for a magazine, and consideration of the magazine angle prompts me to write it with the idea of summer publication in mind. Christmas is rather a sore point with editors. Obviously the only issue of a monthly magazine that can be designated the Christmas Number is the December issue. This sounds obvious, but there is a hitch. Christmas, inconveniently, happens to fall near the end of the month, and conversely a December issue of a monthly magazine hits the stands in November. (Some of them even appear in October, but Esquire is pretty conservative, and only beats the deadline by two weeks.) This means, of course, that readers are perusing the Christmas issue in the middle of November. Even though, as I have indicated, Christmas shopping comes earlier and earlier every year, I feel that the editor may be pardoned for regretting this necessary setup. When Christmas has arrived—even a week or so before—his January issue is in circulation, but somehow or other he cannot designate it as his Christmas number because some readers who hadn't thought things out might send in letters beginning: "Hey! Do you think Christmas is in January?" But by publishing a Christmas article in July or August he sidesteps this problem, because, I maintain, nobody is going to accuse him of laboring under the delusion that Yuletide falls in either of those months. He simply says, in effect: "Here is a Christmas piece; take it or leave it."

Having dealt with the editor's problem, I feel at liberty to do likewise with the writer's. Articles that appear in monthly magazines must be written a considerable time before they are printed. I suppose everybody knows that. This is to give the editor time to peruse the article, decide where in the magazine to print it, and to look up the contributor's past record. Nobody who writes a Christmas article later than October has the ghost of a chance having it printed in a December issue. It is safer to write it in September or even August.

Now you see the trouble. Writing a Christmas piece in Indian summer presents its difficulties. The proper atmosphere simply isn't there. Of course an author can go up to the polar regions to do so, but this is an inconvenience and an expense. Moreover, for all the talk about Santa Claus and the North Pole, I don't believe he would pick up much genuine Christmas atmosphere. An Eskimo Christmas is hardly the average reader's conception of this festive day. I don't believe Eskimos eat turkey, decorate Christmas trees or send cards. Just a lot of ice and snow isn't enough.

And so, with the writer, it is write it in the heat, and make it good. Well, some authors may be able to turn out good Christmas pieces with electric fans at their backs and Joe calling on the phone to suggest boy what a day, how about knocking off and having a coupla sets of tennis. I can't, and I've given up trying. I am writing this in the Christmas season. Christmas happens to have gone by, but it hasn't gone far. I can still taste the turkey and see the pine needles from the tree making a lovely green carpet on the living room floor. There is a tang in the air, and snow on the ground. As I listen, I can hear a jingle on the white road running past my house. Somebody with broken chains again, but if there *were* any sleighs around here, I could far easier imagine them now than I could next September.

Now, having written the piece at the logical time it should be written (as I have carefully explained) I have two alternatives. I can send it to the editor at once, or I can put it in my file and mail it at the proper time which would be September. My "file" happens to be a relatively unlittered corner of an old table, and anything I put in this file, I promptly forget. The manuscript would simply take up space in my study, gathering dust in the process, and, if I remembered the piece at all, it would not be until the twentieth of December when I started to think about Christmas. This, as I have pointed out, is too late.

Accordingly, the alternative I must take is that of mailing it now, and thereby pass the problem along to the editor. Now *he* has to make up his mind. He can schedule it for

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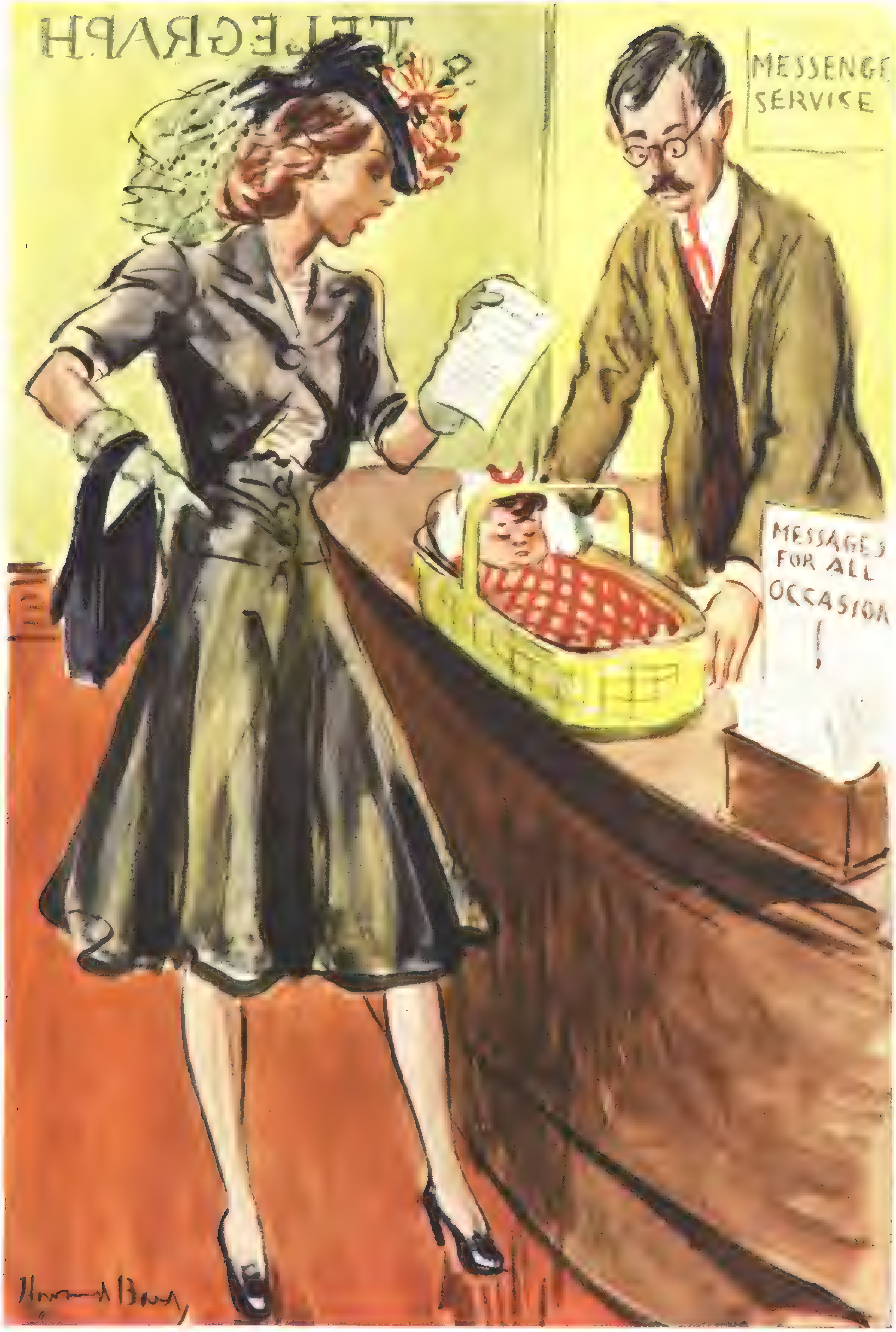
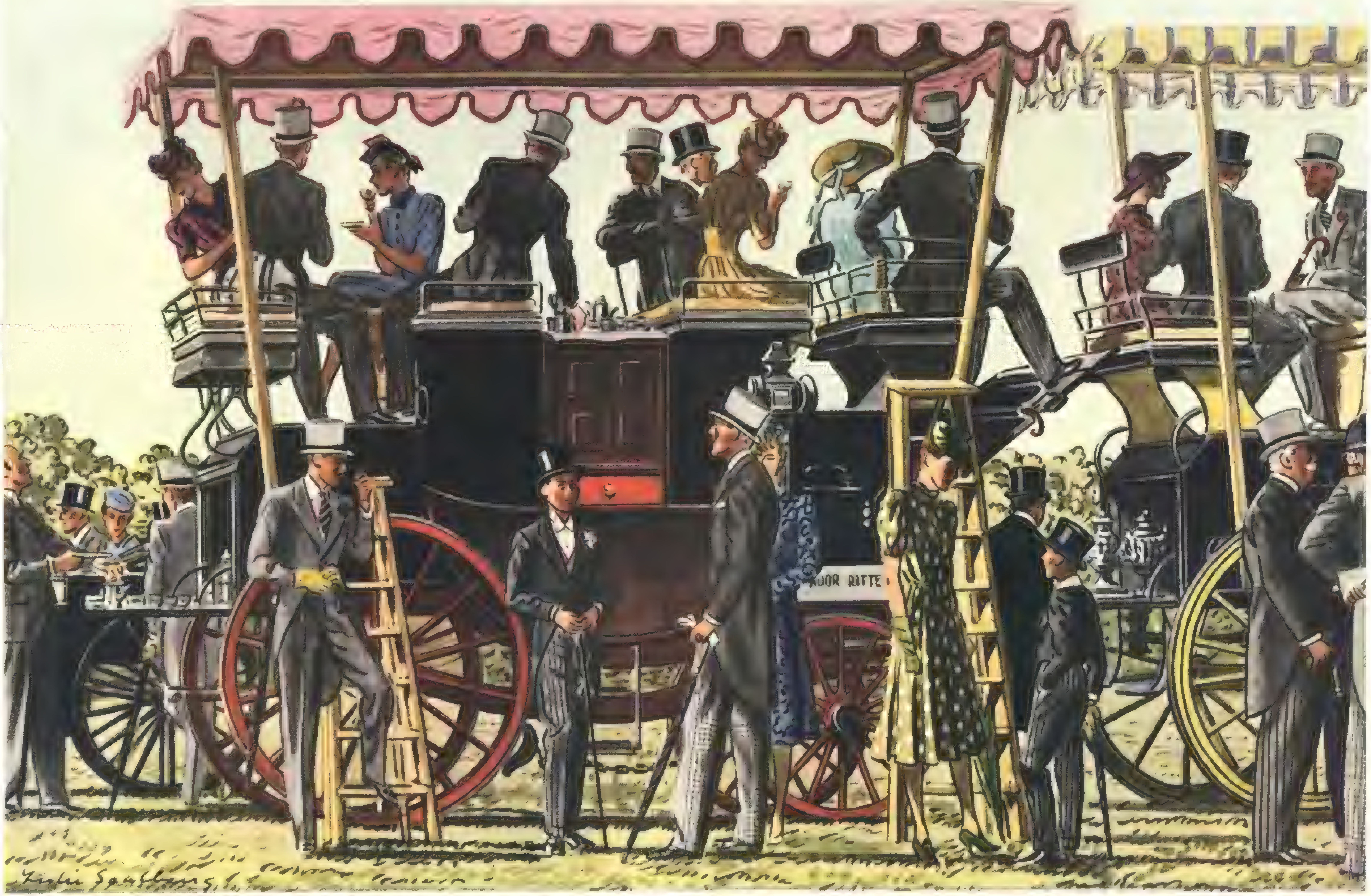

TELEGRAPH
MESSENGE
SERVICE
MESSAGES
FOR ALL
OCCASION
Howard Baer

"I want this delivered to 146 Wentworth Ave. along with Father's Day Greeting number twenty-eight"



PAINTED IN ENGLAND FOR ESQUIRE BY LESLIE SAALBURG

Tea Time at Lord's

The Censor Marches On...II

So it was ruled that books be judged by their effect on normal people, not the immature, the subnormal or insane

by MORRIS L. ERNST & ALEXANDER LINDEY

• ARTICLE •

> *"After all it was not the novelists, not even the modern ones, who invented sex. Both the fundamentalists and the evolutionists agree that the scheme has at least the merit of antiquity. Anthony Comstock may have been entirely correct in his assumption that the division of living creatures into male and female was a vulgar mistake, but a conspiracy of silence about the matter will hardly alter the facts."*
>
> —Heywood Broun and Margaret Leech, *Anthony Comstock* (1927)

Walter Hines Page, back in the days when he was a member of the publishing firm of Doubleday, Page & Company, had refused to print a book containing the "suggestive" word "chaste." It was a long cry from "chaste" to some of the words in Molly Bloom's soliloquy in James Joyce's *Ulysses.*

THE VICISSITUDES OF ULYSSES

For a decade and a half the censor pursued *Ulysses.* Issues of *The Little Review,* containing early chapters, were confiscated by the Post Office in 1918. Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap, the editors, were convicted in General Sessions, and fined. Copies of the book were burned in 1922 in England, Ireland, Canada and the United States.

There were those who felt that the virulence of the attack was scarcely warranted by the nature of the work. Molly Bloom's erotic thought-wanderings constituted a negligible portion of the book; there were long dull stretches in the seven-hundred-page labyrinth; full comprehension of it required almost encyclopedic knowledge. And since immature and susceptible persons—the only ones conceivably subject to "corruption"—would never be attracted to the book, it was hard to see how it could corrupt anyone. But the censor thought otherwise, and his judgment was directly responsible for the booklegging of the work on a large scale.

In 1928 a Customs Court judge found "only a casual glance" enough to convince him that *Ulysses* was "filled with obscenity of the rottenest and vilest character."

In 1933 an imported copy of *Ulysses* was barred at the customs, and there was a showdown in the Federal Court. The authorities relied rather heavily on the virulent condemnation in the Customs Court, and also on prior convictions. Judge Woolsey, before whom the case came up, was nevertheless determined to arrive at an independent conclusion. After a full hearing, he cleared the book of the charge of literary turpitude.

With his opinion, which has already become a classic, the law took a great stride forward, possibly a greater stride than in any previous single case. Certain four-letter Anglo-Saxon words, long banned from polite conversation with literature, were no longer necessarily taboo. The common sense principle that the effect of a book must be appraised with reference to a person of average sex instincts (*l'homme moyen sensuel*), and not with reference to adolescents or deranged or subnormal people, was explicitly laid down. The importance of creative honesty was judicially recognized; an author's loyalty to his technique and to the *rationale* of his story became major considerations in the process of court appraisal. Since judges could be unconsciously influenced by their prejudices, no matter how fair they tried to be, they would do well, Judge Woolsey said, to check their judgments with other people in the community whose views on literature and life might be of value.

Mr. John S. Sumner branded Judge Woolsey's opinion as "a literary review trying to explain away the appearance of admitted obscenity and filth," and paused to wonder whether the judge was serving society or playing into the hands of "a rather reprehensible type of author and publisher."

The prosecution shared Mr. Sumner's feelings. The case was appealed. It was at this point that the authorities let the cat out of the bag. Until then the case had been argued on the usual grounds: that *Ulysses* was obscene, lewd, lascivious, indecent and so on. On the argument of the appeal, the United States Attorney abruptly took a different tack. He read to the court portions of the book which he claimed to be *blasphemous.* And so a law primarily aimed to suppress *sexually* impure matter was sought to be used to silence supposedly *irreligious* utterances.

Judge Woolsey was upheld by a vote of two to one. Judge Manton, who has since resigned under fire, wrote a dissenting opinion. The majority made clear that "the dominant effect" of a given book was the test of its obscenity, and that "in applying this test, relevancy of the objectionable parts to the theme, the established reputation of the work in the estimation of approved critics, if the book is modern, and the verdict of the past, if it is ancient, are persuasive pieces of evidence."

Judge Woolsey's opinion and that of the Circuit Court signalized the emergence of rational doctrine in the obscenity field.

THE CUSTOMS BULWARK

Senator (then Judge) Wagner, it will be remembered, had suggested in the *Casanova's Homecoming* case that the foreign reputation of a book meant little to us, because our moral standards were higher and our criteria of decency more rigorous. That being the case, nothing but the vigilance of customs inspectors stood between us and corruption from abroad.

It cannot be said that the customs people were apathetic in the performance of their duties. They protected us with a thoroughness that was a tribute to their zeal. They seized novels and scientific books, classics and modern works—the *Arabian Nights* (both in the Burton and the Mardrus-Mathers editions), the *Satyricon* of Petronius, Ovid's *Love* Books, the *Golden Asse* of Apuleius, the *Letters of Abelard and Heloise,* the complete works of Rabelais, Boccaccio's *Decameron,* Rousseau's *Confessions,* Casanova's *Memoirs,* Gauguin's *Journals,* E. E. Cummings' *The Enormous Room,* March's *The Wild Party,* and Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis*—despite the fact that most of these titles were readily available in this country.

Before 1929 there seemed to be little disposition to challenge the wisdom of the customs censors. Then the tide began to turn. Huntington Cairns, an able young Baltimore attorney, protested the seizure of *Daphnis and Chloe* by Longus, *Satyrs and Sunlight* by Hugh McCrea, and *The London Aphrodite.* He carried the case into court and won.

Shortly thereafter Judge Kirkpatrick of the federal court in Philadelphia ruled that the *Decameron* was not obscene and should

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The Breaking of the Horse

To keep your horse's mouth soft and sensitive, it should be slowly and patiently trained—on the "longe"

by ILES BRODY

▪ SPORTS ▪

Like human beings, horses have to attend school from an early age. A horse may be an aristocrat by birth, its name may be found in the Stud Book—the Social Register of the equine world—but if it is not properly schooled, it is worth much less than a plebeian animal with a good education.

The education of a horse in this country is truly lamentable. However, the bad marks received at school are not the fault of our four-legged friend. It is the instructor who is to blame rather than the poor speechless creature so eager to become an apt and able pupil. He cannot help the fact that horsemen in America know little about him and practically nothing about his proper schooling. I am speaking in general; of course, there are exceptions to the rule. But nowhere in the world can you find more dull, disobedient, runaway, jerkily gaited, and "pulling-mouthed" horses than in the United States, where the raw material—unschooled "green" animals—is excellent.

In this quick-galloping country where pigs become ham overnight, where shoes are not "built" in several weeks but are manufactured in a few minutes, where the laundry takes but one day—in England you might get your shirts in fourteen if you are lucky—in this land of skedaddle, I say, well-bred, beautiful and spirited colts deserving a long, careful and thorough training are turned into mounts in a great and definitely harmful hurry. Out West, for instance, the pony is rounded up, lassoed, thrown, mangled and hurled around on the ground, and when he is subdued, a saddle is fastened onto his virgin back. Naturally, he is terrified out of his wits at the display of so much human cruelty; his spirit is broken by the rough treatment and he will always remain just a Western pony, totally unfit and unworthy of carrying a real horseman on his back. He may do for a cowboy or for the majority of horseback-riding Americans—but then, cowboys and the majority of Americans have no knowledge of real horsemanship. Don't misunderstand me; I love Americans better than my own countrymen, and appreciate their sterling qualities. But when it comes to riding, despite their incessant and boastful horsy talk, I find myself mourning their ignorance of the age-old rules.

I remember a charming young lady inviting me to her New Jersey home to see her new horse and watch her ride it. She talked of nothing else, and since she had a great deal of technical knowledge, I was certain that she was a splendid horsewoman. Her car had a prancing silver horse on the radiator cap, her dogs were Dalmatian coach hounds, the lady, herself, wore magnificent riding togs, she held an ivory-handled hunting crop—and the new horse was really grand. But when I saw the lady mount I turned my head away. Never have I seen a worse rider; it was really painful. Fortunately her new nag soon ran away with her and I was saved further embarrassment.

Out of the many hundreds of riders I have seen in America only *one* was perfect, and curiously enough, this was a young girl in Pennsylvania. The base of her excellence, of course, lay in the fact that she really had an extraordinary talent for horseback riding. But added to this she had been taught from the age of ten by a former Central European cavalry officer who kept her on the *longe* (long reins, attached to the horse's mouth) without reins or stirrups for a solid four months, changing horses weekly. Children in this country are seldom taught to ride on the longe, which is, after all, the only way to obtain a sure and perfect seat plus gentle but firm hands. Instead, they are put into the saddle, ordered to trot or gallop, and expected to turn into expert horsemen overnight, while riding the same mount all the time. The Pennsylvania girl—her name is Nancy—told me that her cavalry officer teacher had made her mount and remount twenty times a day after the longe session was over. And indeed, she did get on a horse easily and gracefully, always from *opposite* the near (left) fore-foot.

The other day, on Fifth Avenue, I met an old friend, a captain of United States cavalry and he promptly started bawling me out in fine military style:

"Say, for a guy who has the nerve to write about horses and riding, you ought to be court-martialed! Why, you bow-legged rookie, where do you get that stuff about mounting with one's back to the horse's head! Don't you know you must mount standing with your back to the horse's quarters? That's the way the U. S. Army does it, and that's the right way!"

I humbly apologized and backed away from my fretful friend. But the choleric captain of cavalry was wrong, and it seems the whole United States Army is also wrong. Because if the horseman stands with his back to the animal's quarters, he incurs the risk of being severely kicked; while mounting standing opposite the near fore-foot of the horse is much easier and less dangerous.

So much for riders and the methods of mounting. Breaking in the horse, or training the colt for saddle is more important and requires more knowledge and patience than a simple mounting.

I have ridden about a hundred horses in this country, but found only two which possessed perfect mouths; feeling, understanding and instantly executing my slightest wish without trying to start an argument. The others were self-willed, and spoiled by poor riders allowing them to run at a breakneck pace at all times. Their mouths were like leather, and because they were accustomed to canter at top speed under previous riders, they wanted to do the same with me. A battle resulted between man and horse in which naturally the man triumphed, but all the pleasure of riding was lost in the struggle. No horse can learn in one easy lesson that slow "rocking chair" gallop which is so delightful, yet which depends so entirely on the horse's mouth. The mouth is the foundation of all subsequent action of the horse; and if his mouth is spoiled, his walk, trot, gallop, canter, and jumping are spoiled too. They used to say in the Austro-Hungarian cavalry that a horse's mouth should be as "soft as butter." It should yield to the tiniest pressure from the hand. It should resemble the steering wheel of an expensive automobile which can be guided by a fingertip. It is to be regretted that in a country where the automobiles may be controlled by a finger, one needs both hands—and strong ones, at that—to dominate the average hack or hunter. However, a horse that has been taught on the longe patiently and carefully, will always have a sensitive mouth—unless a bronco buster gets on its back.

In a well-run stud or stable all horses are "handled" beginning at the age of a week or so. Their ears and necks are gently rubbed and they are caressed until they get accustomed to the presence of humans. From the age of one year, valuable colts wear a light leather headstall and therefore offer little trouble as a rule when the breaking-in period starts about two years later. Some owners, however, wait until the animal is four, giving ample time for bone and muscle to harden, before they start the breaking. Common, unpedigreed horses do not wear headstalls, and consequently, when school begins, they have to be approached by the trainer with one in his hand. This advance is effected variously; the bronco rider lassos his colt and mounts it immediately, as we all know; the gaucho does about the same; the Hungarian *csikós* sometimes uses a lasso too; but more often he just walks up carefully to the selected horse with the headstall hidden in one hand and something to eat displayed in the other. Sometimes too, he gets the colt between two older horses who gleefully hold the young one, perhaps even laughing a bit at the prospective pupil's discomfort, until the *csikós* gets between them and adjusts the headstall. In Ireland, two men go into the midst of the herd and work together: one holding the chosen horse with both arms round the neck while the other fastens the headstall. Some trainers hold the horse by the left ear; if the grip is good and firm, the animal is almost powerless.

A leading rein is attached to the halter, and the young, often frightened horse, is offered a carrot or some other delicacy. In addition, a few kind words—well-intoned, kind words—are spoken, and the colt is caressed about its neck. Not patted, but just caressed: patting makes an unfamiliar noise. Nothing, nothing is forced! The horse is gently coaxed into a walk on the long rein, and if he wishes he may trot or gallop. At first he is followed by his trainer; later he goes in a circle, the trainer standing at the center. After an hour or so, he is led to the stable, and is rewarded with something good to eat. Horses have excellent memories, and the smart trainer makes them associate work with pleasure at an early age. The headstall is kept on the horse's muzzle in the stable, even when he is not working; the longeing is repeated daily for three or four days, but *as yet there is no bit in the horse's mouth.* After a few days' bitless longeing, a smooth bit is introduced into the mouth. At first it is only worn in the stable for an hour or two, and without reins or any other sort of attachment. Then the horse is taken out with the bit in its mouth and longed around. Finally, after about two weeks of this schooling comes the harness: a rein is buckled to the bit and connected to the *surcingle*, a kind of girth, around the horse's middle. The reins are only lightly attached at first, but are tightened a hole each day until the horse gradually and effortlessly rounds its neck and its muscles become supple. The patient trainer who knows and loves his work is extremely gratified at the way his horse advances in its studies. The trainer stands in the center—if possible always in the same spot, following the circling horse like the sunflower the sun—holding the longe in his left hand and a long whip in his right. The whip is not there to beat the horse; it is to coax him. The trainer talks to the animal. Not loudly—that might frighten it—but in a clear singsong tone, lengthening every word:

"Tro-o-o-o-t! . . ."

The cue for the gallop is quicker, less elongated. The slowest is:

"Wa-a-a-alk . . ." Never "Giddy-ap" nor the clicking tongue sound. These are very bad form and if one does not know how to use that peculiar, soothing or encouraging tone horses seem to respond to so much, one should not talk to them at all.

A slight crack of the whip accompanying a full-voiced command from the teacher, and the trained horse will change its walk into a trot; another more vigorous crack together with a new command curter than the last one, and the trot is accelerated; a little more coaxing—usually when the horse is at a corner of the training ground—and the gallop is begun. The gallop from a standstill is also part of the training. Every half-hour or so during the two-hour study period, the horse's direction is changed so as to prevent its getting dizzy from going around in the same circle, as well as to see that it learns to do its tricks in either direction.

This riderless teaching takes about three weeks. Naturally there are some scatterbrained horses, or some wild and ungovernable ones, which learn more slowly. Some very particular trainers augment the period, and put a dummy on the horse's back for a week before they allow anyone to mount it. Others saddle the horse loosely for an additional week, longeing them around with it and press on the stirrups a few times each day.

The trainer then manipulates the reins until the horse can remember which is right and which is left and that he must back up if his master gently pulls the reins at his withers. A carefully broken-in horse is led up to frightening objects, such as automobiles, telegraph poles and ditches, and is shown that these things cannot hurt him. A horse trained for the army must learn to bear the sound of guns as well. The preliminaries before the actual mounting take about a month, or even longer; but it is worth it.

Finally, the great day arrives: the horse is mounted! You would be surprised to see how calmly and quietly the animal submits to the weight of the human on its back, a weight which it would have fought as the grossest outrage if it had not been so carefully longed. The first day there are no movements: rider and horse just stand in one position for a few minutes. The second day a little walk and trot may follow on the grounds where the horse was longed. No force may be used! After a few more days, however, the power of the rider should be manifested and if the horse attempts to take even one step in a different direction, he must be firmly and *immediately* checked by the rider. The same exercises take place (and preferably on the same terrain) as when the animal was longed. He will remember every inch of the place, and all the tricks. The learning horse must not be whipped or spurred; he should be governed by the pressure of the rider's legs, and only later, the whip should be used when necessary. As yet he should not be allowed to canter for long periods, and his gallop should always be controlled. This should be easy because the mouth of a horse trained in this way will be very sensitive. Jumping ought not to be started immediately, but when it is begun, the horse should either jump entirely by himself—in a jumping enclosure—or on the longe, with the height of the obstacle increased by easy stages. Never train a horse on a very small ground; quick and frequent turns hinder the teaching, and the

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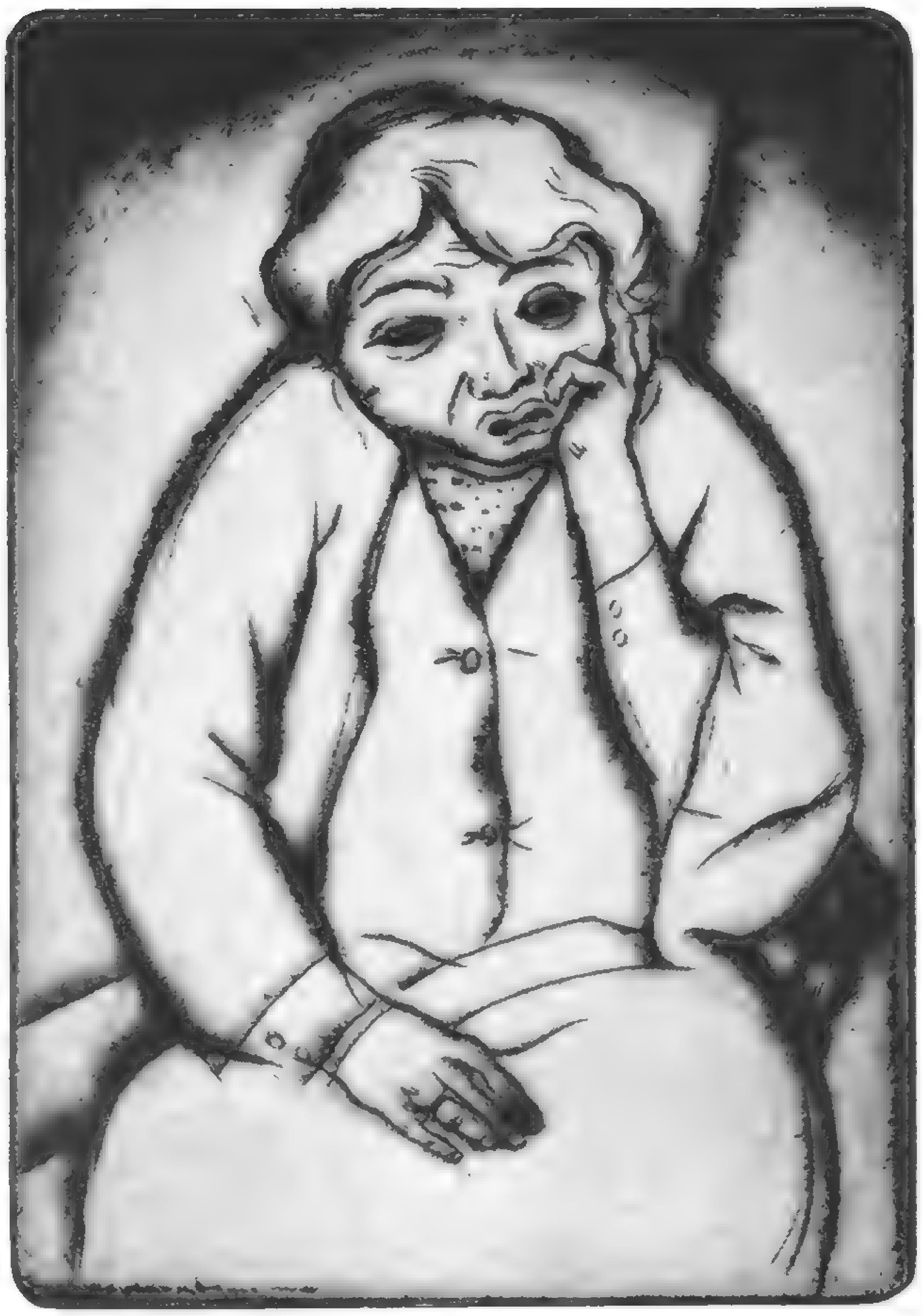
What Place Is This?

Someone would have to care for the old lady since her husband was gone and the boys were too busy of course

by KEN CLARK

• FICTION •



DRYPOINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

The young man was too wide for the hall. He spoke softly, but the baritone edges of his voice bulged and reverberated boomingly in the corners. You expected the picture of the little girl with the roses in her arms to fall down the next time he spoke.

"She's not a bit screwy. She's suffering from shock, from what amounts to a complete dislocation of her previous existence, like surgical shock. Suppose, as my brother says, you are a periwinkle and you live on a pile on a wharf. Well, the pile rots away and eventually collapses. Where are you? You may be a first class A number one periwinkle, but you ain't got no home. You're loose in the empty vicious spaces of the ocean. You have to reorientate yourself. First of all her family all go away and stay away for years and years and the attention she directed on them, is entirely focused on the old man. Then he gets his wings. She has to find something else. But it's hard. Look at the way she hangs onto what things she has, is forever looking for her keys, opening her bags and counting her stuff over and over. She hangs hard to what's left of her old life. She suffers from shock, just as a snail would if you suddenly removed its shell. Her usual processes of repression and the steering gear of her mind are out of kilter. But she knows when she makes mistakes. She's far from screwy . . ."

He looked doubtfully at the clean, round middle-aged English face with the clear, watery eyes. That's what comes of this flinging words around, firing off a flock of careless words like the pellets from a duck gun, instead of aiming a few rifle bullets. But in this case, even rifle bullets? The nurse was full of common sense. If anybody got up in the middle of the night and packed her bags and announced she would wait a few minutes more for a sister long dead, that person was bugs and there were no degrees in bugginess as far as the nurse was concerned.

"She was terrible restless last night," the nurse said, "I think she had a promotion of your father's death."

"A what? Oh yes, a promotion. I see."

"Now look here, what about this insulin? You know it sometimes results in difficulties in remembering your locality. She seems to suffer a good deal from that, always asking: where are we now, what place is this? I think that's mainly because she doesn't like the place, but still there is the possibility she's getting too much insulin. Don't bother about that. I'll ask Doctor Harrison or Doctor Davies."

The nurse said, "She only gets a minimum every morning."

"Ah, she does eh? Only a *minimum.* And this promotion of yours. I suppose my brother told her this morning?"

"Yes, he did."

"Well, I'll go see her." He thought, damn it all, minimum, promotion. Damn it all, she's not screwy, only they don't know how to behave toward her. What she needs is confidence and all they tell her is she's wrong.

The old lady was sitting in the sun in the rocking chair. There was nothing somber about her. She rocked herself gently in the sun that shone on her clear skin and her thin white hair with a healthy shine. She was skinny and small and her gray knitted suit drooped over her drooping flesh, but she was very nice and clean, shining with soap. She held her head on one side with a bird-like pose. Her skin had a good color and her small blue eyes were sharp and shrewd.

"Good morning, son, good morning," she said, taking his hand between her two large bony ones and holding it gently. Her heavy fingers were twisted by arthritis. "Would you hand me my teeth? It seems to me I am a better looking woman with my teeth."

Screwy, screwy. She's no more screwy than I am.

He got the cup from beside the vase of tall flamelike flowers. There were the flowers, like the blood of summer slashed by the green lances of their stalks, summer's arterial blood, red and persistent as the earth turns; and beside them in the colorless water, the neat set of teeth, even and unvaried as a doll's.

The old lady adjusted them and her face said, now I am more suitable for entertaining company.

She cocked her head on one side and said, "Now what are we going to do? We must make plans? We had your father a long time to give us advice and now we must make plans ourselves. What is to become of me?"

Her nose got a little peaked and her eyes screwed up. She began fishing into the front of her dress, looking down between her breasts and trying to reach something.

Mark produced his handkerchief and she dabbed her eyes.

"You'll be all right," he said slowly, consciously putting as much confidence as he could muster into his voice. "You're not wealthy by a long shot but you don't need to worry. I thought perhaps it would be a good idea to get Aunt Hannah to come down here. You'll have to stay until you get on your legs again, you know. When we have to go away you would have someone of your own flesh and blood with you."

He lighted his pipe. The old lady approved of men smoking pipes, always said they were much less harmful than cigarettes.

"Hannah," she murmured, "hmmm . . . Hannah. Yes, when you have to go away . . . How many are there altogether? There's Hannah and Henrietta and Elizabeth." She counted on her fingers. "Of course some of them . . ." She stopped, puzzled.

"Well now mother, it's very simple. There are just two of them left, you know. Hannah and Henrietta."

"Yes. That's right. I get a little confused. When will you have to go away?"

"Not for several days anyway. It won't

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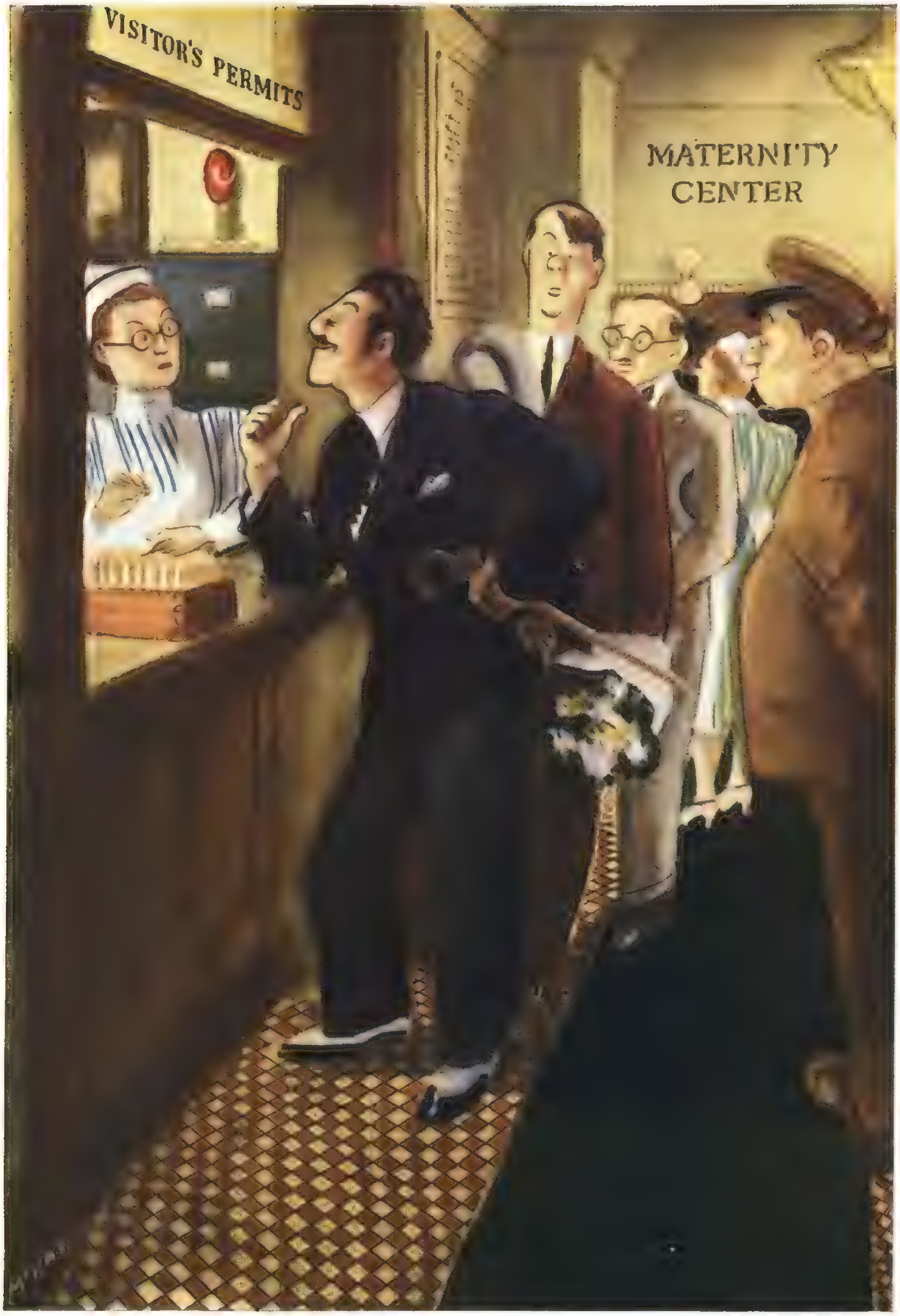
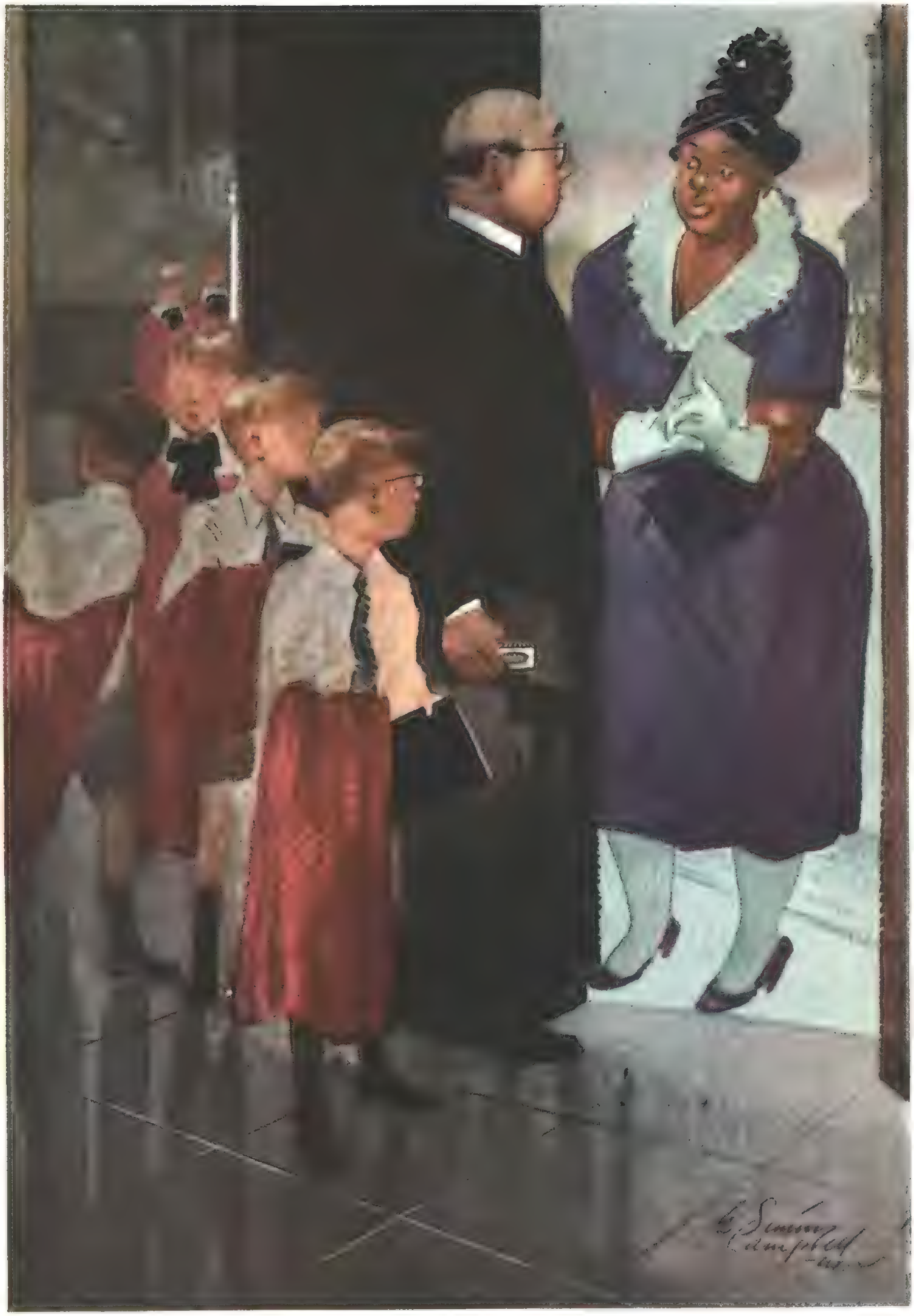

VISITOR'S PERMITS
MATERNITY CENTER

"I'm not the husband—I'm the father!"



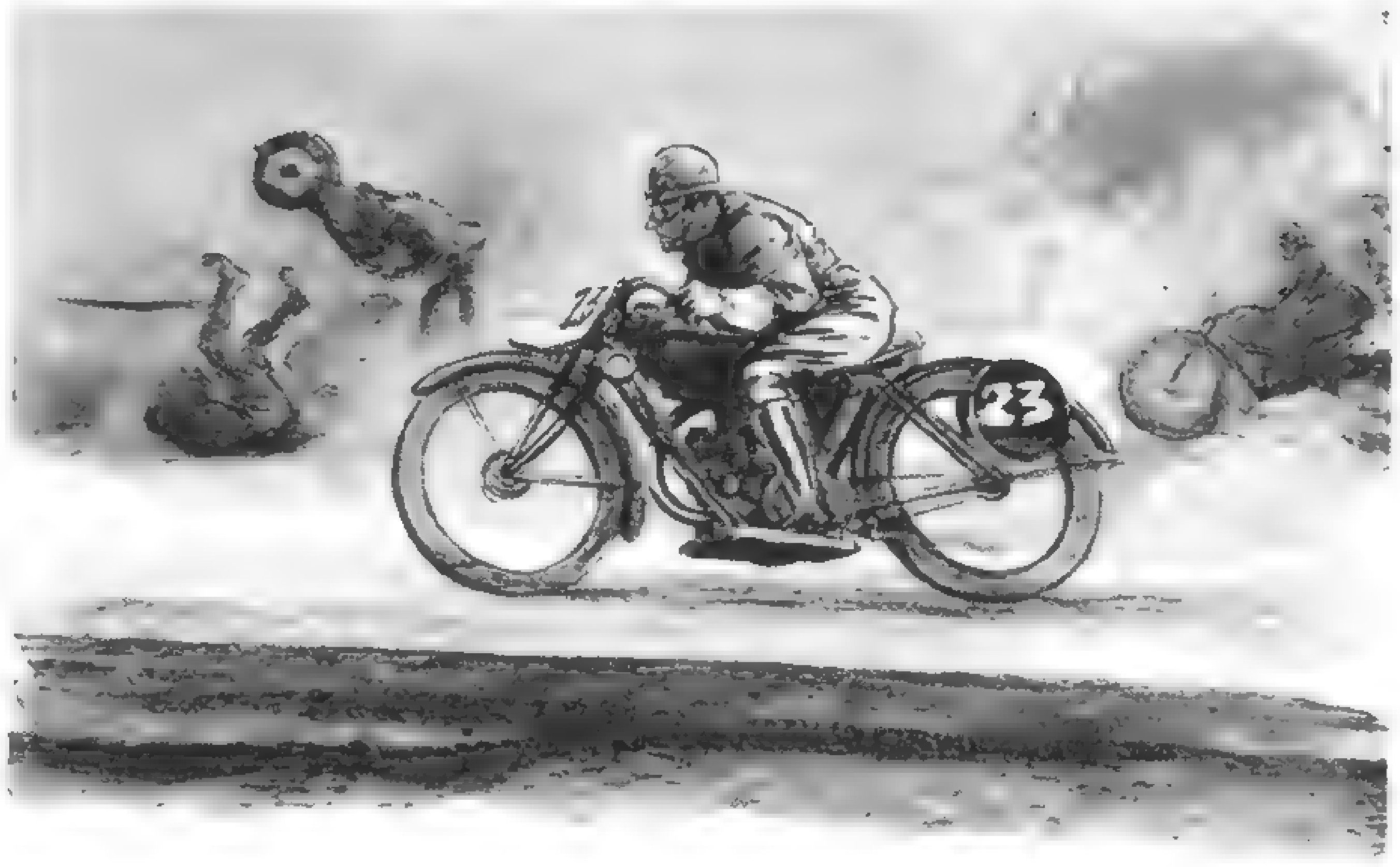
"—So Raphael cain't come to choir practice tonight on account of he's singing on de radio wid de 'Boogie Woogie Four'"

The Rumbold 500

He felt his opponent would have to spill and with his whole being, he hoped for—demanded—the crash

by MAXENCE VAN DER MEERSCH

• FICTION •



IN THE grass alongside the road, propped up on its stand, the Rumbold 500 waited.

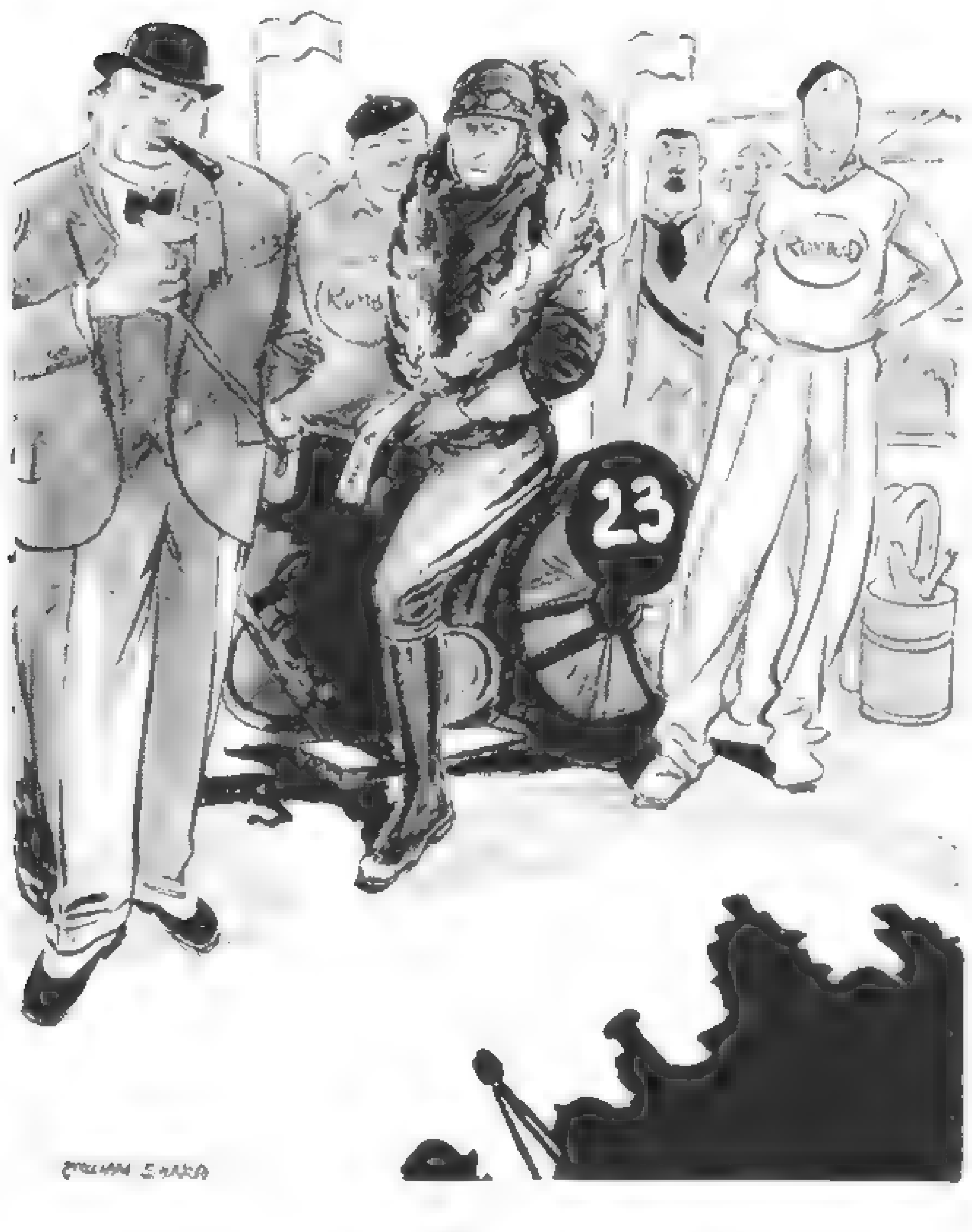
It was a heavy motorcycle, covered with red enamel and chromium, solid, triangular, with a short, bomb-shaped tank, and low handlebars reversed, sticking out forward like the horns of a bull; two sawed-off nickel tubes ran straight back like two jets of flame, to spit out the exhaust gas.

The wheels were high and narrow, mounted with thin tires. No mudguard, nothing but a round piece of black tin, inscribed with the number 23. The fat slanting cylinder butted head and valve-heads into the wind.

Even while motionless, the Rumbold 500 suggested speed, suggested some short, trapped beast, ready to smash ahead like a projectile.

A man came out in front of the judge's stand, and waved a flag. Ribières threw his cigarette into the grass, got up, and pushed his machine to the starting-line. Other cyclists came alongside of him, in front, and behind. About fifty altogether. There was a fine clear sun, still rather pale, an early spring sun. Banners and flag snapped in the wind. The stands on the right were filled with a multicolored mass of spectators. On the left, strung the refreshment kiosks. High across the road swelled canvas signs in praise of motor oils and accessories.

Ribières had mounted the Rumbold. His body was one with the machine. The low saddle, entrenched between motor and rear wheel, gave him plenty of support. His knees and calves hugged the tank, flattening the leather knee-guards, holding the machine in their grip just as a rider masters his horse. And Ribières' two fists clutched the curving handlebars, holding the iron beast under control, conquered like a thrown steer.



A minute, thirty seconds, fifteen seconds—foot on starter, Ribières waited. Around him, his opponents, their faces heavy under their helmets.

A grinding, tearing sound filled the air. Fifty machines rolled forward. Only one late starter remained in front of the judges, furiously kicking his recalcitrant machine.

In the howling dust, Ribières shifted his speeds. First up to twenty-five, gears into second speed, and the lunge forward. The throaty roar of the Rumbold, up to seventy. Shift again, the quick cough of the motor, and then the straight, even pulse.

Ribières settled into his saddle, slapped the accelerator, touched the brake, checked his compression, glanced at the oil gauge. Everything going fine. He felt good at the prospect of three hours on the wheel, under the clean sun, the engine smooth, the machine well in hand. He quickly got up to ninety-five, a hundred, a hundred-five.

At the end of the long straight stretch, past the stands, was the Glamard turn. Ribières cut his gas, braked, felt his machine take the angle, and bent out to counterbalance; slowly; he pulled the Rumbold back to level, and accelerated.

The needle went up again, ninety five, a hundred, a hundred five. In speedy crescendo, the Rumbold burned up the steep hill that came after the Glamard turn, leaving behind a string of opponents as it shot down the other side.

Far ahead of him, Ribières saw a cluster of riders; he drove in pursuit. They took the little bridge over the river, dove into the Bargin woods, disappeared. He accelerated. Over the bridge at a hundred five, thundering through the woods, getting into the clear just in time to see the others disappear in the distance, making the turn at la Chapelle. And he had to brake, slow down. The road was impossible, for the three kilometers between Bargin and la Chapelle.

He took the la Chapelle turn nicely, bending the Rumbold out to the right, throwing himself out to the left, making an acute angle out of himself and the engine. It was an S curve. Right, left, and right again. He came out of it at forty-five, saw the long, straight line of stands in front of him again, and the fleeing cluster about seven, eight hundred meters ahead. He shifted back into second, for swifter pickup. Passing in front of the stands, he was going at a hundred twenty, and was no more than three hundred meters behind the group. Flying past his headquarters, he glanced at the sign they were holding out for him. He read his time, eleven minutes, and his average for the first time over the course—eighty-five.

He caught up with the gang at the Glamard turn, wove through it on the upgrade of the hill, and shot down with two infuriated cyclists hanging onto his rear wheel. He made the bridge, the woods, the three kilometers of rotten road, and was at the turn of la Chapelle again. This time he tried it in second, got through faster, came out at fifty. And when he shot into the straightaway, in front of the stands, a glance behind reassured him. The two riders were several lengths back. He pushed after another cluster. The sign in front of his stand said 10:20, with an average of ninety kilometers an hour.

He rode that way for an hour, without tiring, with no more incident than a few short battles, wheel to wheel, as he passed one rider after another. The wind, that compact mass of air he speared into, howling in his ears, the dizzying vibration of the motor, the formidable, monotonous snoring of the exhaust, all this was gradually deafening him, thickening his senses, until he was driving the Rumbold automatically, almost by reflex. He began to feel the road and the turns "in his hands." The Rumbold varied no more than five centimeters, each time around the curves and the grades.

After an hour and a half of this, he was in third place, behind 18 and 42. He filled up with gas again, asked how far behind the leader he was, and banged off. Suddenly, directly in front of him, 42 stopped, so forcibly halted by a stuck piston that the rear wheel, absolutely blocked, cut a line into the road. Then he passed 18 on the straightaway, in front of the stands. He didn't see it again.

He circled the course twice, out in front. Then, on the hill beyond the Glamard turn, he heard something growling behind him; augmenting. A motor passed him.

He recognized little Gouriez, mounted on

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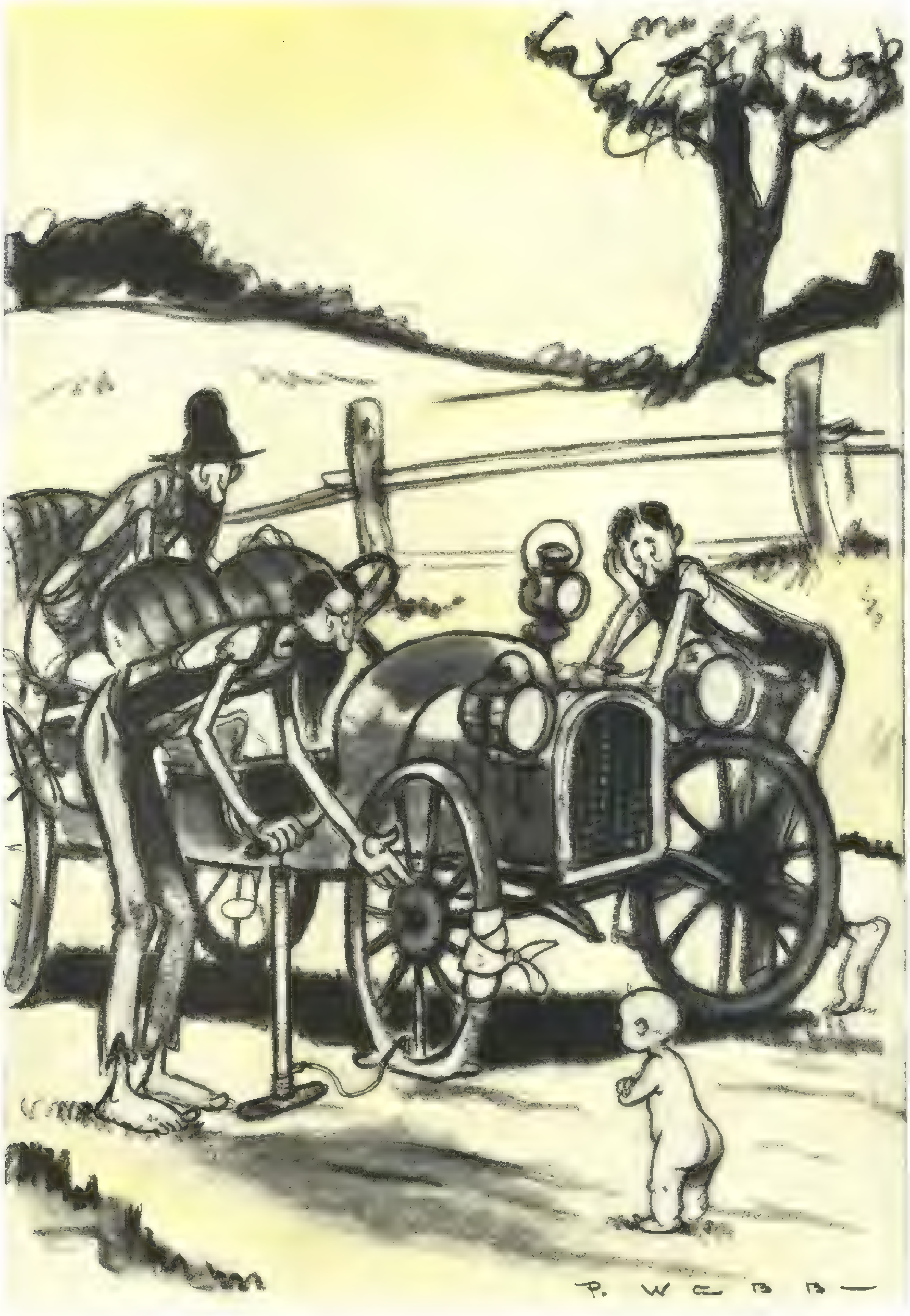


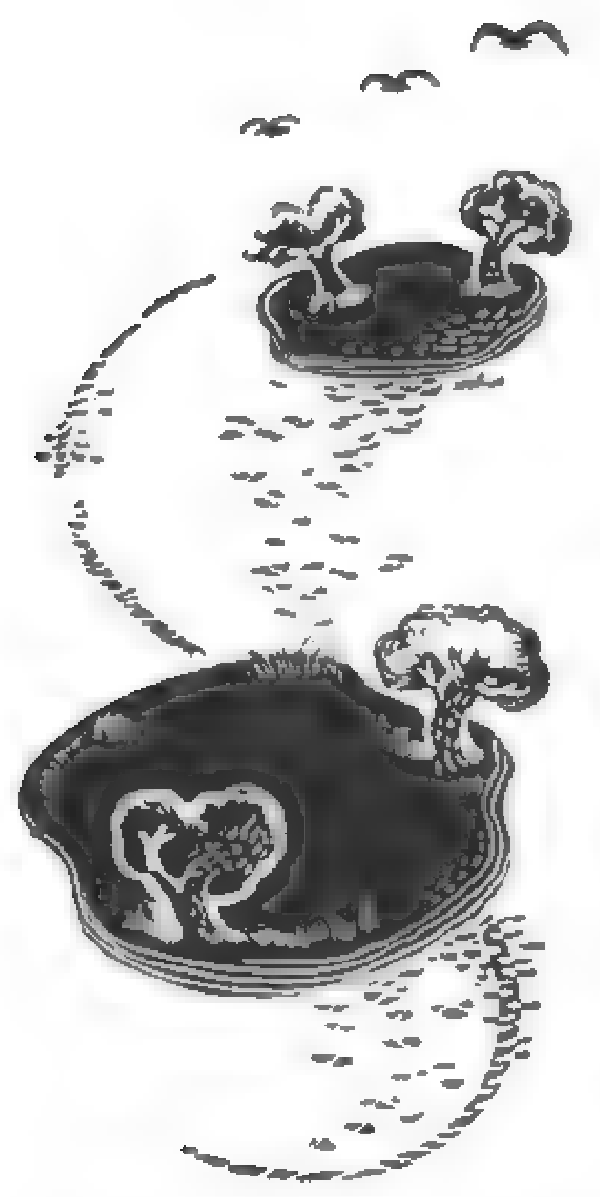
"Gawdamighty, Oncle Rafe! Stop yore fussin'—you'll git yore dang didy britches as soon as we git home"

Finny Battlers of Isle Royale

More than thirty inland lakes are rich in pike and there's trolling for trout on the reefs of Superior

by BEN EAST

SPORTS



Soon after you read this—if things roll off according to schedule, the United States will be dedicating and formally opening to summer vacationists a new national park up on the northern edge of the country, less than ten miles below the Canadian border.

The new park, now getting a touch of streamlining from the national park service, lies a little less than two hundred miles east of Duluth, a little more than two hundred west of Sault Ste. Marie.

If you happen to have a road map of the northern Middle West handy it'll take only one glance to show you that a park or anything else located ten miles south of Canada and about midway between Duluth and the Soo is smack in the middle of Lake Superior. That's exactly where this new national playground is.

This infant of all United States parks is Isle Royale, big island of unspoiled, roadless wilderness in upper Superior. There are a little more than two hundred square miles of land on Isle Royale, all rock and timber, lakes and swamp. The federal park service took over this rugged island in the spring of 1936 and began buying up privately owned land, cutting a few trails and otherwise getting ready to make the island into a United States park. Today the job is as good as done.

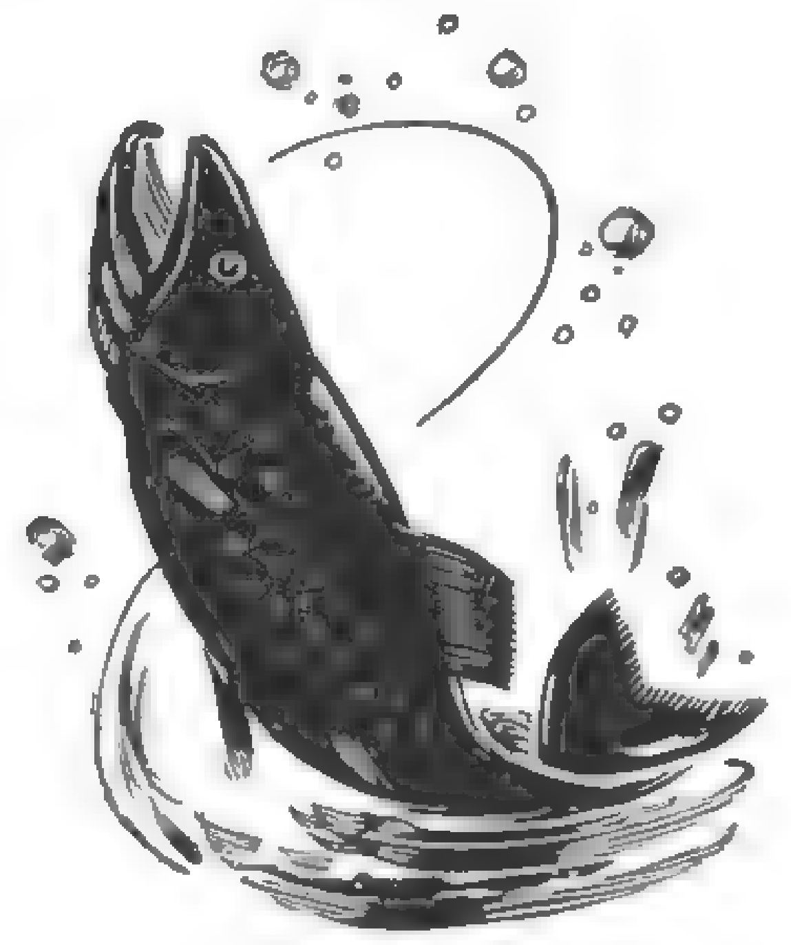
And what does all this mean to the sportsmen, especially those of the Middle West, within a day's or two days' travel of the new park?

Well, it goes almost without saying that there will be nothing to interest hunters in the Isle Royale park. The park areas of the United States aren't open to hunting, in the first place. In the second place, there isn't much left on Isle Royale today worth hunting. The time was when the island had the heaviest concentration of moose on the North American continent. Game men estimated the herd at a probable three thousand, back in 1930. That's a lot of moose in two hundred and five square miles of wilderness.

But the moose ate up their food reserves and when winter starvation hit the island-penned herd, they died like flies along the ridges and in the swamps, week after week for three or four winters. Today, game men guess there are not more than fifty moose left on Isle Royale. There are those among the island's residents who insist that the big fire of 1936—it gutted thirty-five thousand acres in the very heart of the island wilderness between July and the time when the early fall rains finally did what 1,800 fire fighters could not do—wiped out the moose herd.

It would be pleasant to accept that theory, but the evidence won't permit it. The moose herd was licked, all but exterminated by winter hunger, before the first tongue of fire ran up an Isle Royale birch trunk in the summer of '36. The fire killed few if any moose, because there were few left by that time. Hunger had finished the job before the fire had a chance.

But all that's another story. Anyway, there is little left in the way of big game on Isle Royale now, and that remnant will be protected from guns. So the new park won't mean much to hunters.



But when it comes to fishing—ah, that's a different story. There is fishing on that wilderness island to prick up your ears about. If you happen to head in the direction of the new park on your vacation this summer or next, better take your rod along. You'll regret it if you don't. Whether you enjoy the trout fishing at Isle Royale depends pretty much on the kind of a trout fisherman you happen to be. If you're a dry-fly purist the new park won't hold much for you.

Personally, I've never seen a foot of fly water on an Isle Royale stream, and I've been pretty thoroughly over the island. The creeks are small, log-choked, brush bordered, wild. There is some great trout fishing in them, but no room to whip a fly. In their downstream reaches, just above the harbors where they empty into Lake Superior, they widen out and wind through willow swamps and open marshes, with plenty of clearance for fly fishing. But the water in those lower reaches is warm and sluggish and has no trout. The trout are higher up, in the rock-frayed riffles and deep shaded pools, up in the steep-walled valleys where the little streams of the island are born.

Two of the greatest days of trout fishing I have ever had Isle Royale gave me, but I wet nary a single fly either time. The first day four of us followed a little stream on the west end of the island, back between the ridges a mile or two. We were on a cruise around Isle Royale, aboard the Michigan Conservation Department's boat, Patrol No. 4, and we had had two or three days of poor fishing. We had tried the Big Siskiwit River, one of the island's best streams, and one or two other creeks along the south shore without taking enough trout for supper.

We were trout hungry, and that little Washington harbor stream certainly came through in great style!

It was narrow and brush-flanked, and the fishing was by no means easy. But it had its rewards! I recall one pool where the creek made a sharp bend. There was a deep black hole on the far side, with an undercut bank and a leaning fringe of alders. On my side a big spruce tree with branches so low there was barely room to poke my rod out, ease a dangling worm down into the dark water and let the current have its way.

My offering no more than touched the water when a living shadow curved out from the black hole under the bank, and the fun was on. Upstream at the head of the pool the creek came chuckling under an old mossy log. At the foot was a jam of smaller stuff, and the alders leaned down and almost touched the water. And it wasn't a big pool, either.

Somehow I managed to keep my trout on the reservation. Somehow I managed to turn him time and again away from the upstream log and the downstream jam, and finally I beached him—there was no room for a net in that tangle of spruce branches and brush—on the grassy slope on my side of the creek, and slid him up out of reach of the water.

A big fish? No. Maybe nine inches. Certainly not more than ten. But darkly beautiful from the dark root-stained waters of the wilderness where he had dwelt, as fine a brook trout as I ever hope to take. Fish of that breed cannot be measured in inches or pounds. Oh, I like big trout, as well as you or any other angler. But I like that brand of fishing, too, and I revere the fish that lure a man into the far wilderness and reward him for going, regardless of their size.

The pool was pretty small. It seemed useless to try it again, after all the commotion I had kicked up. But wilderness trout are often unwary. I threaded on another piece of

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The Thousand and First Extra

The lives of that Hollywood mob, pieced together, would make a tale as fantastic as *The Arabian Nights*

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

It was whispered about Hollywood that they would need at least one thousand extras for the mob scenes of Zeloff's great production of that picture, still unnamed, dealing with American democracy. The story of this million-dollar production was being serialized in many newspapers as part of the publicity for the picture and a lively contest was under way for the title that best fitted the story. The contest was open to all. The prize, $5,000. The judges were the two stars of the picture, Lillie Lang and Robert Headlong and the producer, Joe Zeloff.

Word leaked out on Saturday afternoon that the cameras were all ready for the mob scenes. No other announcement was necessary. Monday morning at the break of dawn a handful of extras were already waiting at the gate for a chance to be part of a mob. By eight o'clock several hundred were gathered. At nine o'clock the gate keepers and studio police arrived and had these people form into two long lines, men on one side and women on the other. They were allowed to stand two abreast and ropes were strung up from posts to the gate paling. By ten o'clock when the fine limousines of the studio workers began arriving, the files extended for several blocks. The mob was orderly and meek. Each waited for the chance to appear in pictures and bring home the five dollars.

Gathered here were surely one thousand or perhaps even one thousand and one. And their faces? Each a hidden drama. The eyes? Sad far away remembrances. The bodies? Broken hopes still propped up on two legs. How many were too hungry to stand boldly, too weak for pride!

Take the first in the line; he came from Maine with a voice and the one beside him was a vaudeville hoofer who once played big time. On the women's side. The pretty blonde won a beauty contest in Texas four years ago. She is now a waitress in a cafeteria and beside her is a wardrobe mistress of the old days. Yes, she dressed the great ones, the footlight dazzlers, and now she does a little as a seamstress. From the first to the last, if you could weave them all together, you would have a tale as amazing as the Thousand and One Arabian Nights.

And the story of that red headed fellow in a khaki shirt? He was almost *The Kid* in the Charlie Chaplin production years ago, that's how close he got. Less than a flip of a coin stood between him and fame. Do you believe in chance? And behind him there is one with a heavy three weeks' growth on his face. He is an old hand at this extra business and he knows that the casting director will sift the lines quickly and with an unshaven face his chances of being kept in the mob are four times as good.

Behind this unshaven one stands a green hand, though twice in the past month he brought home five dollars. And this was the only money Jerobi brought home in a long time indeed. He was no actor, and he came to California with no studio ambitions. But as an extra, part of a mob, one in a thousand —or perhaps the thousand and first—he thought he might possibly fit in. After all a mob is made up of all sorts and even an odd duck of a mathematician, forty-nine and with grey hair, could have a chance.

An hour later the gates opened wide. The uniformed guards called out; "Take it easy folks," and the lines moved forward into the lot. On a raised platform sat a group of men. The fellow in the white shirt with the megaphone in his lap is the director himself. The man with the dark sun glasses in a silk gabardine suit and purple shirt is the producer, Joe Zeloff himself. The skinny fellow with the big checked cap is the chief cameraman. The man with the big cigar is assistant to the director, he was formerly a gag writer and now has ambitions to become a producer. The man with the big nose in the blue shirt with the script in his hands is chief assistant to Zeloff. He is more than assistant. Sam is number one yes-man to the big boss. He is the main sounding board of Zeloff productions.

The director in the white shirt lifted the megaphone as three members of the studio police force stood among the extras and gave each a red card. Through the megaphone he called: "Keep the fellow with the unshaven face. Have him remove his necktie. And the blonde girl in the black dress, O. K., give her a white apron. The lady with the grey hair, O. K., but her face is too clean, send her to the make-up department. The fellow in the khaki shirt with the red hair, that's fine, only have him put on an old cap. His hair picks up glints of light. The girl in the tailored suit, better luck next time." She did not get a red card but all the others did.

While this was going on Erick Jerobi, formerly teacher of mathematics, perhaps number one-thousand-and-one of the mob, was getting more and more uncomfortable. He kept dropping back in the line as though he was trying to hide himself from someone on the platform. His turn was close, and they were about to thrust a red card in his hand, when he decided that he could not go through with it and looked about nervously for a chance to escape.

"Hold it a minute," called Zeloff.

"Hold it," cried the director through his megaphone.

"Go down there Sam and tell that fellow I want to see him."

Sam went into the crowd and pointed. "This one?"

"No. The fellow in the grey suit with the blue tie."

He picked him out of the line. "The chief wants to see you." And with these words he led Jerobi up the steps of the platform.

"O. K. Go ahead," Zeloff announced to the director in the white shirt. Then turning in his chair he said: "Hello, Erick, how are you?" and shook his hand warmly. "Give him a chair," he ordered.

And there were many in the line who had stood hours behind the grey headed gentleman, in a grey suit, and were quite surprised to see him brought up to the platform and seated in a place of honor beside the great Zeloff himself.

An hour later Zeloff led the way to his office and as soon as the door was closed he pretended to be very angry.

"Now you are a fine fellow," he began. "I have searched all over for you, ever since I heard you were in California, and never once did you ever try to look me up."

"I wanted to, Joe, many times, but somehow or other I kept putting it off and you know how time flies."

"That's not the reason."

"Well, there might be other reasons."

"You know that I would give you a nice welcome."

"Yes."

"And that if there were something I could do for you I certainly . . ."

"Yes. Yes, I know," he replied nervously.

"I heard you were in California through Monroe. You remember Monte in our class. Best high-jumper in the school. But he did not know your address. How long is it now since you are here?"

"Four years."

"Like it?"

He smiled. "No. Not much."

"What brought you people out here?"

"Our daughter Elsie had a tubercular hip. She was thirteen then and the doctors thought . . . Oh, she is fine now. Perfectly all right. We had X-rays recently and if we wanted to we could go back tomorrow . . ."

"Yes, I remember her when she was a kid. She used to play the piano. Does she still play?"

"Yes. She even has pupils; just kids."

"And you?"

"When we first came out I had a job with a prep school, tutoring boys' algebra, but it did not last long."

"That sure does take me a long way back. Remember the time you tutored me in algebra? That certainly was one thing that I never could get into my head. I was fairly good at some subjects, but algebra, phew! I would never have got through but for you. You seemed to know the exact questions that the professor was going to ask."

"Well, it's a standardized course and if they don't ask the question one year they ask it the next. Most professors haven't too much imagination."

"That is the time I came to you with all my troubles and you asked me to drop the Mr. Jerobi and just call you Erick. We boys thought that some day you would be head of the department."

"No, that was hardly possible. I could never be more than an instructor for I didn't have a Ph. D. These days it is quite necessary."

"But you knew a lot more than any of them. And I heard some years ago, from some of the old boys that you had made an important discovery and that we would hear of you in a big way."

"It wasn't a discovery exactly. It was a theory I suggested that dealt with probabilities and chances. It was published in the Journal of Mathematics—purely a technical thing and not much good to anybody at the present time, not even insurance companies."

"Why do you say insurance companies?"

"Well, they use more mathematics than any large modern institution. They have the odd chance to consider."

"I see. Well, it certainly is good to look at you again, and I am still sore at you for not having shown up sooner."

"You, Joe, are a big success. We always knew you would make the grade."

"Well, you may call it success but I have lots of headaches. Come, let's order lunch, I want you to have lunch with me."

"Oh no, I think I'd better be going."

"Listen, Erick. You have plenty of time on your hands and you are not going anywhere. I have not seen you in years and between ourselves let's not humbug. We can have lunch served right here in the office where we will be alone." He rang the bell and added: "You know it's good to see your face." And impulsively he went up to him and shook his hand again.

"I'll be glad to have lunch with you, but really, Joe, I know you have other things to do and your time is very valuable. I really must apologize to you."

"What for?"

"Well, I'm a bit ashamed. I did not expect to see you; in fact they told me that only the casting director . . . And the two other times when I worked as an extra we never saw the producer at all."

"In my productions I see everything. I suppose you like the experience of facing the camera?"

There was a knock at the door and a girl from the studio lunch room entered with a menu in her hand. Erick was about to suggest the sixty-cent lunch for himself but Joe said: "Pick from the dollar dinner."

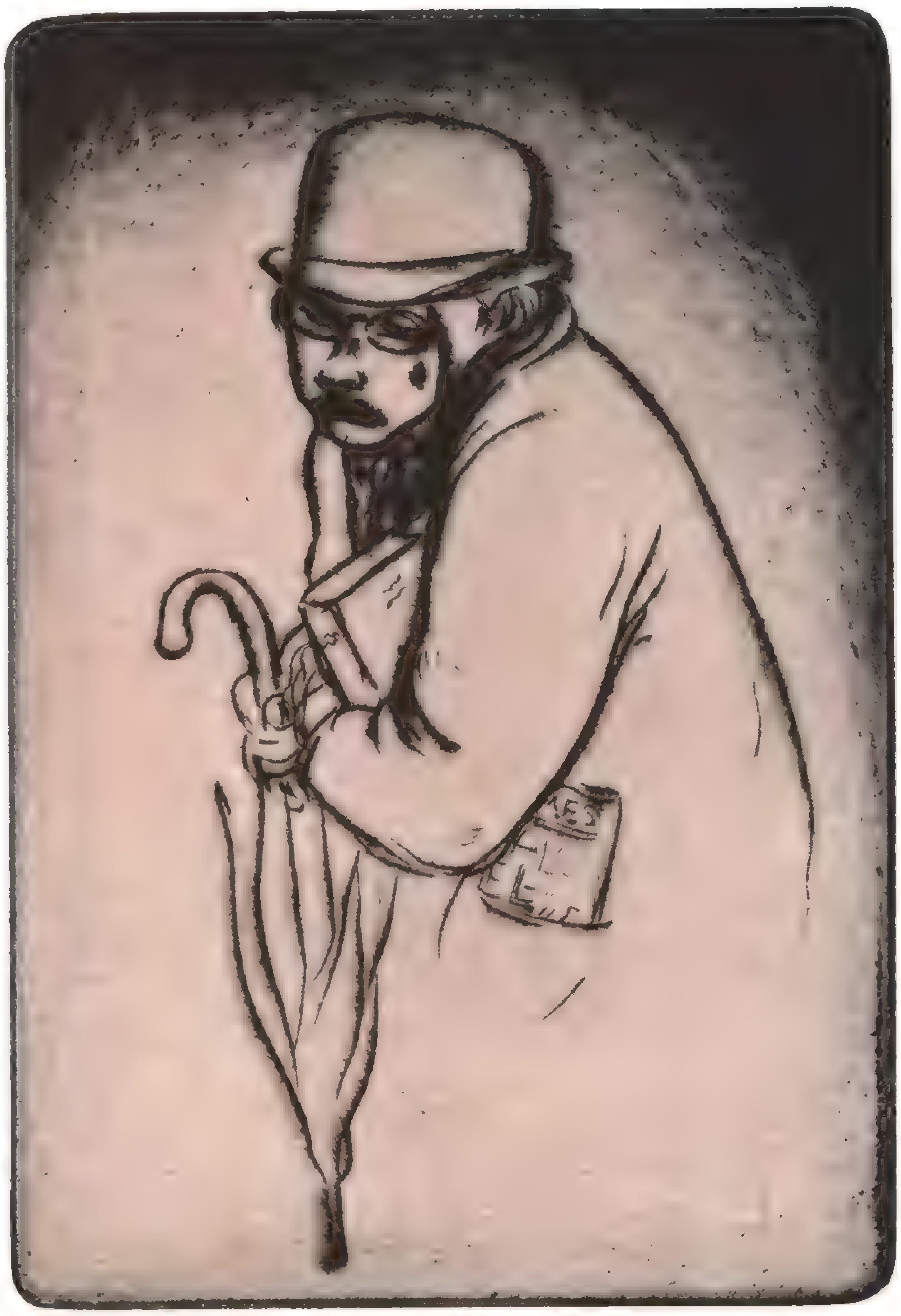
When the girl had left the room Erick said: "You certainly have a fine office. We always knew you would land with both feet."

"Well, a lot of it was really luck. In some ways I was very lucky. Been married now five years. We have a boy two years old. Mary is a fine girl and I want you and your wife to have dinner with us."

"We have not been going out much lately, but perhaps some time . . ."

"With us it is different. Old friends are old friends no matter what."

From time to time the phone rang and people came into the room to get a moment's attention or a quick decision from the busy executive. The lunch was served and when the waitress left the room Zeloff leaned across the table and said: "I guess I am keeping you from being an extra and missing a lot of fun."



DRYPOINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

"No Joe. I didn't come for the fun. Frankly, I came for the five dollars. You know I don't bluff. Between ourselves the reason we don't go out much or why I don't look up old friends . . . Well, we don't have the clothes or even the carfare and for the past year it's been kind of . . . Well, you know, hard sledding. My wife has been making underwear for a little Hollywood shop and doing other sewing jobs and even Elsie has brought in two or three dollars a week giving piano lessons to kids. It sort of makes me ashamed of myself to have to be supported and so . . . I'm no actor, but if the labor is worth the hire I am certainly willing to do what I can. You understand."

"Sure. I understand."

The phone rang.

"What?" cried Zeloff into the receiver. "We jacked him only a month ago. All right, it was six weeks then. He gets a grand and a half and not another nickel. Tell him there are poor people in the world. Tell him we've got a depression on. All right, if he wants to go let him go, and if fifteen hundred smackers a week aren't enough for him he can take his tunes back to Dishpan Alley. Hell, nothing against you. Sure, you're his agent and you want to see him get ahead. All right, a shoestring-and-a-half for the next production and sign on the dotted line. Tell him to be a good boy and go to work and earn his ninety per cent. No. No. I won't split anything with you. Fifteen-hundred cart-wheels a week. Sure, I know he arranged the music for a Broadway show. So what? He's only twenty-three years old and he's drawing down mazuma plenty and never heard of the depression . . . I'll tell you a secret. He'll never be Beethoven. All right. Yes. I don't give a damn where he writes the stuff. He can move the piano down to the cellar if he likes. With his talent he doesn't have to be temperamental. All right. He wants a Turkish rug under the piano like Monte has? Tell him Monte wrote four hits last year! O. K., we'll give him a rug. Let him sign the contract. Fifteen-hundred white chips, eight weeks. Good-bye. Hello, hello. Say, do me a favor. Tell him to learn to play with the left hand also." He banged down the receiver.

From time to time there were other interruptions. And Erick apologized again for taking up the executive's valuable time.

"Well," Zeloff admitted, "the time gets valuable when we have a mob scene going on that costs us five thousand dollars a day." He lifted the receiver and said: "Tell Sam I want to see him."

Sam, human sounding board of Zeloff productions, appeared immediately.

"How's it going?"

"Everything's fine, chief."

"All right, I'll be here in case they need me."

"O. K., chief."

"And just a minute, Sam. Meet my old teacher from school in the East, Mr. Jerobi. If he ever comes here, and I am out, you be sure and take good care of him."

Sam shook hands with Erick and was about to leave the room when Zeloff called him back.

"Wait a second, Sam. Tell me about those letters for the contest."

"We have a whole room full. Must be a million letters. Perhaps five million—nobody counted them. We've got them tied in bundles."

"Well, I was just thinking that we might need some clerical help and some people to sort and tabulate the results."

"Look, chief, there's a million letters. And every letter is different. What can you do

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Dumas in Hollywood

Gertie could have clicked through to the money, but like all dames she was dumb, she didn't catch on

by WOLFE KAUFMAN

SATIRE

There is only one sure-fire rule for success in Hollywood. You have gotta have a good agent. Me, I know. I have seen 'em come and go, big and small, for many's the year now, and I have never yet seen a single person who could make good out here without a crackerjack agent like, for instance, me, to steer 'em right.

Like, for instance, you take the case of Gertie Miller. Why didn't she click through to the big coin? For one reason and one reason only. She did not have sense enough to realize that without a crackerjack agent, like, for instance, me, to steer her right, she didn't stand a chance.

Of course, I will admit that it wasn't all Gertie's fault. In a kind of a way, I guess, you can't blame her for getting all mixed up about it. But still and all she had a good example right in front of her in the way I handled Jimmy Wild and made him a big shot, so that should have been a tipoff to her. But it wasn't. She didn't catch on.

The way the whole thing started was with this Jimmy Wild. And the way I happened to get mixed up with him was, he came in to the office to see me one day, a few years ago. He was a young punk then, just in from New York, no experience, no background, no nothing, and he wanted to crash into pictures.

I will admit it. I don't mind. I am big enough to admit it when I make a mistake. I threw him the hell out of the office.

Well, naturally, I don't mean that I threw him out, just like that. I have been around Hollywood too long to do anything as stupid as that. I know it never pays to get rough or tough with anybody in this town, not even your shoe-shine boy, because you never know who's gonna be dealing the cards tomorrow and why take a chance? No, I just looked at the kid, kind of sad-like, and I told him, nice and polite, that I didn't know of any jobs anywhere and I didn't think that he had a chance to crash in as a writer at any studio without he at least has written something to show people and that the best thing for him to do is to go back to Brooklyn.

And then, naturally, when he left, I bawled the bewhozis out of Sadie for letting him in to see me.

"What the hell have I got a private secretary for," I asked her, "if she can't even keep punks away from me? I'm too busy to be bothered by all the different kinds of nuts that float into offices in Hollywood, and I want you to make sure that you remember it."

Sadie, being dumb, said something about how can she watch who's coming in if I send her out of the office to deliver scripts and I told her not to change the subject and to shut up when the boss is talking and I even came as close as this to firing her altogether, just to teach her a lesson.

Well, anyway, to get back to this Gertie Miller dame. So this guy Jimmy Wild kind of dropped out of my sight for oh, I guess maybe three or four weeks and then, out of a clear sky, he comes in to see me again.

"Mr. Pincus," he says, "I think I've got a job."

"What do you mean think?" I ask him. "Don't you know?"

"Well, I haven't really got it yet," he says. "But I think I can get it."

So then he tells me about it. It seems that he has somehow or another talked the guys over at Titanic into making him an offer. I don't know how he did it, or what kind of a blackjack he used, and I don't care. After all what is none of my business is none of my business and I don't like to stick my nose in where it don't belong. So this Wild kid tells me his story and that is all I am interested in. And his story is that old man McCarthy, over at Titanic, has offered him a hundred bucks a week as a writer.

"Which McCarthy?" I says.

"Mr. McCarthy, the story editor," he says.

"What's his first name?" I ask.

"I don't know," he says. "It just says Mr. on the door."

"Okay," I says. "It doesn't make any difference, anyway. He's a very dear old friend of mine. So how much did you say he offered you?"

"One hundred dollars a week," he says.

"To do what?" I ask.

"To write," he says.

"To write what?" I ask.

"I don't know," he says.

So I can see that the poor kid is in trouble and in need of a good clear head to straighten him out on everything, but before getting into it, I figure I better find out a little more, so I ask the kid some more questions.

"Why don't you take it?" I ask.

"Because I want more," he says. "One hundred a week is not very much money. I would like to get three hundred."

Well, of course, one hundred, three hundred, that's all chicken feed, and I don't usually monkey around with that kind of cheap coin, or with those kind of cheap clients, but the way I figured it was that there was no doubt about this kid; he had the stuff. So I look up McCarthy's name in the directory, to find out just exactly who he is and it is true, he is the story editor of Titanic, and I tell Sadie to get him for me.

Well, I'll cut it short for you, because I know that you are not interested in the details and anyway, I want to hurry this up and finish telling you about it so that I can start telling you about where it fits in with this Gertie Miller. So, like I said, to cut it short, I had a tough time but I did it. I sold the kid to Titanic as a writer for a hundred and twenty-five a week.

Then, when we had that all settled, I drew up some papers, and I signed 'em, and the kid signed 'em, and I wished him good luck, and I gave him some very good advice about saving his dough and not spending it all the time because out here in Hollywood looks are sometimes deceiving, and I told him to be sure and send me his commission every week, and he blew. But before blowing he borrowed a hundred bucks from me. He said he had to have it, it was very important and, anyway, everybody in Hollywood knows what a soft touch I am, so I gave it to him. I gave him my personal check for one hundred dollars and he gave me an order on Titanic to take that much out of his salary in four installments of twenty-five dollars each. It was taking a chance, of course, because I didn't know whether he could last it out there for four weeks, but that's the way I am, a natural-born gambler.

Well, about six weeks passed and I didn't hear anything from Jimmy except that every week I got my $12.50 commission in the mail, and then one day McCarthy called me up on the phone.

"Hello, Nate," he says, real friendly like,

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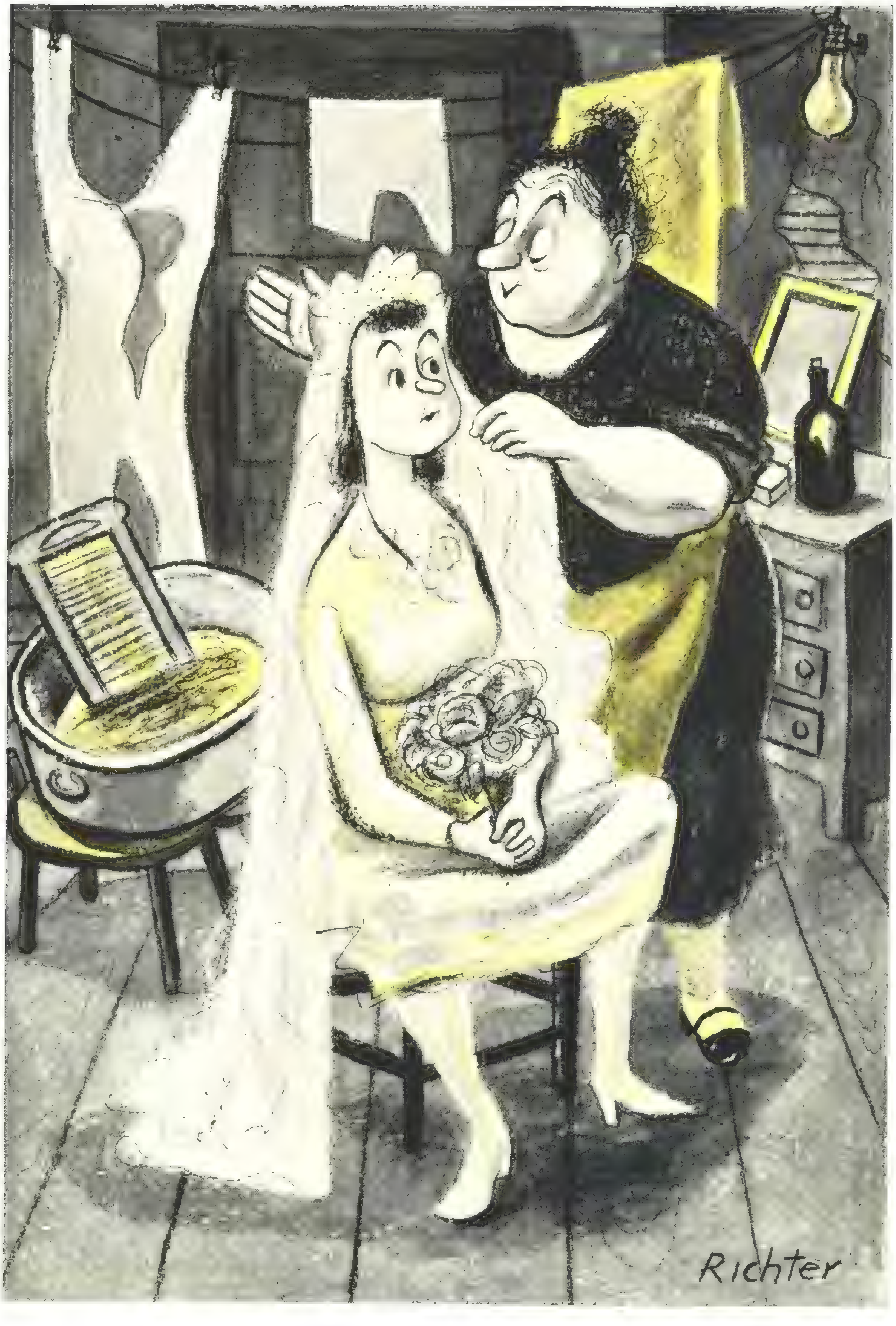
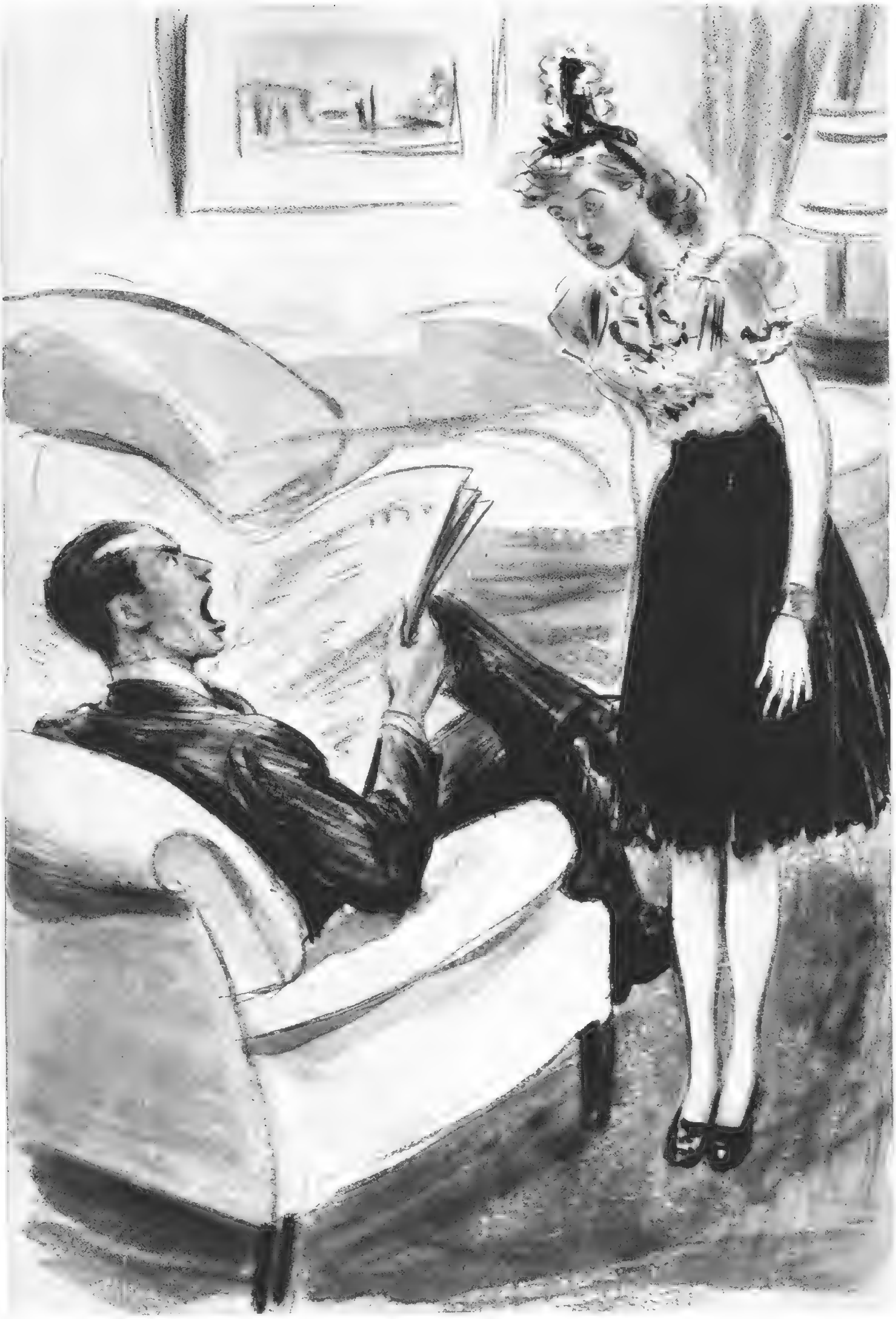


"And no matter what happens I want you to feel that you can always call this home"



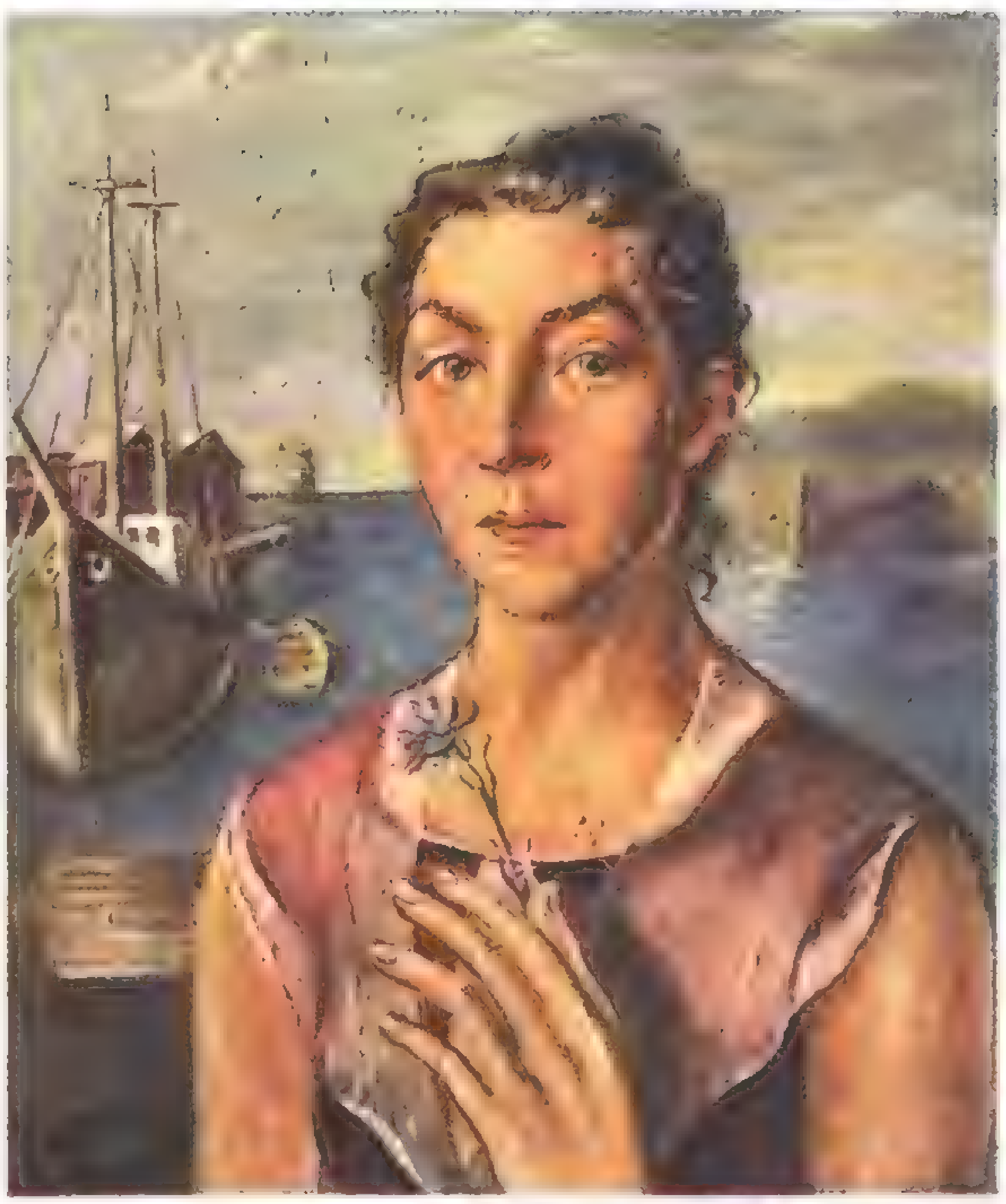
"What hat!"

Burliuk: Wild Man of Art

He is a fool in the worldly sense, for instead of digging for the pot of gold, he reaches for the stars

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •



PORTRAIT OF MRS. BURLIUK

There are people who look upon David Davidovitch Burliuk with that tolerant condescension with which one regards the cracked genius. The smile they give Burliuk is as much a smile at him as with him. They even buy his paintings as a hedge against a future estimate which will remember the genius and forget the idiosyncratic. Besides, most people wouldn't know Burliuk was a gifted painter if he didn't exhibit his canvases to the accompaniment of a circus spiel of personality. To most people at all aware of his existence, he is that crazy Russian artist who wears an earring. That was the identification long after he had discarded the earring. Any man who paints like David Burliuk doesn't have to wear an earring or flowered vests to attract attention to the personality in his painting; his canvases reek with originality, with the statement of an individualist.

He is a typical Russian and an extraordinary human being. He expresses himself by being faithful to his national, his racial, characteristics. But the impulses and motivations which dominate him are those of the internationalist Bohemian, mad for fame in the arts. For he is not only a painter, he is also a poet, in Russian, and in a curious English which, at its present stage, amuses rather than inspires. He has the burly Russian's health and vigor, strength and stamina and also his innate courtesy and tenderness. He is Russian, above all, in his capacity to suffer without complaint, to endure much without becoming embittered. He is ignorant peasant and wise child, naïve and guileless, secure in the mastery of his art, but without an inner compass in his dealings with a world which lives by buying and selling rather than by creating.

He has never been able to come to grips with this world for he would rather paint than sell, and take joy in the world than make commerce with it. For the sake of his two strapping sons, both of whom are studying at universities, he has put on and for many years worn the unbecoming harness of a job—the editorship of a little Russian language newspaper published in New York. For he is not only artist, poet and peasant, mountebank and self-exhibitionist, but also a most loyal husband and paterfamilias. Today, at the age of fifty-seven, he kisses the hand of his adored and adoring wife, Mary, every time he leaves the house (if only to buy a loaf of brown bread around the corner), as if she were a grand duchess and he bound on some knightly mission. To spend an hour in the company of the Burliuks is to bathe in artistic innocence. If this impression on the writer's part is the effect of nothing more substantial than an act on the Burliuks' part, then it is a most convincing act. There seems to be no guile, or envy, or malice, and only the thought of their sons compels attention to the spectre of the future against their natural inclination to live only in the present and to take joy in it.

In David Burliuk there is chaos, tumult, contradiction, hunger. He is a fool in the worldly sense, as any man must be accounted a fool who reaches for the stars instead of digging for the pot of gold. He is unpredictable, a wild man who, at birth, resigned from the world of prose and took Unreason as his guide. He makes sense only within the terms of his own world, not yours. He is a natural, an original, dripping with personality. Consistent only to himself, you cannot guess his past from his present because you cannot find the key to a Burliuk in yourself. He is a grotesque whom Nature endowed with strength and sweetness to endure the world, since she chose not to give him cunning and the acquisitive instinct. He is the kind of man that other people "do," but if there is even poetic justice Burliuk will have the last laugh as he has had the first. Burliuk can act the clown, but anyone who takes the clown for the whole man is himself a fool. One could wish for his own sake that Burliuk knew enough to keep a fire in his hearth or a fire under his pot and that he could put meat into that pot, but one cannot amend the man on any terms but his own. He must live by his own stars.

His name means to boil, to bubble. There are Tartars in his ancestry. He connects himself with the Cossacks from the Dnieper who used to make raids on Constantinople. He goes back, by his own report, to the savage Scythians amongst whom the poet Ovid was banished. The savage in Burliuk's blood has become rationalized in the explosive antics of a paint-drunk man. No man has produced so many pictures for the sheer joy of self-expression and with so attenuated a relation to the market. His flat is a clutter of pictures, among them some of the wildest produced in this generation. There are paintings in which he has with almost insane abandon squeezed fat tubefuls of paint directly on canvas so that certain areas look like high reliefs of blatant color; yet the paint has become something other than paint and the whole effect is that of rocket explosions. In those areas where the colors have been mixed, he has used thumbs, fingers and forearms for brushes. His manner of painting conveys the sense of excitement with which he works, and even when we can roughly recognize the origins of his subject matter we must be aware of the subjective quality of the emotion. He once offered to paint me a picture with his feet, but I readily accepted the will for the deed. *Conversation under the Daisy*, one of the paintings reproduced, is a mild expression of the manner in which a subjective image will lay its emphasis upon the ordinary visual world which we all inhabit. The skies that Burliuk paints are not the skies that you and I see. His painting is both an expression and a taming of the anarchy in the spirit of the artist.

Living and working under circumstances that long ago would have atrophied or exhausted the powers of artists endowed with less robust frames and less vivid imaginations, Burliuk has loosed upon the world a spate of production upon which his signature is unmistakably engraved. No one has to pause a moment in order to guess who did a Burliuk canvas, good or bad or indifferent. The mere profusion of his work is his signature. His conception of man and of man's universe are his, and his alone. Undoubtedly there were influences, but even the shadows of them have been buried under the weight of repeated assertions of an individualist constitutionally hostile to the effects of schools and academies. Way deep in his work are buried the influences of the early Byzantine painters and of the primitive sculptures of

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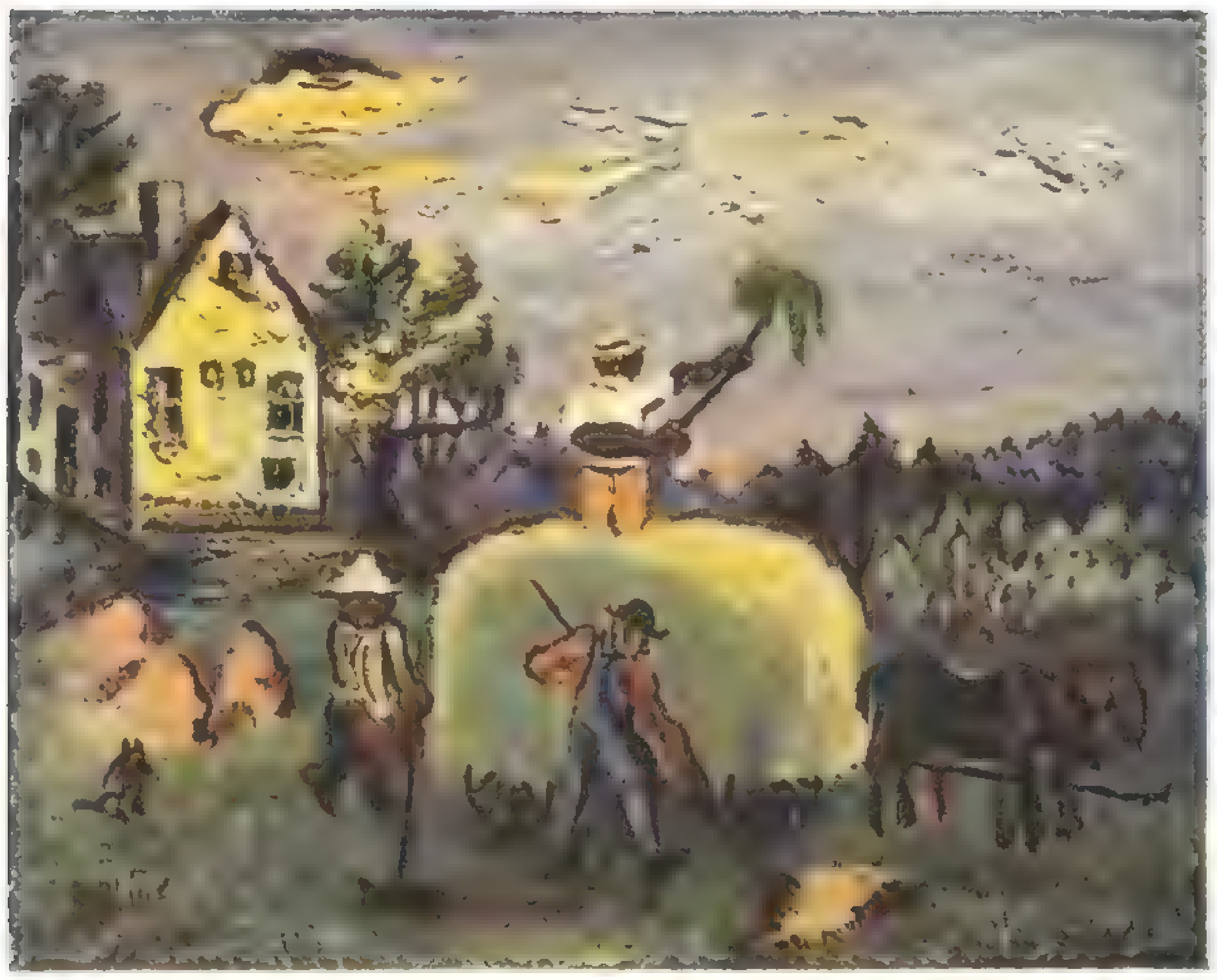
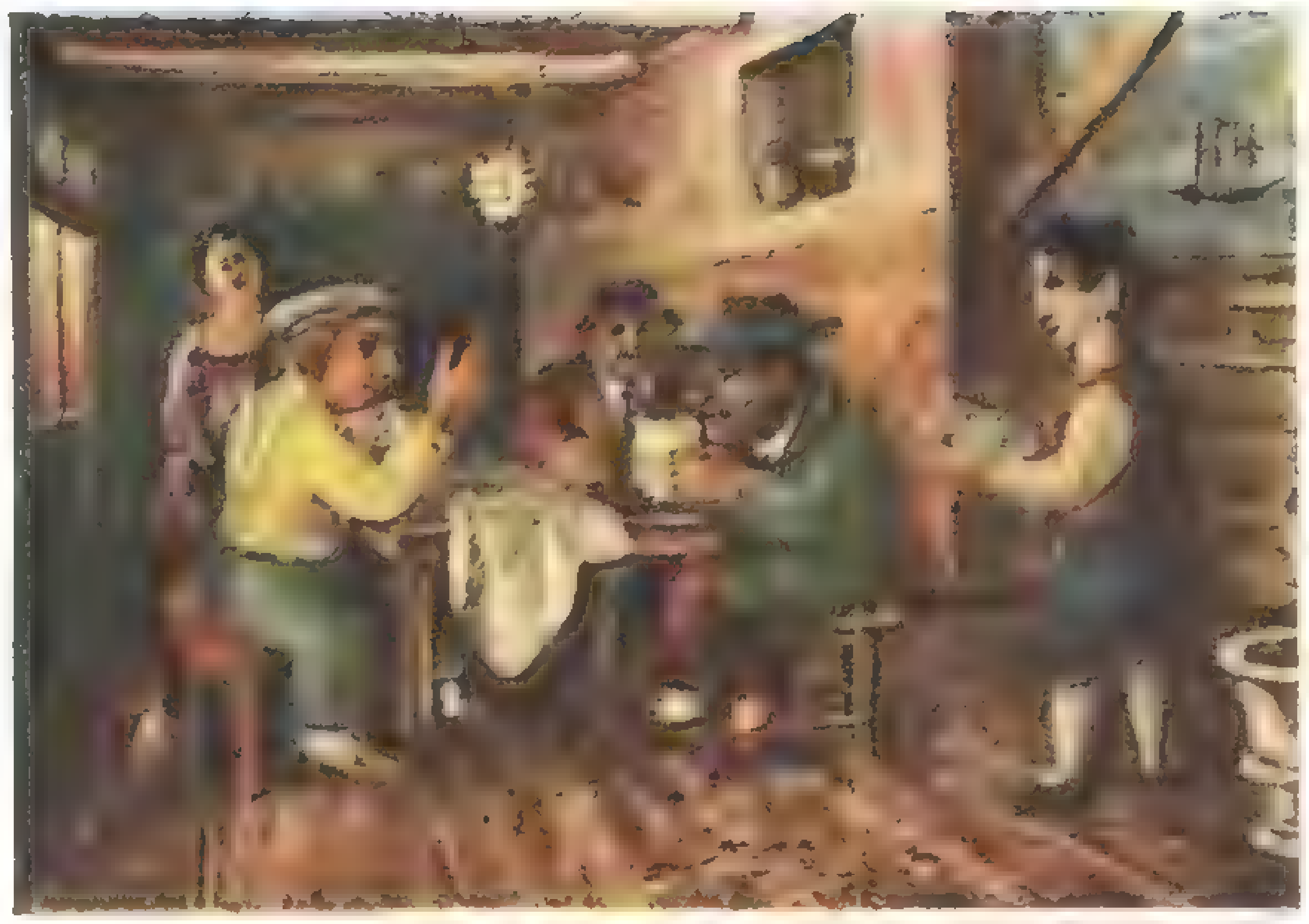
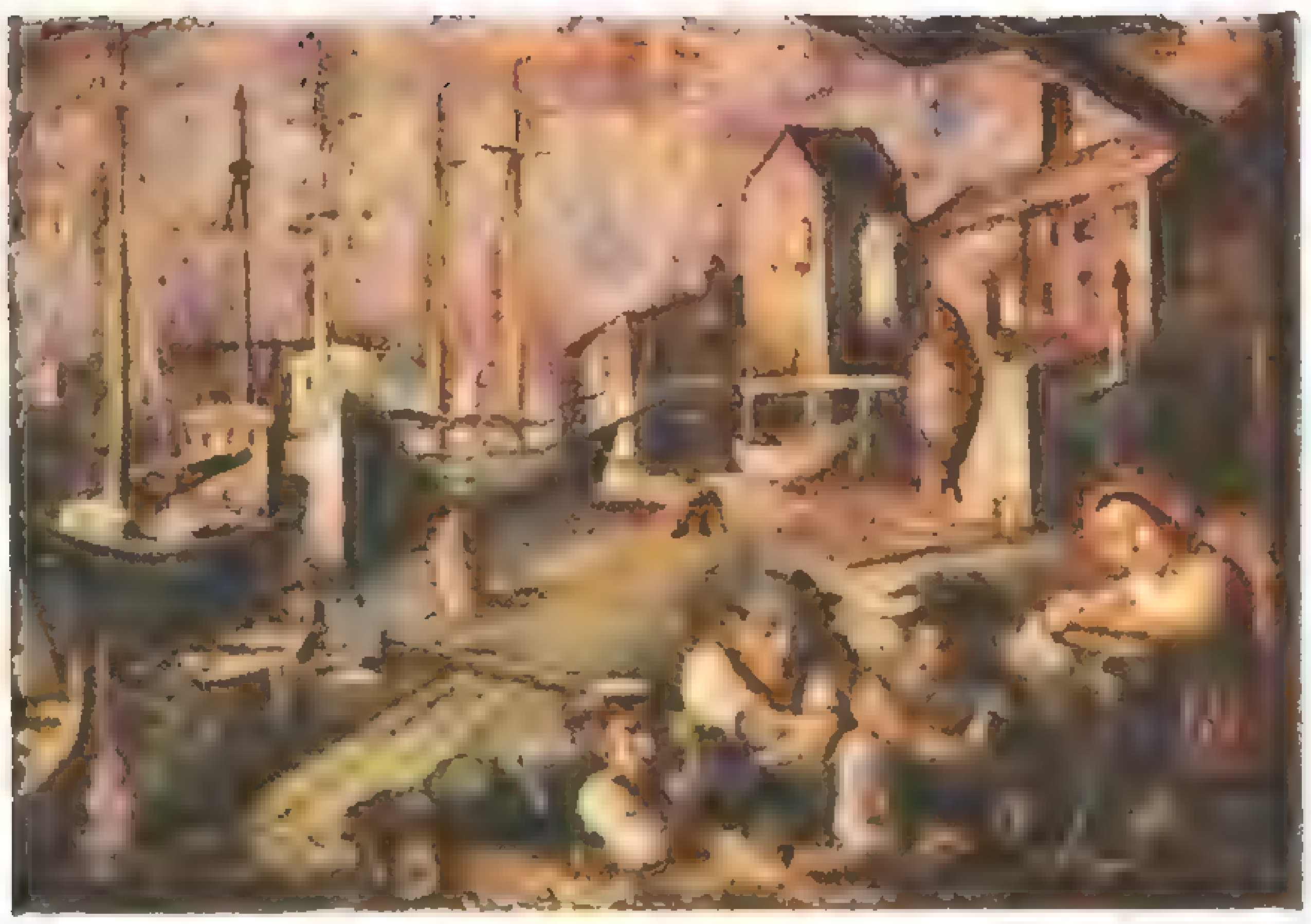


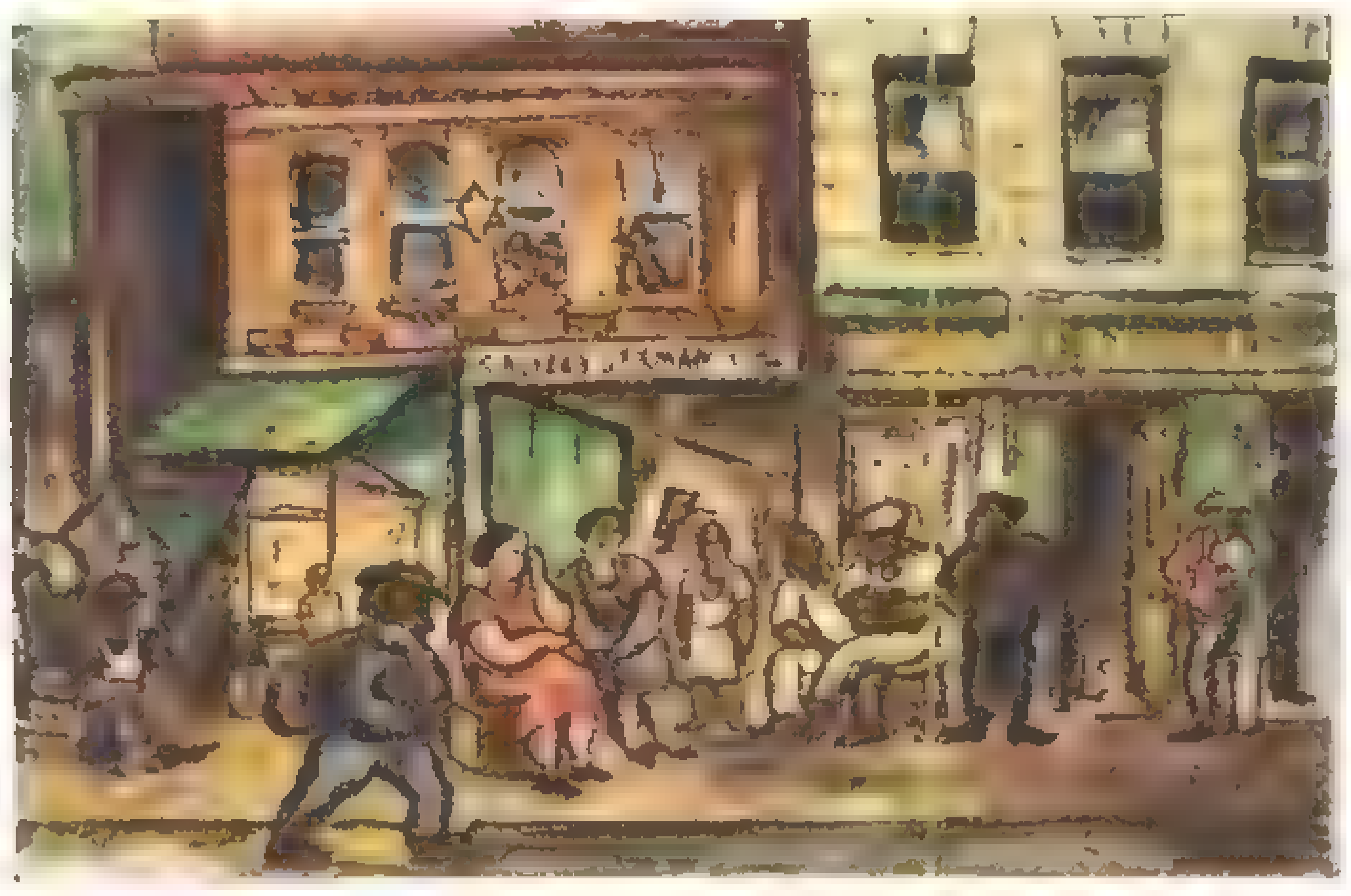
HAYING IN NEW JERSEY



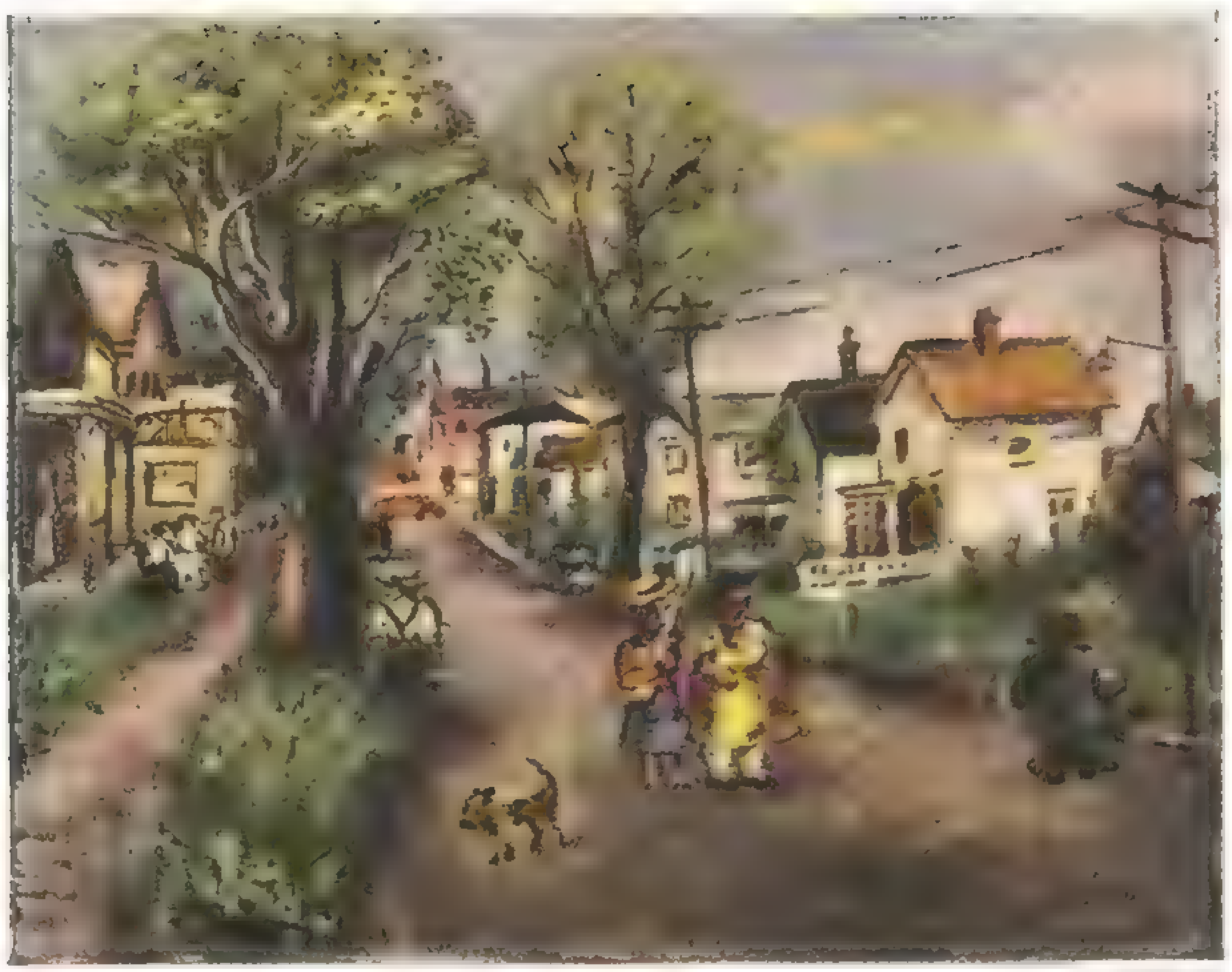
CONVERSATION UNDER THE DAISY



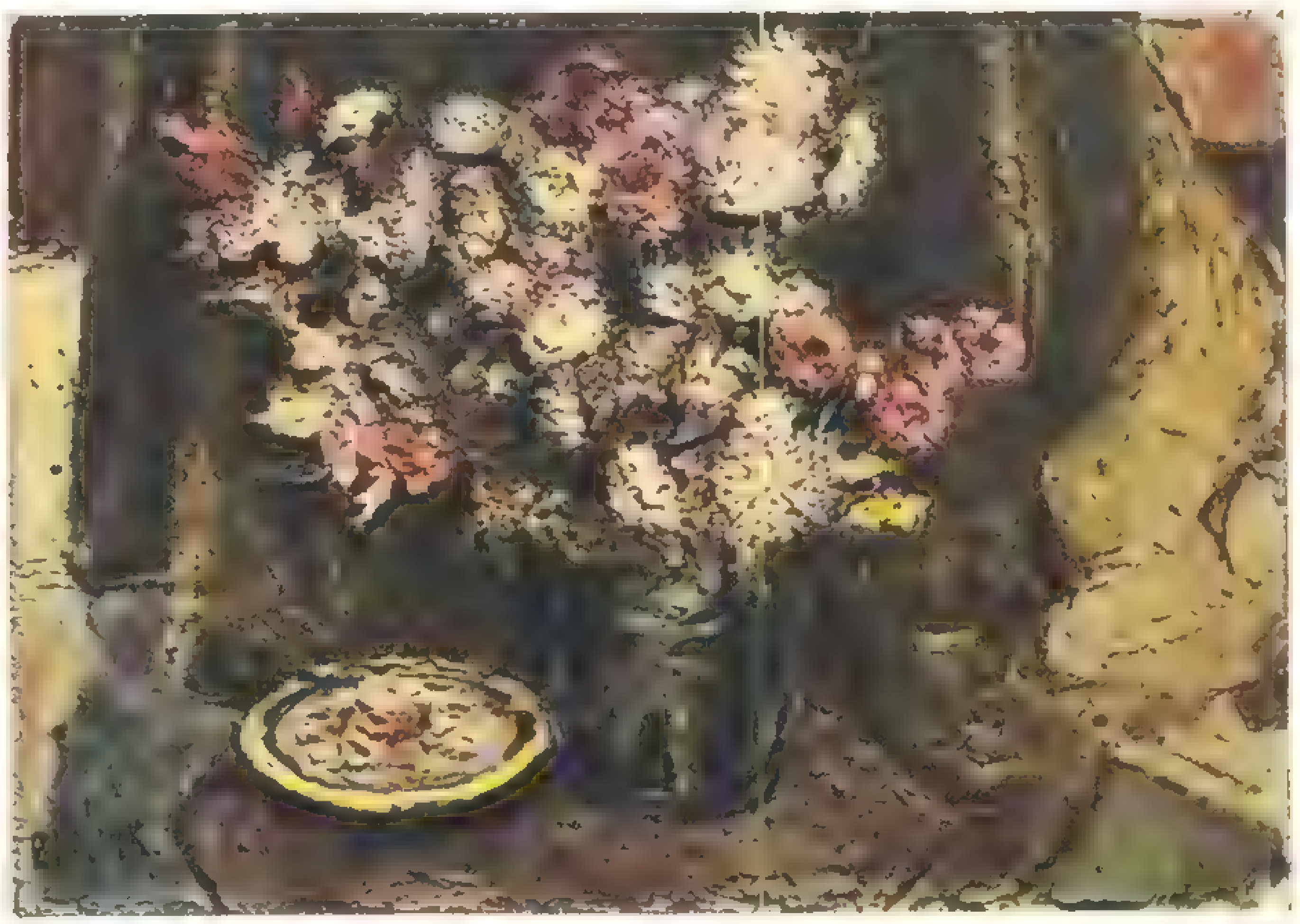
FISH STORY



STREET PARTY

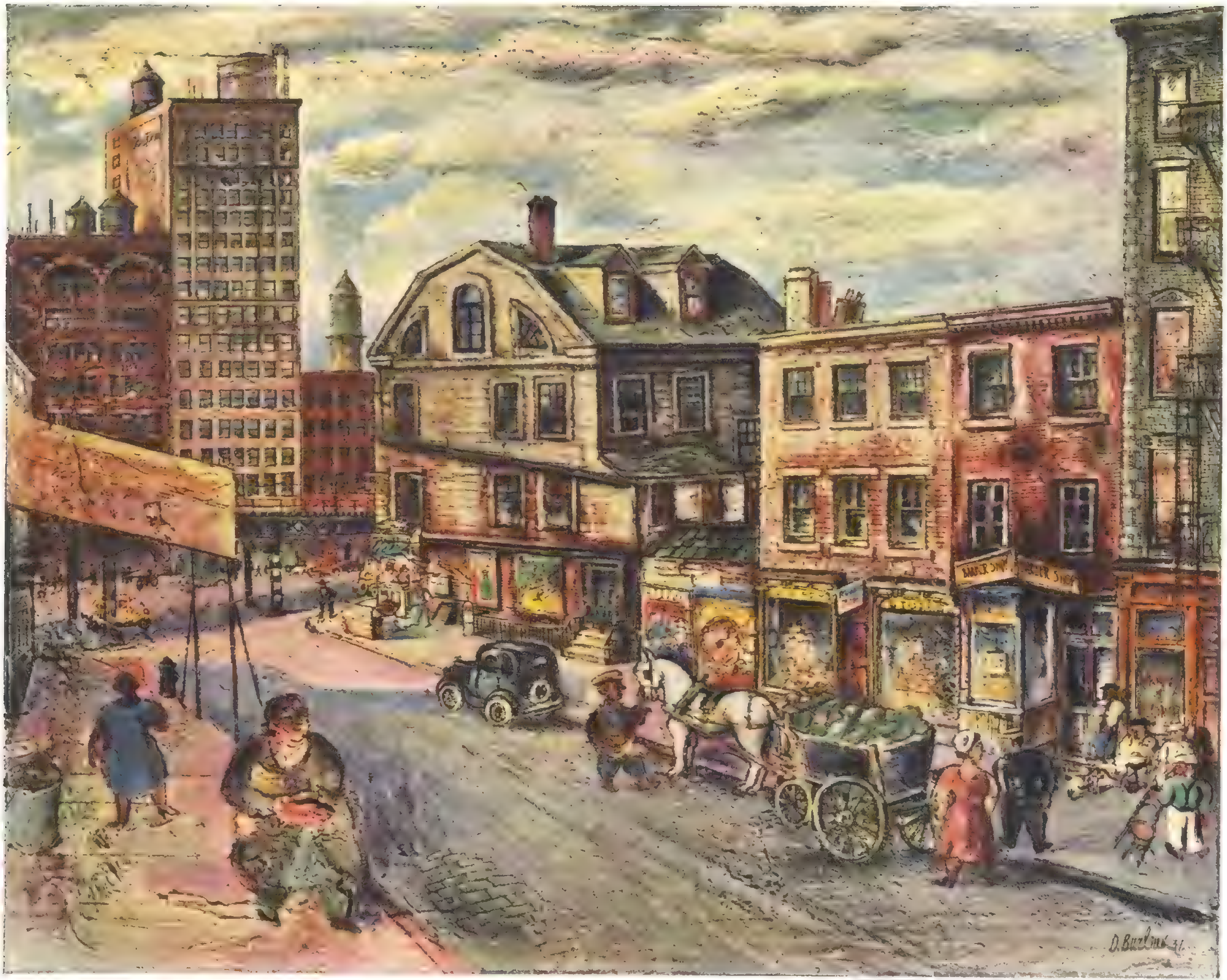


IN TOWN



FLOWERS

Reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of the Boyer Galleries at 69 East 57th Street, New York.

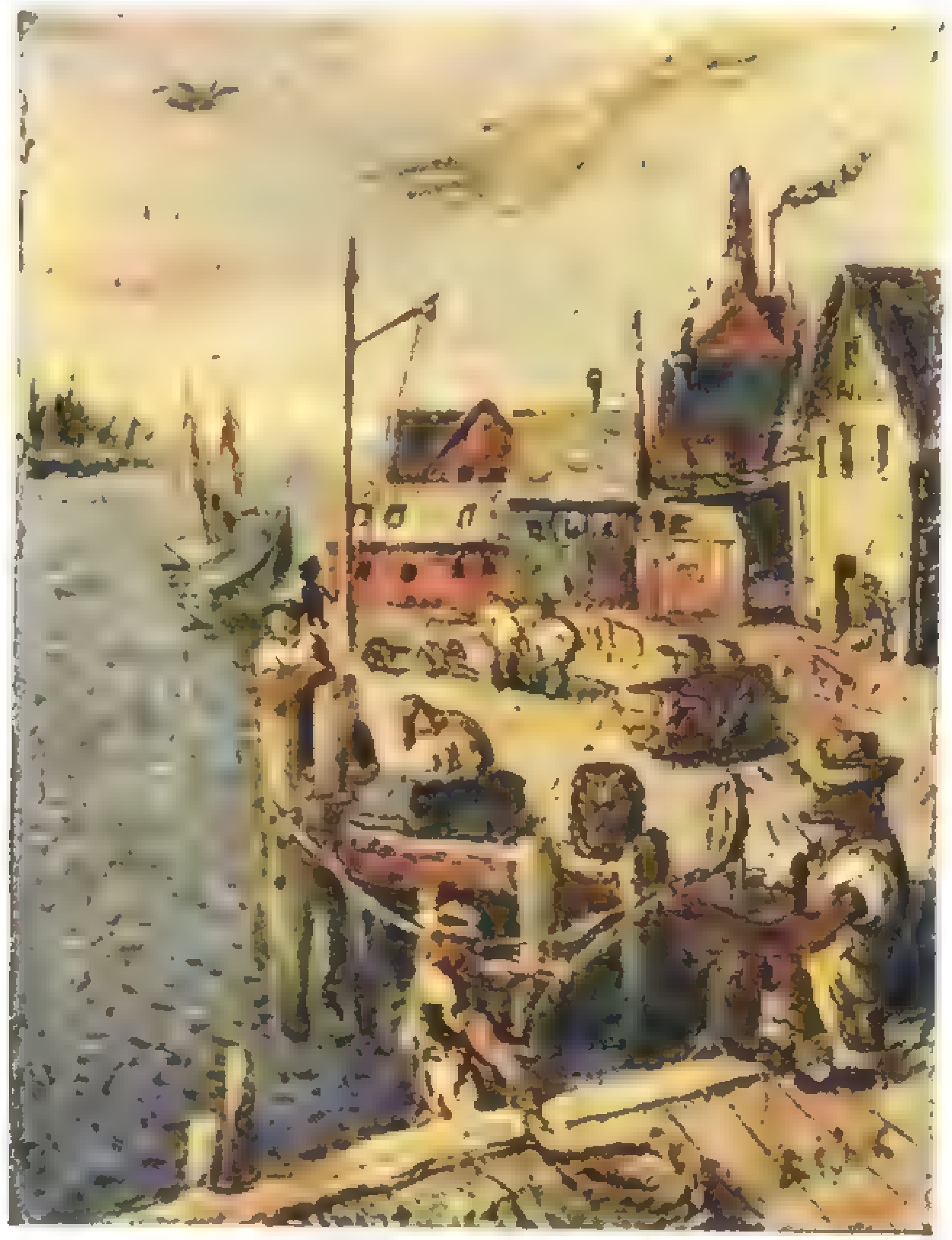


CORNER OF 4TH ST. AND THE BOWERY

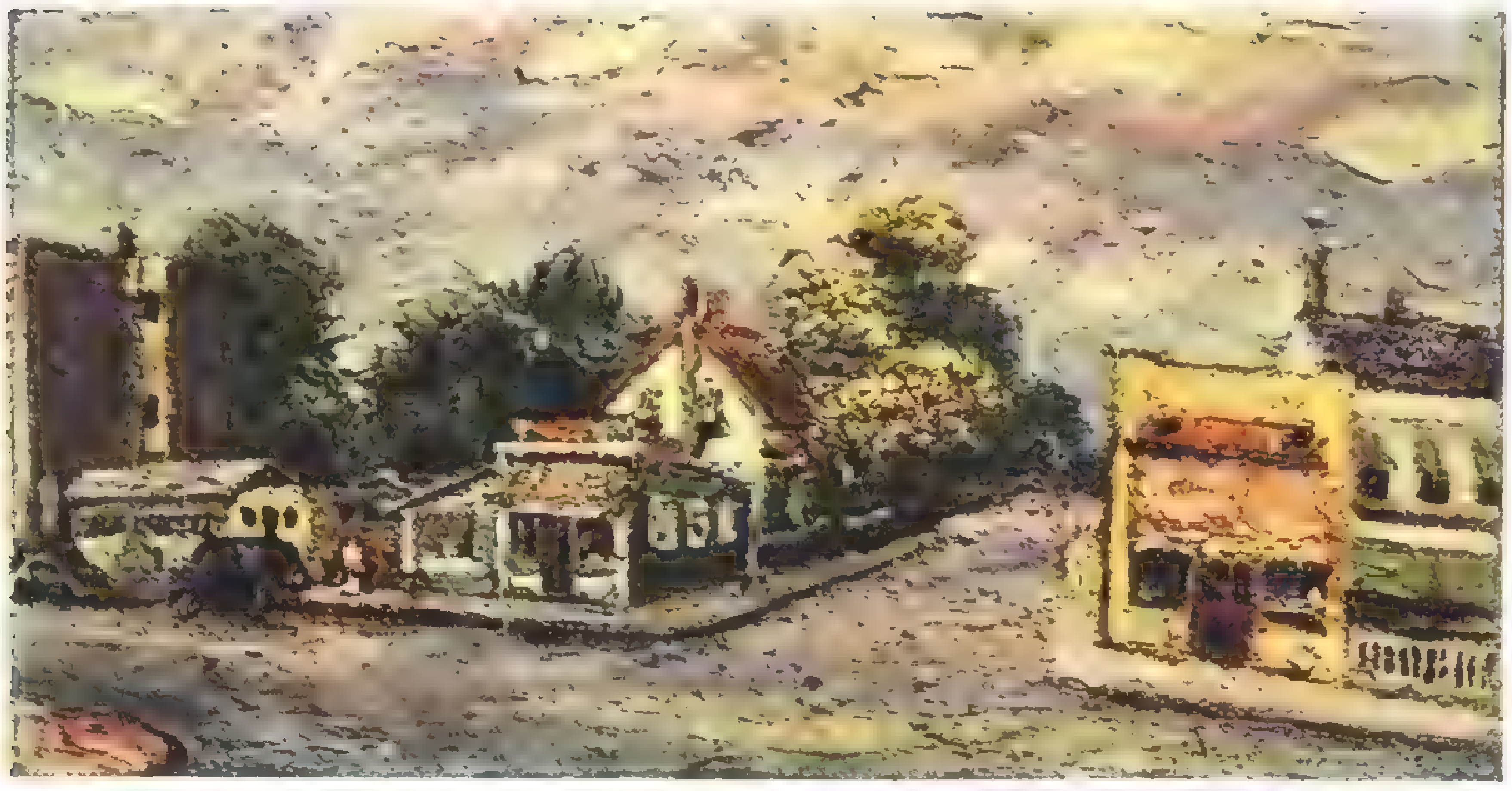
A Collection of Paintings

by DAVID BURLIUK

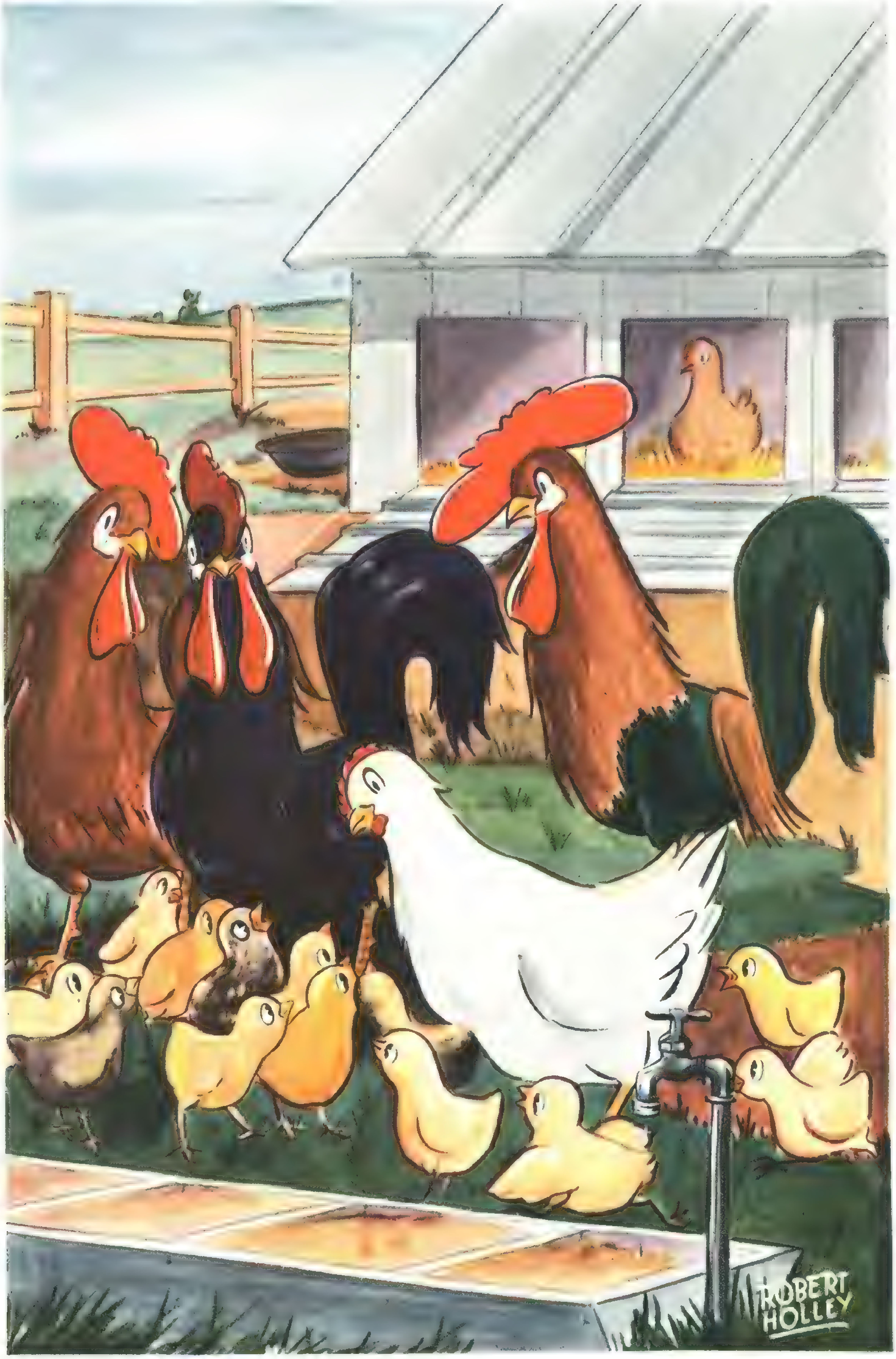
No one has to pause a moment in order to guess who did a Burliuk canvas, good or bad or indifferent. His conception of man and of man's universe is his, and his alone. Way deep in his work are buried the influences of the early Byzantine painters and of the primitive sculptures of Scythian antiquity. The savage in Burliuk's blood has become rationalized in the explosive antics of a paint-drunk man. His latest paintings are done without a brush and are squeezed from tubes of unadulterated color.



GLOUCESTER WHARVES



FISHERMEN'S VILLAGE


ROBERT HOLLEY

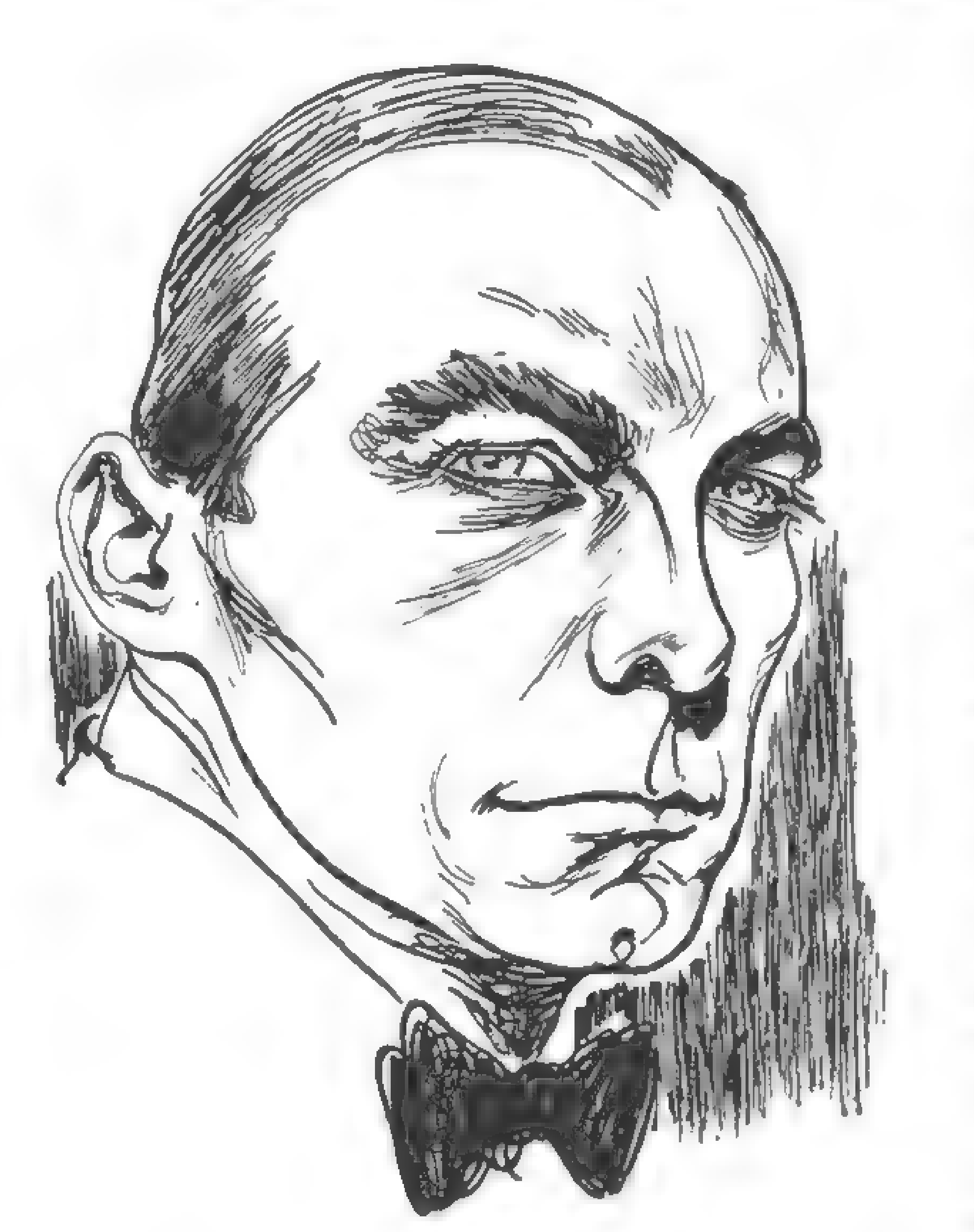
"Which one is Pop, we want to surprise him for Father's Day"

What Are Abbott's Shows Made Of?

Whether he makes stars or not, there's always that unmistakable George Abbott touch: a fast pace, perfectly controlled

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •



A PRODUCER is known by the companies he keeps. During the past few years George Abbott has usually kept between three and half a dozen companies busy in New York, Chicago and on the road. He has been extremely successful—and his failures have been almost as interesting as his hits. For purposes of identification, George Abbott is co-author of *Broadway* and *Coquette;* director of *She Loves Me Not* and *On Your Toes;* producer of *Boy Meets Girl, Three Men on a Horse,* and *The Boys from Syracuse,* and of course there are dozens of others in each category. Also Mr. Abbott acted in a production of *John Brown* . . . acted John Brown in fact, and produced a melodrama called *Angel Island* (why, in God's name, no one ever knew) and did a modern version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in which he passionately believed, and wrote and produced a failure called *Ladies Money* which I recall as being a singularly grim and impressive job . . . and last season, when he had *What a Life* and *The Primrose Path,* both hits, running parallel to the Syracuse show, he buckled down with one of the fastest failures on record, a bit of Irish comedy called *Mrs. O'Brien Entertains.* I saw him the day before it opened and he said, "It's a good play for the audience, but I don't know if it's a good play for the critics." He knew the next night. According to the critics, he should have known earlier, by a lot.

You would say that any man, any producer, ought to have some instinct about plays. There was *The Primrose Path*—based on Victoria Lincoln's *February Hill.* No one could doubt the essential dramatic stuff in the book; I was one of the last five thousand who tried to get the privilege of making the dramatization, several years ago. The only question was whether the particular kind of rowdy squalor and bawdy decency could exist on the stage. But how is it that Mr. Abbott, recognizing these qualities, can't recognize the absence of dramatic stuff in other scripts? He's not unique in this. The cooniest and the craftiest of Broadway couldn't see *Street Scene,* and Sam Harris threw away *Room Service,* after it had cost him $25,000, leaving it for Abbott to pick up, to make a small fortune.

Well, none of them know and the best thing you can do is look for respectable failures or productions to which a man might turn, saying, "this isn't much good, but it's not too bad, and I might as well make a little money on it because next year, God forbid, if I have a couple of flops. . ." Abbott has had some of those. He is a businessman in the theatre; he cuts his losses quickly. And yet you can't quite believe that he made a modern, dreadfully serious, rather moving version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* merely because the Tom shows had always made money. I think he made a modern version of *The Comedy of Errors* because he thought it would make money; and he was right. But it must never be forgotten that Abbott studied under George Pierce Baker, once of Harvard, later of Yale. Abbott came in the early, or Harvard period. And that was the time of the marriage of practicality and idealism. It was the time when people believed you could be a great playwright—you know, like Ibsen and all those—and still have successful productions. It was the time when people believed that an American playwright could produce grim and tortured tragedies and make the American people like them . . . and gain a world reputation . . . and win the Nobel prize . . . They really believed in those days that a man like Eugene O'Neill could actually come into existence. George Abbott worked for a while as an electrician's helper in the Lackawanna steel mills and wrote a playlet and got into Baker's course (which took some doing anyhow) and finally came to New York as an actor, in pretty small parts and then in better parts—and looking up his record I realize that I must have seen him—for instance in Maxwell Anderson's *White Desert* (reciting pretty rhythmic prose); but I never was aware of Abbott until *Processional.*

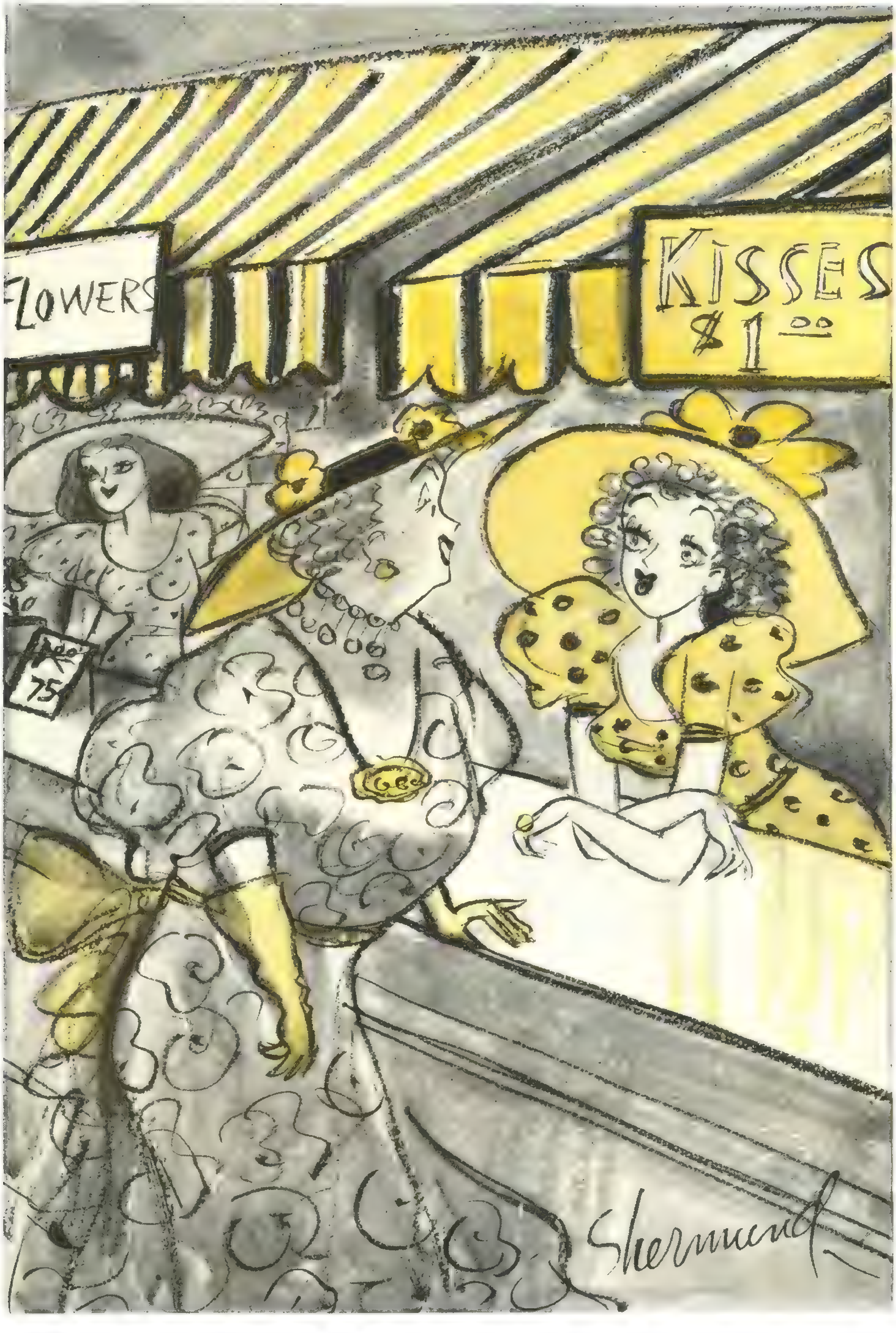
All that's a pretty highbrow background, but *Processional* was something more. That play by John Howard Lawson was a turning point in American methods of theatrical production; it was the application of the revue technique to a tragic play on the legitimate stage. In the middle of a violent argument, characters went into a dance; even the KKK, coming in for a bit of lynching, was diverted into comedy. These things became pretty much stock stuff in later years; but this was in 1920 and it was tremendously well done. It made production more exciting, more fluid, and far more energetic than it had ever been before. Abbott never forgot that. There were spots in *She Loves Me Not*—a prime farce—which were by Abbott out of *Processional.*

While he was working in *Processional,* Abbott wrote *The Fall Guy* with James Gleason, the first of his successes, and soon thereafter his theatrical life-line met that of Jed Harris, another prime energizer. Jed Harris has been heard to mock at the Broadway critics who imagined that *Coquette* was great drama; he has been known to point out the particular bits of hokum which, it is understood, he supplied; but this may not represent a permanent feeling about the play. Officially this play was written by Ann Preston Bridges and George Abbott as a comedy; and in three weeks they turned it over and made it a tragedy; Harris produced. But more important on all counts was the Abbott-Dunning melodrama, *Broadway.* Without recordings of every word spoken at rehearsal, I can't say who gets prime credit for this; I can't quite see Jed Harris allowing anyone to do anything Jed didn't like; I can't see Abbott's instincts about the stage being wasted merely because someone else was the producer. Maybe the miracle occurred and Harris and Abbott worked in the same groove. And *Broadway* was a miracle—it seemed to advance the stage ten years in one night.

Twentieth Century (produced by Abbott-Dunning; script by Hecht-MacArthur) was a child of that *Broadway:* three years later Abbott produced *Boy Meets Girl,* which was a child of *Broadway,* and *Once in a Lifetime* and *Twentieth Century;* and it was a better comedy than the last two put together. The production of this Spewack show was Abbott's best job in years; he has had three or four thumping howling successes since and I still think he hasn't topped *Boy Meets Girl.* A lot of people prefer *Room Service.* Some *Brother Rat.* But *Boy Meets Girl* is top-drawer stuff and the others are merely good theatrical properties.

It's hard to divide credits in any show, hardest of all to say what credit ought to come to a producer. He decides to do a play—if it's a success, your first impulse is to wonder whether anyone could have resisted it. The show comes out slick and neat and pleasurable; how much was written into the text to make it so, how much did the actors contribute, what small pieces of business worked themselves into the scenes and became highlights, what inventions did the director make, and how much did the authors rewrite? You'll get a different set of answers for every

Continued at top of page 96


FLOWERS
75
KISSES
$1.00
Shermund

"It's getting late—don't you think we ought to reduce your kisses to sixty cents?"

Mr. Doodling's Flash

There had long been need, in the lagging world of letters, for a go-getting firm like Names, Inc.

by WILLIAM M. WALSH

▪ SATIRE ▪

The secretary interrupted: "Mr. Goebbels is waiting; he brought his article against Hitler."

Perhaps I did look a little surprised. The great A. T. Doodling, president and owner of NAMES, Inc., the new literary agency, gave me one of those amused, sly looks, as if to say: You ain't heard nothing yet; then he dispatched the girl: "Mr. Goebbels can wait. I'll let you know when I'm free."

"How is business, you asked?" he turned back to me. "Well, I'm really quite optimistic. Our idea is good, sound. Do you want to look at some of these articles? They are going out today, this is the beginning."

A high pile of neatly typed and arranged manuscripts was pushed over to my corner of the table.

As I looked them over, one by one, I must admit I became flabbergasted. And I'm quite old at this game of interviewing; "an old hard-boiled reporter," I used to think of myself. But after a while I had to look around at the solid, elegant pieces of furniture in this big office on Park Avenue, to assure myself that I was not dreaming. What would you think of titles like these:

Why I Became a Communist—by Martin Dies.

Down with the New Deal!—by F. D. Roosevelt.

The Jews are our Misfortune!—by Stephen S. Wise.

Trotzky is right—by Joseph Stalin.

Boycott Germany!—by Fritz Kuhn.

The Shame of Munich—by Neville Chamberlain.

Daladier, the Weakling—by Georges Bonnet.

Boxing—a Public Nuisance—by Joe Louis.

Statistics lie!—by George H. Gallup.

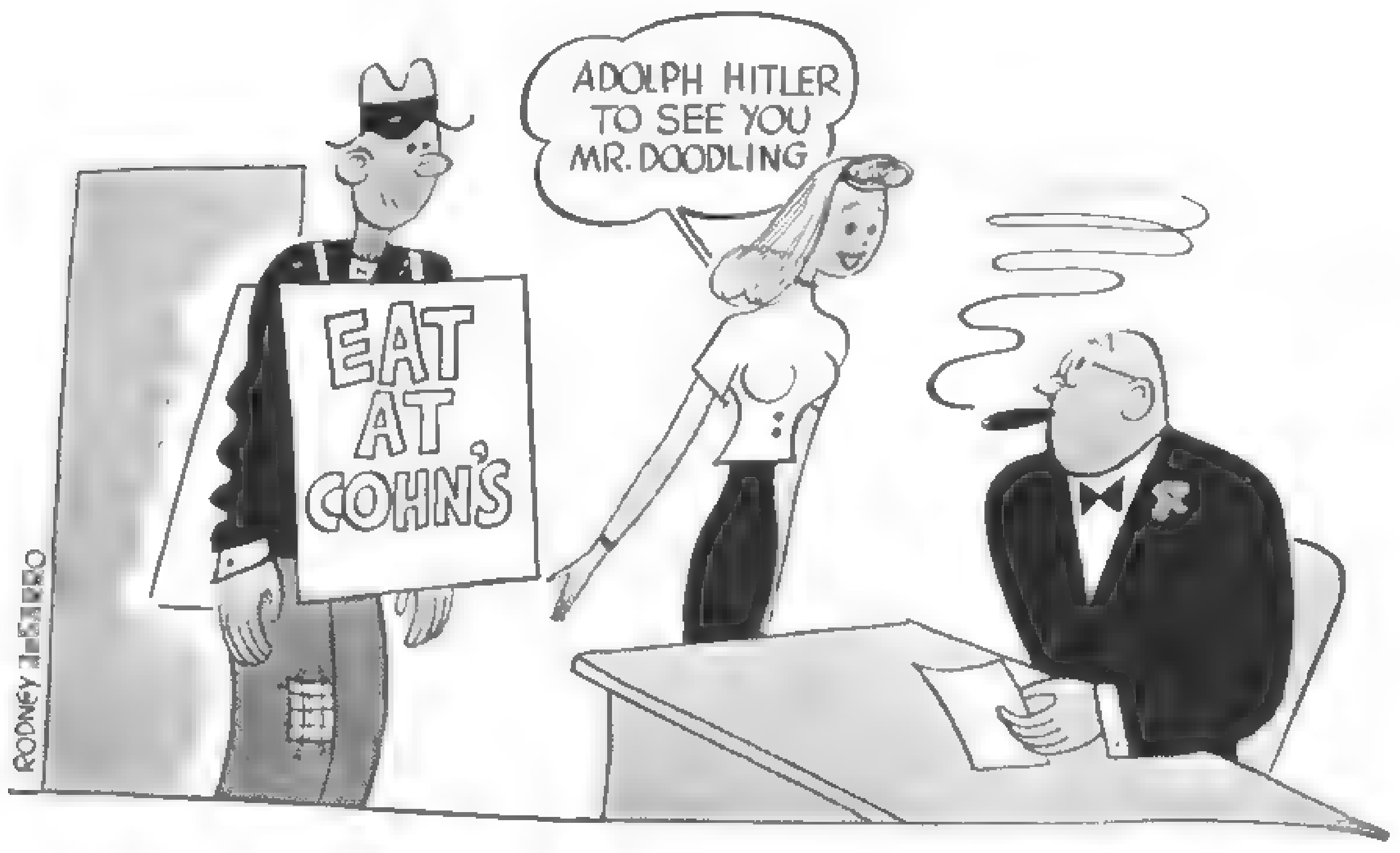
I Love Hitler—by Dorothy Thompson.

The Theory of Relativity—a Swindle!—by Albert Einstein.

Monopolies, the great Danger—by J. P. Morgan.

"Pardon me, Mr. Doodling, but what kind of a joke is this?" I finally stammered.

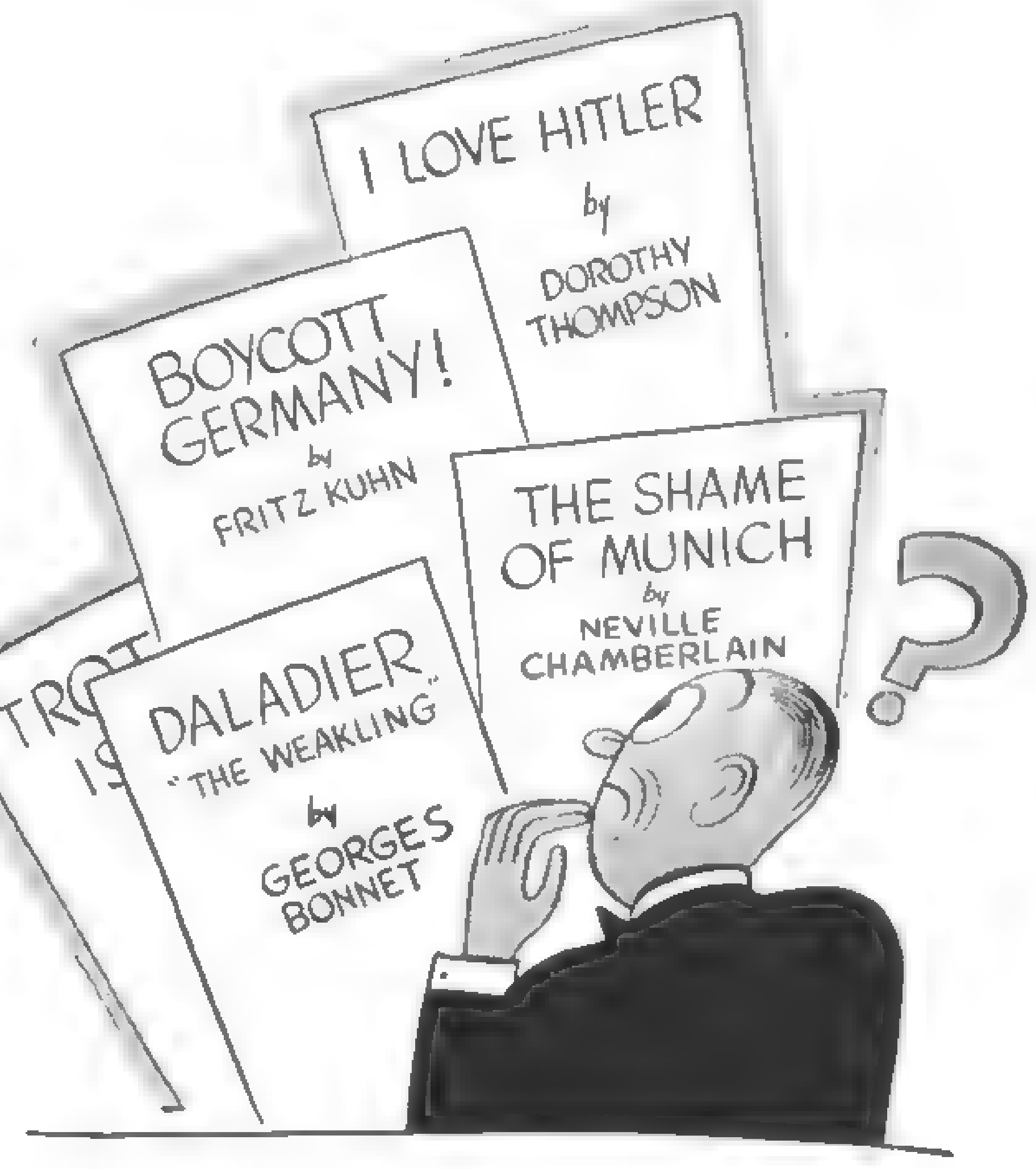
"A joke!" he crowed, "a joke! My dear friend, what you refer to as a joke has taken $150,000 investment, so far. Do you know many people who invest $150,000 in a joke? I think it will bring me almost a million in return, the very first year."


ADOLPH HITLER TO SEE YOU MR. DOODLING
EAT AT COHN'S
RODNEY deSARRO

"You really want to tell me, Mr. Doodling, that this article against monopolies, for instance, was written by none other than Mr. J. P. Morgan, himself, personally?"

"Here," Mr. Doodling said, and handed me a document. I read:

"Before me, a Notary Public, in and of the State and County aforesaid, personally appears John P. Morgan, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is staying in New York, N. Y., 420 East 113th Street, and that he is the author of the enclosed article, whose title is *Monopolies, the great Danger*.—Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of January, 1939. (Seal) Algernon B. Brighter, Notary Public."


I LOVE HITLER by DOROTHY THOMPSON
BOYCOTT GERMANY! by FRITZ KUHN
THE SHAME OF MUNICH by NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN
TRO IS
DALADIER "THE WEAKLING" by GEORGES BONNET
?

"But, for Heaven's sake, J. P. Morgan does not live on East 113th Street, up there, in Little Italy. You can't tell me that that is J. P. Morgan, the owner of the banking house!" I shouted in triumph.

"I am not aware, young man, that I made any reference to Mr. J. P. Morgan, the distinguished banker," Mr. Doodling replied severely. Not a muscle in his face moved. "Our esteemed contributor, J. P. Morgan, has been employed in a department store, until yesterday. As any citizen of this state, he has the constitutional right to publish his views in the press. And he most certainly has the constitutional right to do so under his honest and legal name. That's all."

"I have been a newspaper man myself," continued Mr. Doodling, now in a jovial mood and offering me one of his expensive cigars. "I started, just like you, as a reporter. To be frank, I didn't discover any Livingstone, or anything like that —no, I was just an average reporter. Pretty average; in fact, so average that the boss didn't want to send me out any more; he gave me a job in the office. I had to open all the envelopes with the manuscripts, and extract them. That part of the mail was our biggest bother; good Lord, what misery! Every day there came dozens of articles. You know, people in this country are fanatically convinced that there's money in writing. What a pity! We returned everything, of course—when stamps were enclosed. Very sorry, not available, and all that, you know.

And then, one day—now watch, here it comes!—one day a young man forced his way into my office. "My name is Steak, Robert Benjamin Steak." There was deep reproach in his announcement.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Steak?" I enquired.

"There you are!" he shouted at me. "You have no idea who I am!"

"I don't wish to contradict you," I replied politely.

"So you haven't read my article. I'm sure now." Again, I didn't contradict. "But you sent it back to me, you were sorry you couldn't use it, and all that stuff. It was the best thing ever written or said on the subject. But you newspaper people don't want to print my articles because I have no name!"

"Pardon me," I interrupted, "but you certainly have a name, a very sympathetic one, too, Mr. Steak."

"Don't make fun of me!" He was shouting again. "You know very well what I mean. If my name were Sinclair Lewis, or H. G. Wells, you would have paid plenty for my article, and you'd have asked for ten more!" That was the deciding moment—did that ever happen to you, young man?—that was the moment when the idea struck me like a flash of lightning.

Yes, Sir, it was the idea of my life. I can't say that Mr. Steak had told me anything new—I had known the business long enough to be familiar with this complaint of young writers. Maybe it was the despair of the young fellow, who knows, maybe some peculiar sun spots—anyway, that was the moment my particular lightning struck. By the way, I am not ungrateful, Sir; Mr. Steak is now in my employ. He opens the mail in our office.

But that day, I threw him out. There was not a second to be lost. I ran to the Library and studied the telephone books of five big cities. Half an hour later, this firm had practically been started. Because I had found, at

Continued in center of page 133

Pygie Takes a Wife

The lady penguin remained coyly aloof, gazing into space as if she thought of anything rather than nests or husbands

by WILL. F. JENKINS

• FICTION •

(The story of Pygie—*Pygoscelis Adeliae*—can be verified in any fairly complete natural history. Especially good photographs of nests, poses, fights, etc., however, will be found in *Antarctic Penguins* by Dr. G. Murray Levick, R.N. McBride, Nast and Co., New York, 1914.)

COLOR AQUATINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Pygie felt that he would fit in nicely with the younger intellectual set, so he was in a hurry to reach the rookery. Where the ice was rough, he marched determinedly, taking not less than four inches to the stride. Where the way was smooth he was apt to coast forward on his breast feathers, both for a rest and for the sake of variety. But always he moved forward resolutely, waddling—or coasting—in the same forthright fashion as at the beginning of his four-hundred-mile journey over Antarctic seas and ice. Now the cliffs of Cape Adare loomed high, and the ice hummocks screened less and less of their height. Suddenly there was a little bend in the deep-trodden path he followed, and Pygie saw the beach.

It was a wide, long stretch of snow-covered shingle. On it and on the ice hummocks on and about it, and on small footholds on the cliffs and at the very tip-tops of the cliffs themselves, he saw his fellow penguins by hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands. He had arrived, he and all his traveling companions. Already the smoother ice ahead was dotted with small figures running excitedly toward the ancestral rookery of their race. Pygie ran too, his flipperlike wings beating in unison with his short legs, his eyes filled with the view before him and his ears with the music of many voices.

He saw the nests, indifferently architectured mounds of stones. He saw brand-new bridegrooms importantly carrying pebbles in their beaks for the construction of other nests. He saw brides already squabbling with their neighbors, and all the innumerable activities of the penguin city. Here were couples engaged in the tender converse of a honeymoon. There an irate husband squared off belligerently at a masculine visitor to his hen. Here young unmarried penguins—of the eligible bachelor set—waddled about in pairs or groups, magnificently confident of their own charm. And scattered about here and there were what might be termed the season's debutantes, sitting coyly in scooped-out hollows of their own digging, advertising their unmarried state by the lack of pebbles about them, and by the same device making it obvious that suitors must be good providers—of pebbles.

Pygie ran up the last sloping ramp of ice and was in the midst of the city. He stared about in an enormous excitement. Somebody bumped him—a bridegroom with a stone in his beak. Somebody jostled him—another eligible bachelor with a figurative chip on his shoulder. Somebody pecked at his foot. A hen. A battling pair of indignant husbands—they had probably discovered each other bringing pebbles to the same nest—fought savagely with beaks and flippers without any regard to the peace of the community. A crowd of onlookers surged here and there about them, trampling on nests and sweeping Pygie from his post of amazed regard.

He got out of the crowd, fairly dazed by the tumult of the city. He headed for the back of the beach, up under the cliffs, where he could look over the town and pick out his associates. He was sure that he belonged in the younger intellectual set, though this was his first return to the rookery as an adult. And as he waddled grandly through the haphazardly arranged areas of nests, knowledge crowded itself into his little brain with every glance of his keen small eyes. Pygie, you see, was vastly more fortunate than any mere human. His instincts presented themselves to him frankly and directly, instead of in a roundabout fashion. Not from experience but by instinct did he know the significance of a pebble offered to a lady penguin in a scooped-out hollow of her own digging. Not by instruction but by instinct did he know the entire code of social and marital obligations. Especially he understood society. That was why he felt he belonged in the younger intellectual set.

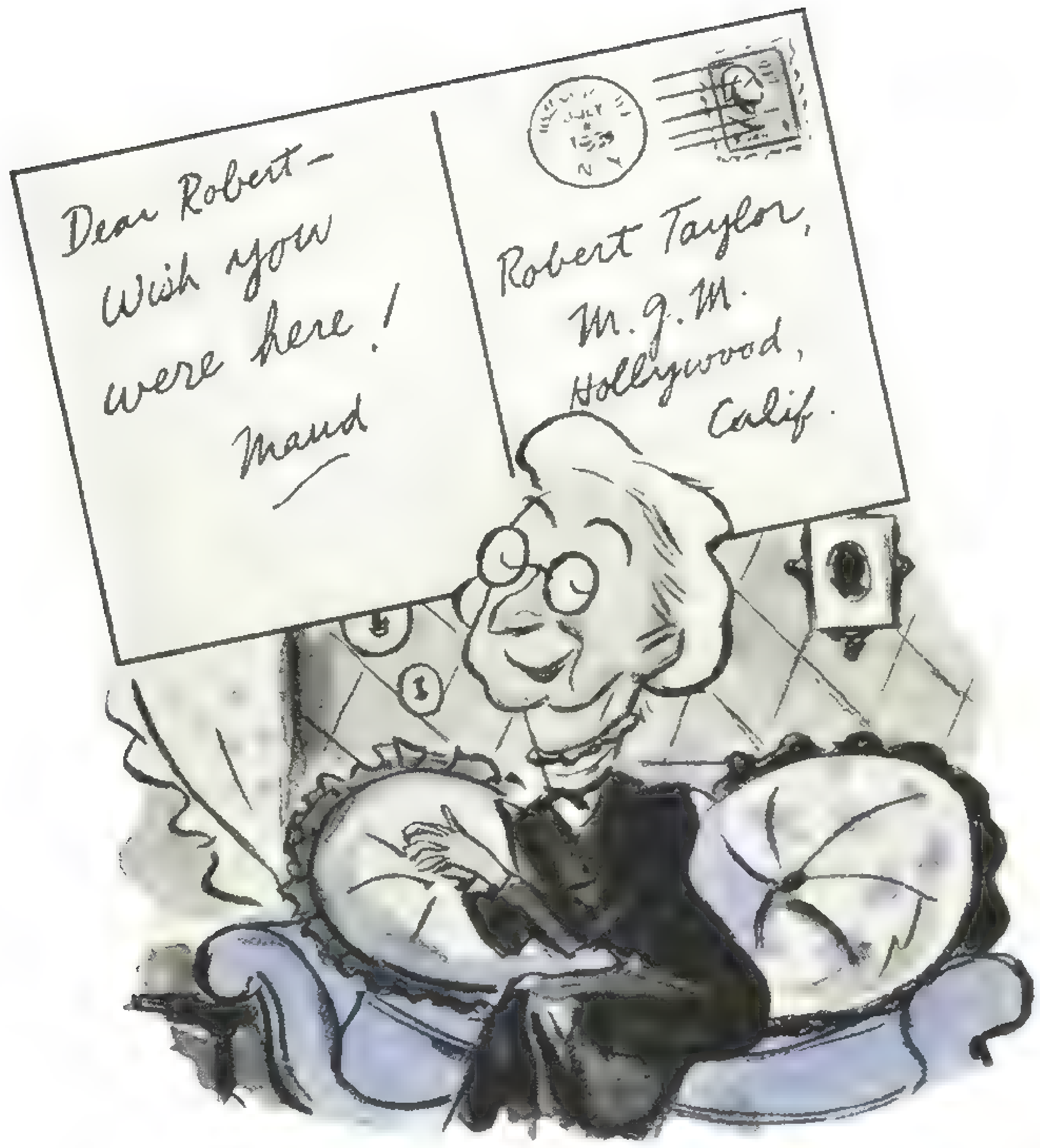
Sardonic, guttural noises issued from Pygie's throat as he waddled on. Understanding as he did, the customs of society struck him as humorous. It seemed fitting that he should march grandly through the city and at last pause only upon the sloping screes at the foot of the cliffs. There most of the rookery lay open to his view and he regarded it with sophisticated scorn. There were nearly a million penguins in plain sight, and of the lot, celibacy was the lot of—well—those who had come with Pygie, and those who had arrived since, but not of many others. Nests dotted a surface to be measured in miles. There was a far-reaching clamor of all the sounds in the vocabularies of all the birds in sight, all of them chattering continuously. Pygie looked and listened with a calm reserve. And he searched hopefully for members of the set of bright young penguins to which he felt that he should belong.

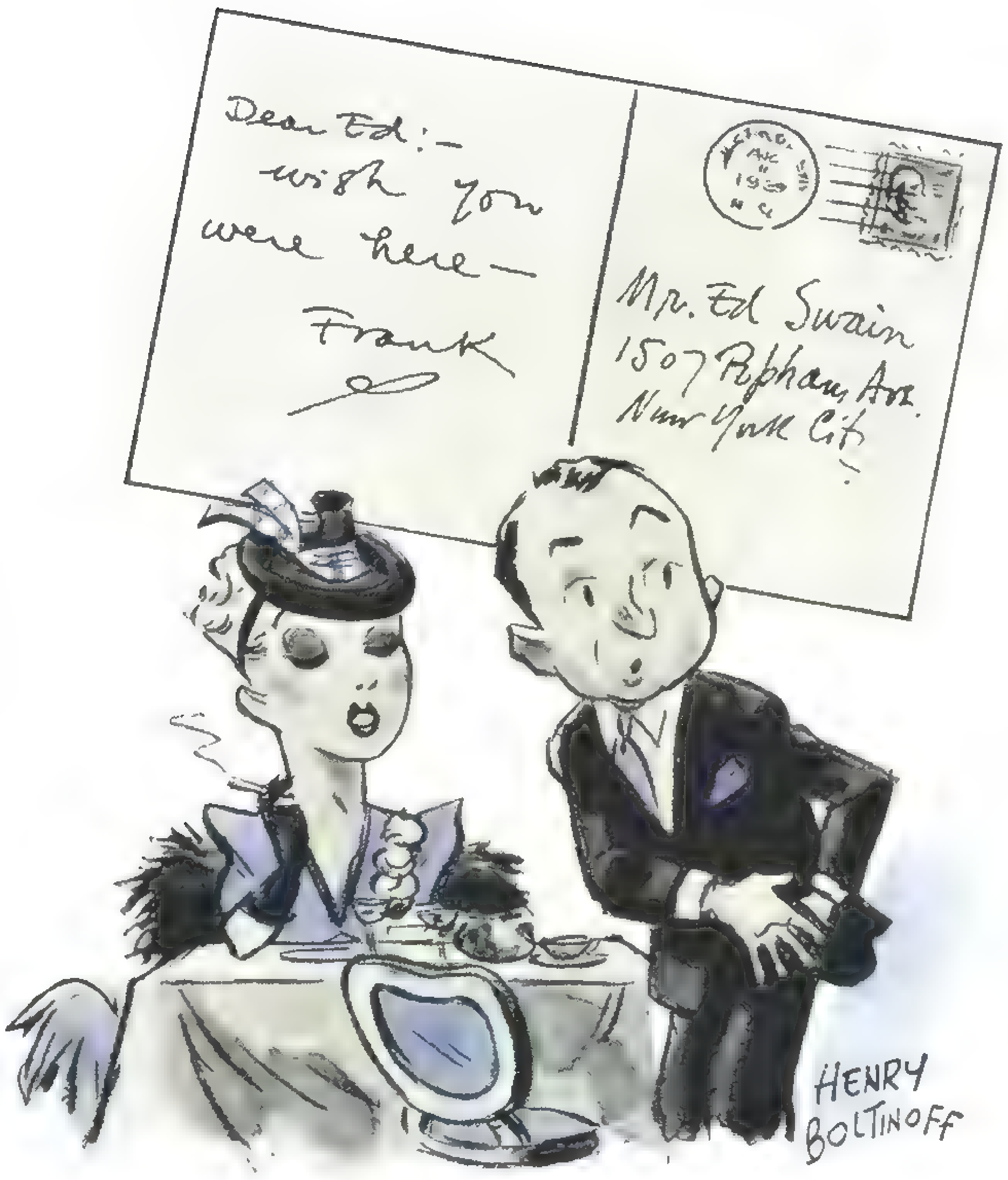
A debutante penguin sat coyly in the hollow she had scooped out for herself not five yards away. The etiquette of the rookery permitted her so much of display, but it forbade that she should attempt by any other means than glamorous awaiting, to attract the attention of any romantic male. Pygie saw her. She saw him. He returned sternly to his aloof contemplation of life on Cape Adare.

He made muttering, derisive noises in his throat, as if he were saying wittily devastating things. But there was nobody to hear him. No set of younger penguins interested in intellectual discussion. Nobody even to be aware of his existence, unless it was that young debutante. And she gazed brightly off into the distance as if thinking of anything rather than nests or husbands.

Pygie regarded her occasionally. A glamour-penguin, he reflected harshly. Nothing else. If she had been a male, he would undoubtedly have opened a conversation. He badly needed an audience, but he could not see anyone who was conceivably a member of the set he felt he belonged in. He began to be convinced that no group of congenial penguins existed in this town. Everybody crassly romantic, unintelligently domestic, hopelessly

Continued on page 132

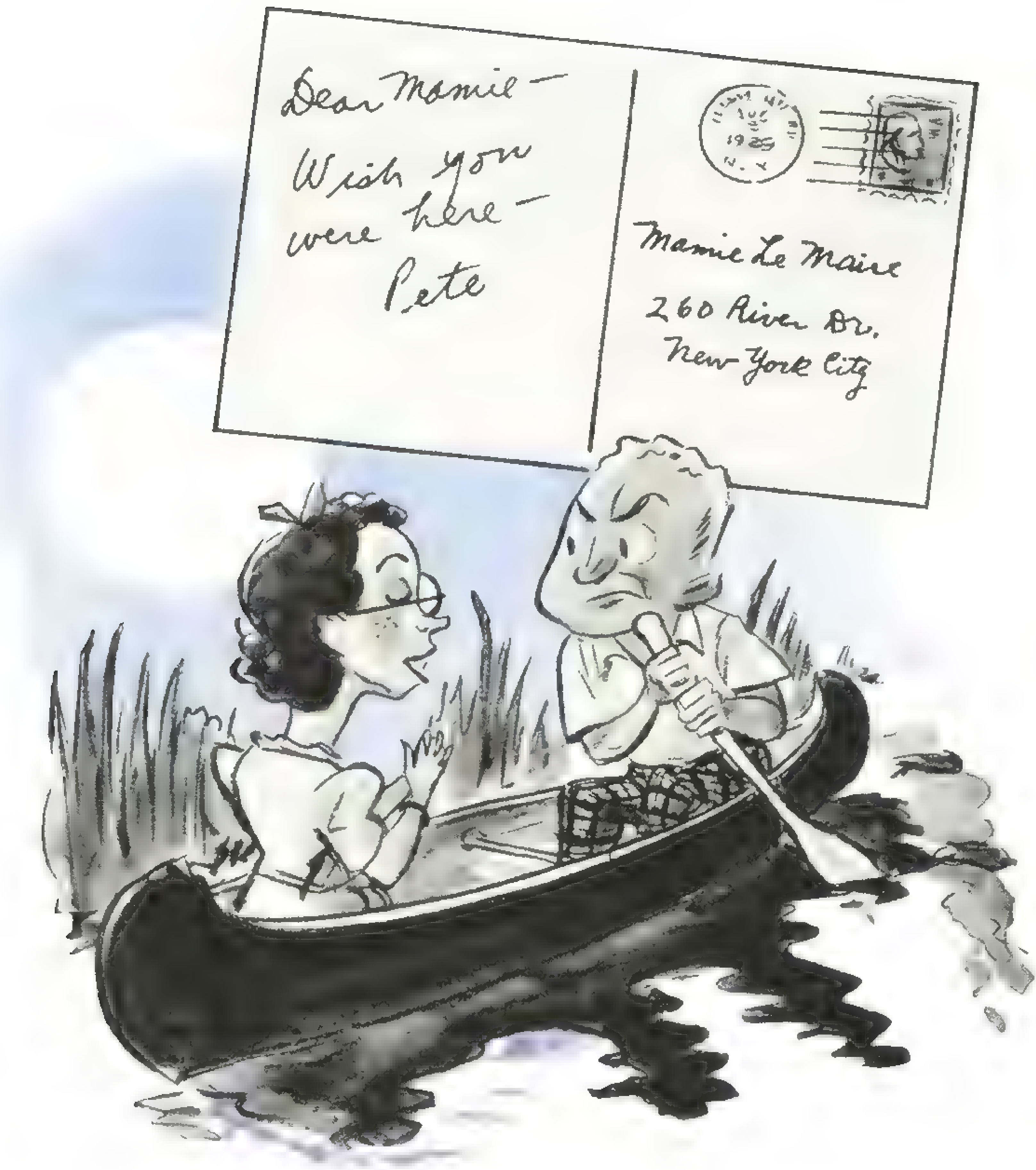

Dear Robert—
Wish you
were here!
Maud
Robert Taylor,
M.G.M.
Hollywood,
Calif.

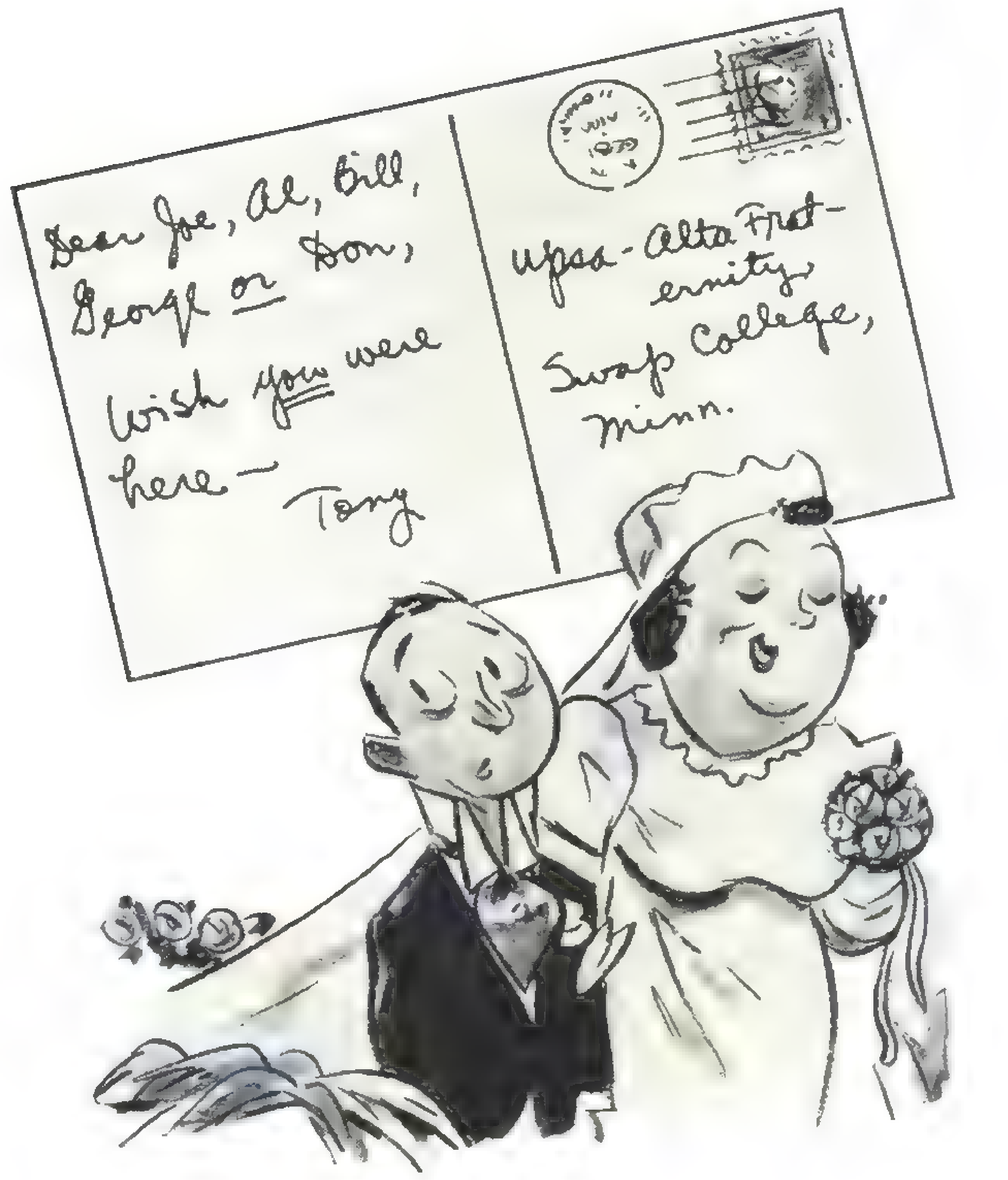

Dear Ed:—
wish you
were here—
Frank
Mr. Ed Swain
1507 Popham Ave.
New York City
HENRY
BOLTINOFF

Having a Wonderful Time

A Postal Card view of several victims of circumstance

by HENRY BOLTINOFF


Dear Mamie—
Wish you
were here—
Pete
Mamie Le Maire
260 River Dr.
New York City


Dear Joe, Al, Bill,
George or Don,
Wish you were
here.—
Tony
Upsa-Alta Frat-
ernity,
Swap College,
Minn.

Keep Your Duffel Light

If you don't enjoy sleeping in a sack, ignore all the experts and take your blankets straight

by CHARLES B. ROTH

▪ SPORTS ▪

ONCE I went camping with a man who knew all about camping. He told me so. He invited me to go with him so he could prove it. I went.

He said: "Go light. That's the important thing. My own outfit is the quintessence of condensation. You call for me in your car at the apartment tomorrow, and I'll show you what an experienced man takes when he goes afield. So long."

I called. My own outfit, which weighed far less than fifty pounds, looked prodigious to me as I loaded it into the car. I was afraid of the censure which was going to be heaped upon me by my experienced outfitter companion.

When I drove up to his place he was sitting out in front—sitting on a pile of duffle which, I ask you to believe me, looked like the contents of half his city apartment. He had a cot. He had a mattress. He had a sleeping bag. He had a half a dozen heavy blankets. He had a box containing cooking utensils which could have prepared food for a company of regulars. He had a sack of gadgets which he called his "essentials"—it weighed twenty pounds. He had two armloads of clothing—a mackinaw (it was July), a raincoat, two sweaters, an extra pair of boots, a pair of moccasins, a pair of sleeping socks, two shirts, an extra suit of underwear, and, so help me, an extra black string necktie!

Well, we loaded his stuff into the car. As we did so I made mental calculation of the weight of everything that went into the back seat. My figure was that this lad was carrying a full three hundred pounds of equipage into the wilderness—when fifty pounds, or less, would have been more than enough. But I didn't say anything about it. If there's any rule I have learned it is the one propounded by the psychologist William James that "the first thing to learn in intercourse with others is non-interference with their own peculiar ways of being happy." So I kept still. But I never took another camping trip with that boy.

You say that he is an awful example—the exception to every rule of commonsense? I'm not so sure of that. If you looked on as many camps as I do in a year's time, you would see that most men who go outdoors needlessly complicate their lives by overburdening themselves with junk.

How different it is when an experienced man takes the field! He abhors gadgets. He gets along with a minimum of everything. He cuts down to essentials, and thus accomplishes what going outdoors is supposed to accomplish: he really gets back to the simple, to the primitive; really leads a life unburdened by the care and worry and constant friction of THINGS.

The nearest thing any man who occasionally goes on outdoor trips can hope to have as a perfect model is the professional outdoorsman. It has been my experience, as a matter of fact, that the nearer we approximate the professional in everything we do the better off we are. This certainly applies to outdoor outfits. Take a professional outdoorsman; say a trapper. See how light he travels. He carries no surplus equipment, but only the few essentials to life and comfort.

I don't know who the simplest campers are. I think the Mexican wanderers come as close to it as anyone. A Mexican vaquero, a born wanderer, makes ready for a month's journey by no more complicated preparations than seeing to it that he has plenty of smoking tobacco and tying a small bag of dried food to the back of his saddle. His saddle-blanket is all the bedding he needs. He will ride blithely away. A month hence he'll return, smiling, well-fed, well-slept.

I have noticed that all primitive people are at home outdoors, and that occasionally a civilized man will be able to master the art too. He need not cut down quite so much as lovable old John Muir, the great naturalist of the Sierras, did. Muir, Scotch and tough, never carried anything with him on his travels but bread and tea. At night he slept under any bush that offered shelter, without blanket, usually without fire. There's a certain minimum to comfort, as well as a maximum.

The first essential is, naturally, the bed. Only one thing exceeds it in importance: water. Fire does not. So the first thing to consider is the bed.

Now, there are all sorts of outdoor beds. The cowboy of the West, with an extra horse to pack his bed, insists on a bedroll weighing close to a hundred pounds. The city sportsman has his expensive blankets and his air mattress; a luxury if one has means of transporting it. There is the amateur with his sleeping bag, filled to the guards with thick heavy blankets. At the other extreme you have the overnight hiker, who carries all his living comforts on his back and consequently must go as light as possible.

In the summertime and even late in the fall, some men have discovered that by the use of a little ingenuity they can live a reasonably comfortable life with only one blanket. The great Nessmuk, godfather to every man who likes to get outside, was the first proponent of the one-blanket bed. It was nothing for Nessmuk to go off alone for the summer with a fifteen-pound outfit, which included everything—blanket, cooking utensils, food, extra clothing, etc.

One of the simplest and most practical outdoor beds I ever used consists of a single blanket of extra good quality, and a pair of rubberized army ponchos. In the woods country I added a light, cheap muslin bag, seven feet long, three feet wide. At night I stuffed this full of balsam. It made a mattress. I spread the poncho under it, the blanket on top of it. In case of a mild rain, it was easy to keep dry enough by pulling the ends of the poncho up over me to make a makeshift but practical bedsheet.

For the outdoor bed, the only practicable thing is wool. I know the arguments for other substances, but have found wool to be the most practical outdoor bedding. Dry, cotton is as warm as wool; damp to wet, it is cold as sheet iron. For a few days in dry weather, cotton comforters are all right and weigh perhaps a third of what blankets weigh. But outdoors we do not always have dry days. Only wool blankets fill the bill for all kinds of weather. As Pat, the Irishman, put it: "Wool is warmest when it's cold and dryest

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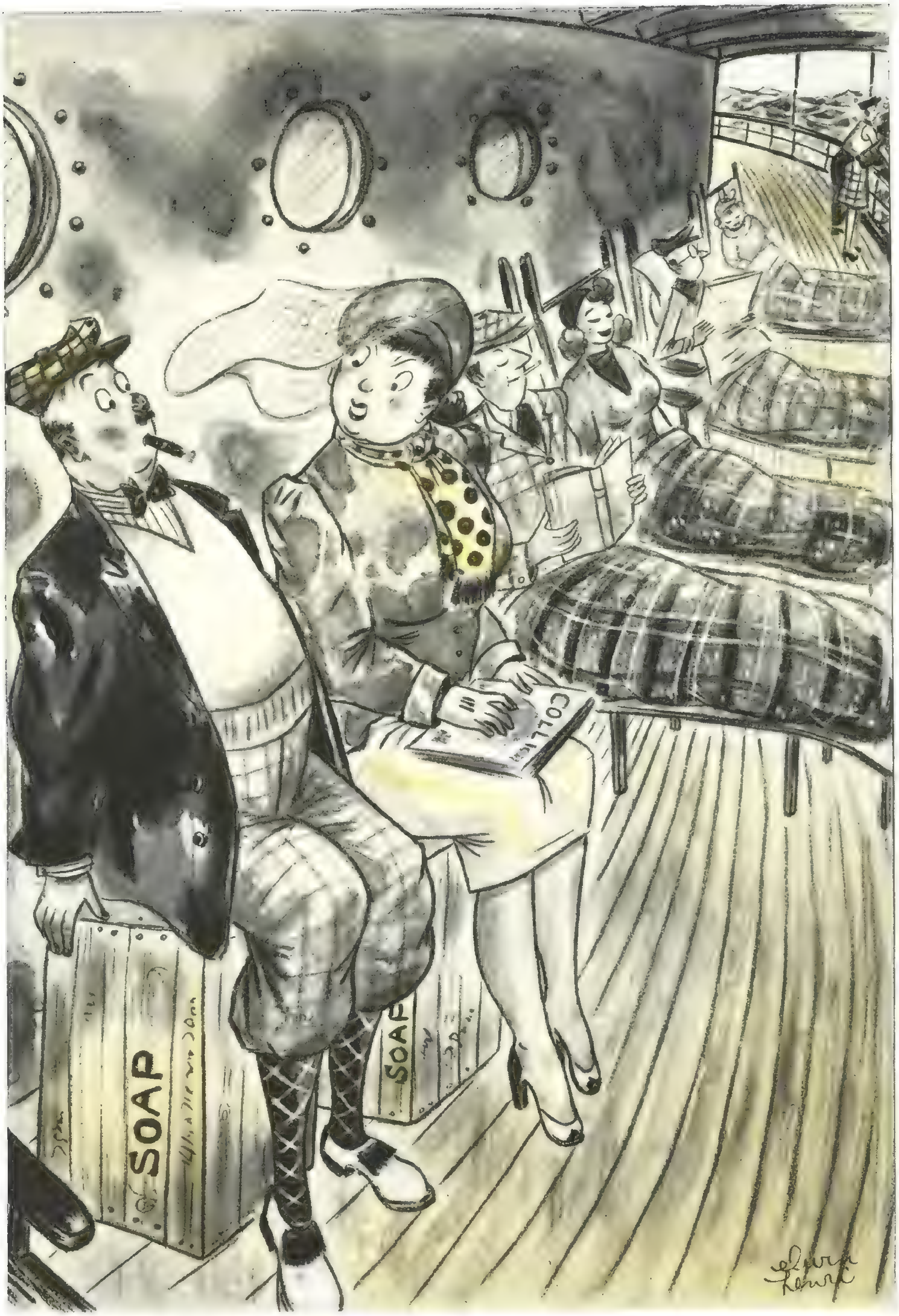

SOAP
SOAP
COLLI

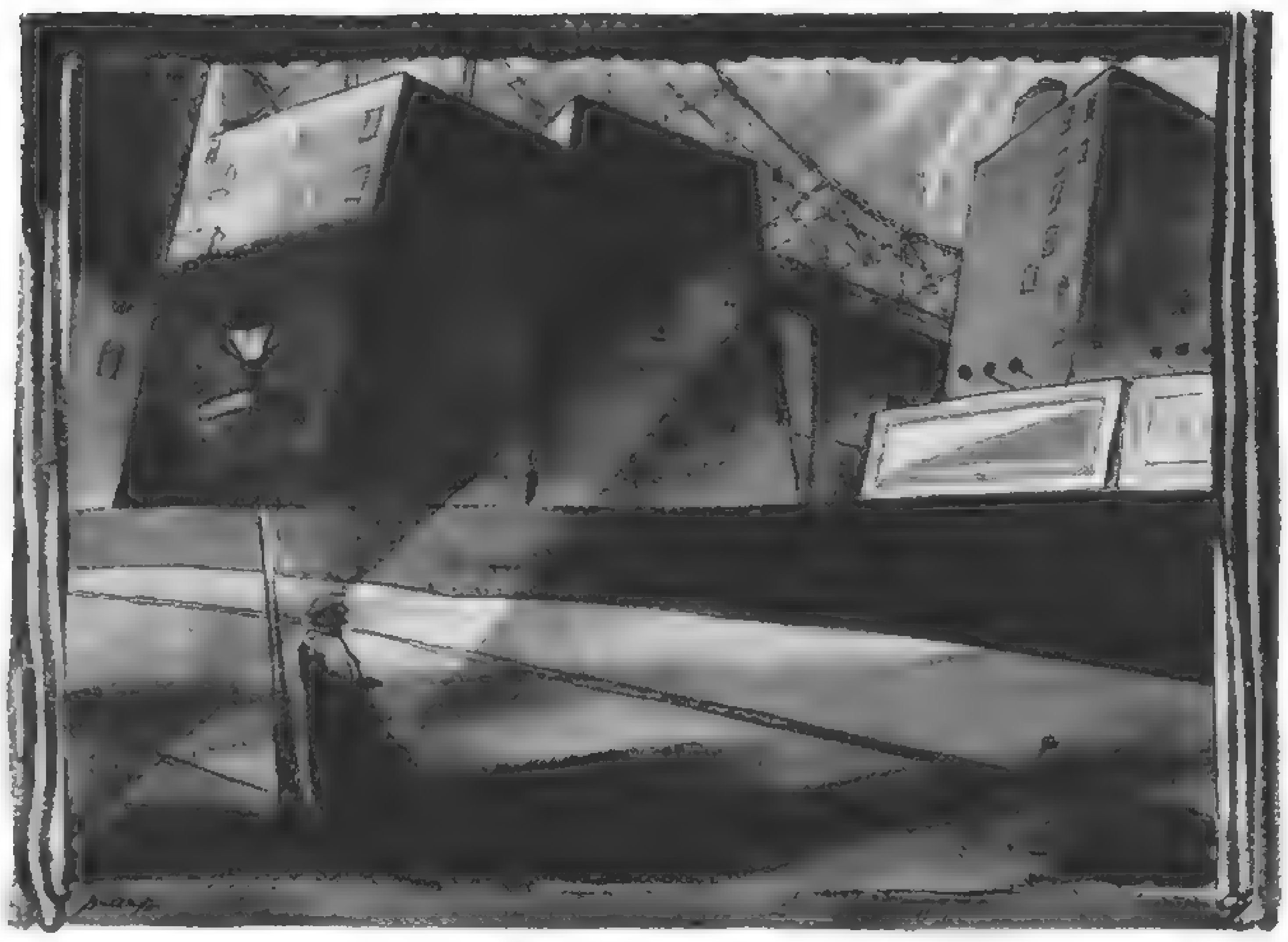
"I warned you about tipping the steward a nickel, then asking him to secure two chairs on deck"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Though it hurts him more than it does Charles Morgan, your critic annihilates *The Flashing Stream*

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •



I SHOULD like to admire Charles Morgan's play, *The Flashing Stream*, more than I do, for several reasons. In the first place, Mr. Morgan is a fellow dramatic critic, serving the *London Times*, and when a dramatic critic writes a play I should prefer that it be an admittedly superior one, if only for the sake of not having to hear again the old nonsense about "he who can, does; he who can't, preaches"—which, incidentally, is a slightly gratuitous criticism of, among others, Kant, Darwin, and Jesus Christ.

In the second place, I dislike to find fault with a play by a fellow critic because it lays me open to the common allegation against critics in such instances, to wit, that they resent a colleague's taking up playwriting, particularly in proportion as he is popularly successful at it. If the allegation had no truth in it, it wouldn't have occurred to me in this connection, but, unfortunately, it has. Dramatic critics are a mean lot with one another. Save alone in France, where any play written by one, however bad it may be, is boosted to the skies by his fellows as a world-shaking masterpiece, the critic who is foolhardy enough to write a play bares his bosom to his brothers' arbitrary bean shooters. Shaw found it out early when Archer and certain others blandly assured him he should forsake playwriting, as he would never be any good at it. And many another lesser critic has similarly discovered it.

In the third place, Mr. Morgan has in his play (his first effort) at least set himself to give the present-day English theatre something that it is sadly in need of: drama of a higher fiber than that concerned with country house week-end antics, perverts with a passion for slicing up old ladies and arsonizing the household governesses, and actorgenic roles for old stage favorites in the last stages of amnesia. And in the fourth place, I expect to be in London when this appears in print and I should like once again, as in the past, to enjoy pleasant social intercourse, uncorrupted by hard looks, with my esteemed and engaging confrère.

I have told myself all this and have even gone to the extent of offering myself a bribe of five dollars to win myself over to a state of fraternal acquiescence, but no dice. That Morgan's play has certain commendable qualities, I am delighted to acknowledge. It reveals, at least in its first act, an apt hand at dramaturgic preparation. It has dignity of intent throughout, and never descends to cheapness. Its dialogue, in places, is adroitly managed. And, as I have observed, its aim is assuredly loftier than three-fourths of the suave sauerkraut that passes for drama in the London theatre of the moment. But it ends up, nevertheless, as an unsatisfactory play, and for various reasons in turn.

The first six or seven of these are betrayed by Morgan himself in the foreword and introductory essay which he has written for the play in its published form. Therein, he makes it apparent that he believes himself to be at once a super-shrewd audience-reaction critic, a deeply original dramatic thinker, and an audacious pioneer. I quote him, appending some possibly discouraging program notes:

1. "If the play fails, it will fail because the audience, collectively slower in mind than the individuals who compose it, feel that its thought and passion are over-compressed . . . This peril attends all modern dramatists whose subject is complex or challenging."

Note: The over-compression of thought and passion in certain of the complex and challenging plays of O'Neill (*The Great God Brown*, for example, which ran for seven months in New York) of Pirandello (*As You Desire Me*, for example, which turned 'em away in Rome and Naples) of Wedekind (*The Awakening Of Spring*, for example, which enjoyed success in Berlin), and of divers other modern playwrights, including Mr. Morgan himself (*The Flashing Stream* ran for six prosperous months in London), implies no such peril as Mr. Morgan argues. Parenthetically, Selznick-International was so impressed that it has even bought *The Flashing Stream* for a movie, which—when it comes to Mr. Morgan's contention—amounts to a pretty sardonic piece of critical nose-fingering. The whole point is not over-compression of thought and passion but the quality of thought and passion in question. I shall come to this, in Mr. Morgan's case, presently.

2. "The one thing certain in the theatre," continues Morgan, "was that no romantic heroine who confessed to Juliet's warmth of feeling could hope to retain the sympathy of her audience. This convention persists, and Karen Selby challenges it. The play may well disappoint the box-office for that reason."

Note: *a.* See above. *b.* Juliet's exceptional warmth of feeling, Mr. Morgan should know, is carefully qualified by her expressed demand that Romeo have honorable intentions. *c.* Bosh. Many romantic heroines in the past theatre confessed doubly to Juliet's warmth of feeling and retained the wholesale sympathy of their audiences. For example, Marguerite Gautier, Iris, Joyzelle most certainly, etc. *d.* The convention does not persist. *E. g.* Miriamne (*Winterset*), Irma (*The Glass Slipper*), Mary (*The Masque of Kings*), etc. *e.* Morgan's heroine challenges it. How? Turn on a protectively cooling electric fan as you listen to a few samples of Karen's scorching warmth:

Schnitzel 1.
Ferrers: "Put a circle round this moment too . . . Why do you say no?"
Karen: "Not now. Not yet. It would blind us."

Schnitzel 2.
Ferrers (*taking hold of her*): "Will you stop talking. Stop. Stop."
Karen: "Your hands! You are hurting!"

Schnitzel 3.
Ferrers: "Come here. Let me look at you. Inside you, what are you thinking?"
Karen: "Of your suffering."

Schnitzel 4.
Ferrers: "But if this job goes wrong, we shall never marry. Do you understand that?
Karen: "No."

Schnitzel 5.
Karen: "I thought *I* was arrogant—but you frighten me."
Ferrers: "That's why you love me."
Karen: "Is that why?"

Schnitzel 6.
Karen: "There's only one real misery in life—to be entangled."

Schnitzel 7.
Ferrers (*takes her passionately*): "You know what would happen?"
Karen: "What would happen?"

Schnitzel 8.
Ferrers (*violently*): "Kiss me."
Karen: "Oh my God!"

3. Proceeds Mr. Morgan: "The truth which she (Karen) admits openly is one that has

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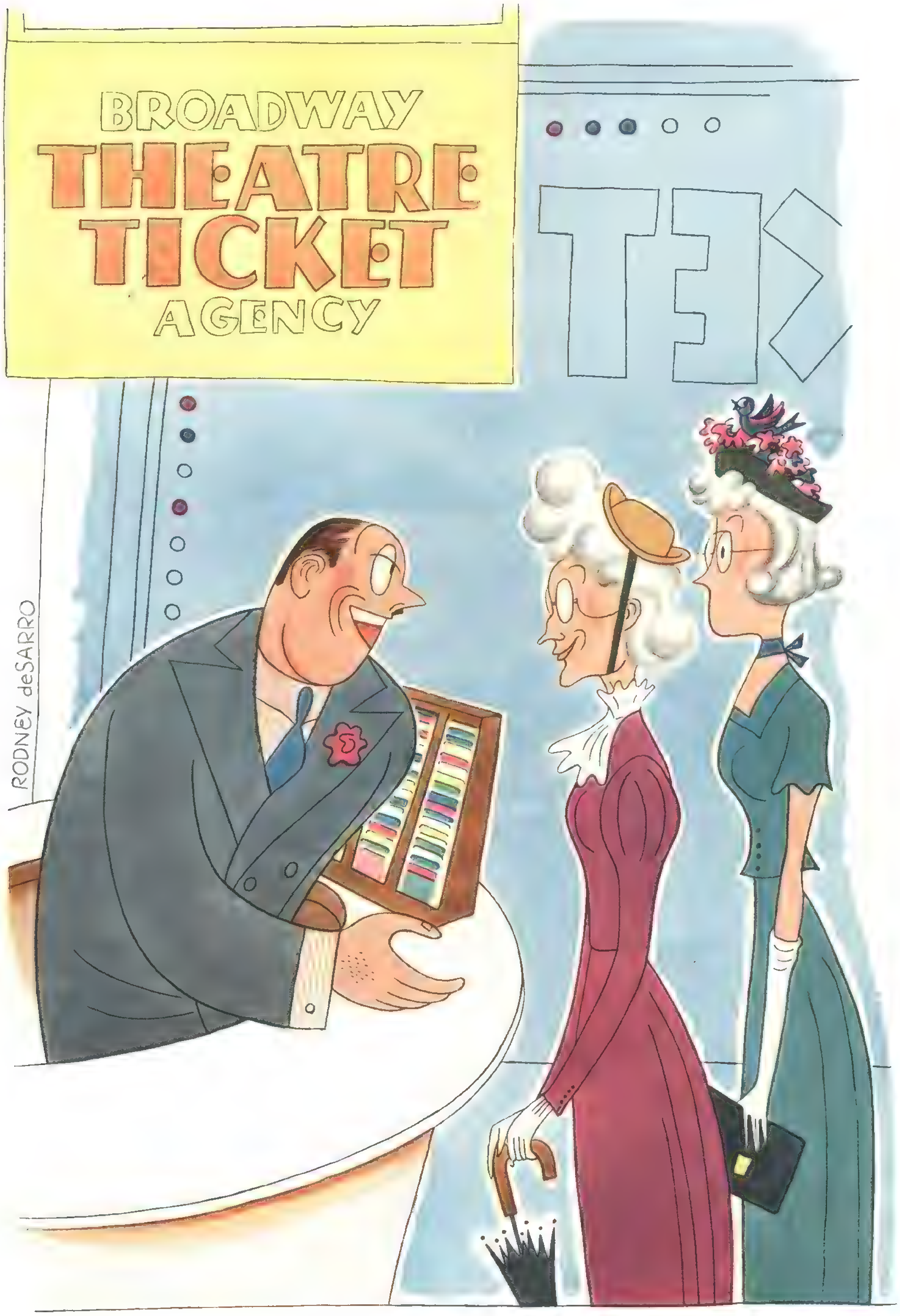
BROADWAY
THEATRE
TICKET
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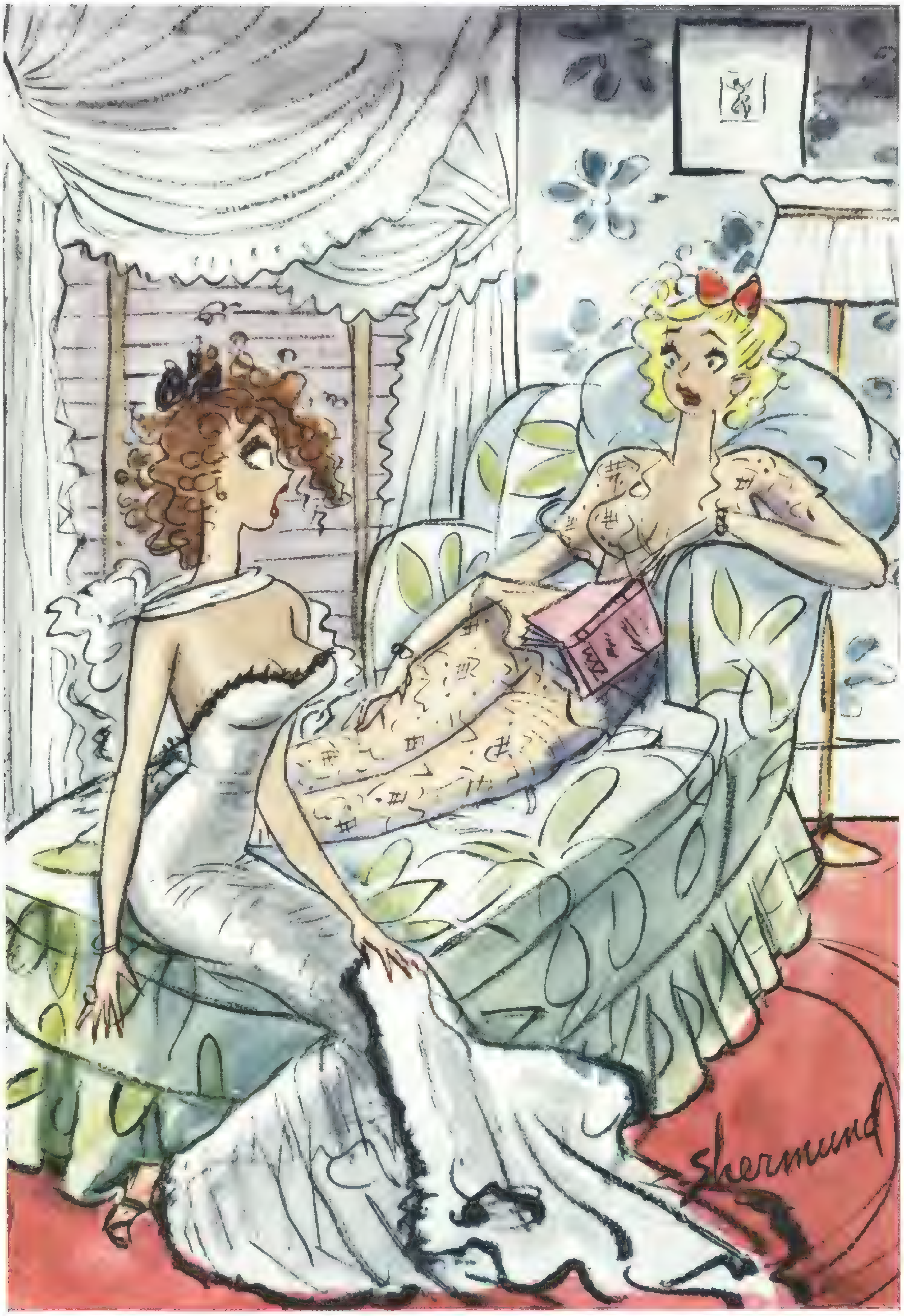
RODNEY deSARRO

"How would you like The Boys from Syracuse for four-fifty?"



"And then I matched him double or nothing—and lost!"

Memoirs of a Trouper

A columnist recalls through tears the thrills and triumphs, and the heartbreak of the ever-dying stage

by SIDNEY SKOLSKY

• ARTICLE •

THE theatre isn't what it used to be. It never was. When I first entered the theatre, way back in 1925, I heard that the theatre was dying, that it wasn't what it used to be. The day that I started work, *Outside Looking In*, with James Cagney and Charles Bickford, opened. Other attractions of that year were Mary Boland, Edna May Oliver, Humphrey Bogart and Gene Raymond in *Cradle Snatchers*, Katharine Cornell in *The Green Hat*, George Kelly's *Craig's Wife*, Eugene O'Neill's *The Great God Brown*, Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence and Jack Buchanan in *Charlot's Revue*. George S. Kaufman and Marc Connolly had decided to go their separate ways, Kaufman to write *The Butter and Egg Man* and Connolly to write *The Wisdom Tooth*. Regardless of this theatrical bill of fare, they said the theatre was dying. It was in this dying theatre that I decided to make a living. I worked in the Sam H. Harris publicity department.

THE THEATRE ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE!
RODNEY deSARRO

But no matter what I did, I was destined to become an actor. Press agenting was only my method of getting backstage. I remember my first meeting with an actor. I was the assistant press agent for the show *The Jazz Singer*, starring George Jessel. I had written stories for the newspapers about Mr. Jessel for six months, many even signed by George Jessel, before I met him. Then I asked him for an autographed photo. He took a picture of himself from his dressing table drawer, asked me my name, and then wrote across his chest: "To Sidney—who someday will write a great play. And I hope for his pal, George Jessel."

After that I never asked another actor or actress for an autographed photo. The theatre is disillusioning and full of heartbreak.

While doing press work for George White, I made my first appearance on any stage. The show was *Manhattan Mary*, with Ed Wynn and Lou Holtz, and the year was 1927. The theatre wasn't what it used to be, in 1927, either. That year Helen Hayes played *Coquette*; *Show Boat* was at the Ziegfeld Theatre; Edward G. Robinson was in *The Racket;* Hal Skelly and Barbara Stanwyck were in *Burlesque*; Eugene O'Neill wrote *Strange Interlude*, and Fred Astaire and his sister Adele were in *Funny Face*. People were saying the theatre wasn't what it used to be.

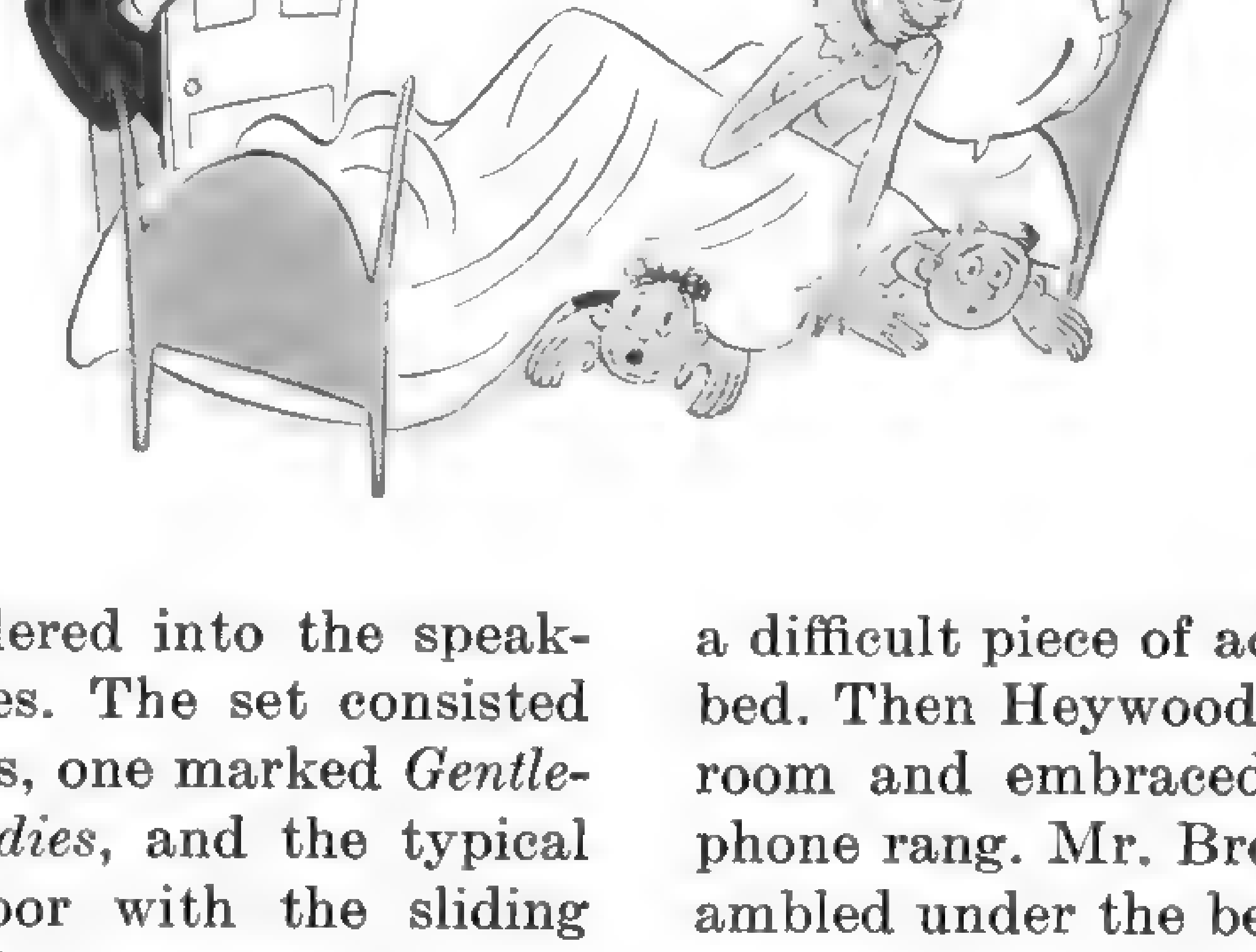
Not caring what people said, I was working as a press agent for White. I remember it like it was yesterday, to coin a cliché. It was a Friday night and the Apollo Theatre was packed. Lou Holtz was before the footlights singing the DeSylva, Brown and Henderson song, *Broadway*. The full stage behind him represented Times Square on a summer night: the entrance to the subway, electric lights, neon signs, and a crowd of people walking. The girls wore gingham dresses and the men displayed straw hats. I had been standing in the wings, wanting to get to the other side of the stage. I asked Sammy Ledner, the stage manager, how I could get across. Sammy said, "Step in line and walk across with the mob." I didn't hesitate. I stepped in the line and proceeded to walk across the stage. I was wearing an overcoat, with collar turned up, a gray felt hat, and had my hands in my overcoat pockets.

It didn't matter to me that everyone on the stage was wearing summer clothes except me. I stood out like a sore thumb, to coin a cliché. Reaching the other side of the stage, I didn't walk into the wings as intended. I rounded the turn with the players and started walking back. I liked it. I was stage struck. I made the trip again. Then George White, who had been waiting in the wings, grabbed me. He chased me out of the theatre.

Soon I was working as a press agent for Earl Carroll. Everything went smoothly until Mr. Carroll produced a show called Earl Carroll's *Sketch Book*. Mr. Carroll had a habit of naming shows after himself, whether they were *Vanities* or *Sketch Books*. In *Sketch Book*, there was a speakeasy skit. George Givot was the bartender, and Will Mahoney, William Demarest and Patsy Kelly wandered into the speakeasy and did specialties. The set consisted of a long bar, two doors, one marked *Gentlemen* and the other *Ladies*, and the typical speakeasy entrance door with the sliding panel. Mr. Carroll used to invite his friends and celebrities to stand at the bar during this skit. Of course they were delighted to do so. After the first week of the show, Mr. Carroll started to run out of friends. He found me standing in the rear of the orchestra, watching the show. Mr. Carroll said to me, "Get up on the stage and decorate the bar."

I was working for Earl Carroll and therefore did as told. I ran backstage. The speakeasy skit was on. I gathered all my nerve—my experience in *Manhattan Mary* had drained my courage—and walked through the door into the speakeasy. Now I don't want you to think I'm a ham, but I must say, with all modesty, that I never heard a bigger laugh than I got when I appeared on the stage. And I wasn't trying for a laugh. I couldn't understand why the audience was howling. I let my eyes race over my clothes. I was dressed properly, every button was in its place. Leaning against the bar, I whispered to George Givot: "What's the joke? Why did they laugh at me?" Givot answered: "You came in through the door marked *Ladies*." Every night after that, Earl Carroll had an actor make his entrance through the door labeled *Ladies*.

For a while it seemed as if my acting career was over. I just couldn't get another opportunity. I became press agent for *Keep Shuffling* and *Blackbirds*, but of course I couldn't act in these shows. I realized that I must make a change. I became the Broadway columnist for the *Daily News*. If I couldn't get a chance to act by being a press agent, perhaps being a Broadway columnist would help me. It did.



Heywood Broun had put on a revue called *Shoot the Works*, and had friends appearing as guest stars. In time, Mr. Broun, like Mr. Carroll, ran out of friends. Mr. Broun invited me to appear as a guest star. It was nice, going from bits to being a star. I accepted. After being introduced to the audience, I was to play in a sketch called *Open House*. I was one of five actors who was to visit Lee Brody in her bedroom. Here I embraced Miss Brody, and then the telephone rang. Miss Brody shouted: "My God—my husband!" I immediately left Miss Brody's arms, a difficult piece of acting, and slid under the bed. Then Heywood Broun entered the bedroom and embraced Miss Brody until the phone rang. Mr. Broun lowered himself and ambled under the bed. Here Mr. Broun said to me, "Didn't I meet you under a bed in Pittsburgh?" I didn't have an answer. Mr. Broun gave himself the best lines. It was his show.

But people said that I looked much better under a bed than Heywood Broun.

This role in *Shoot the Works* was my su-

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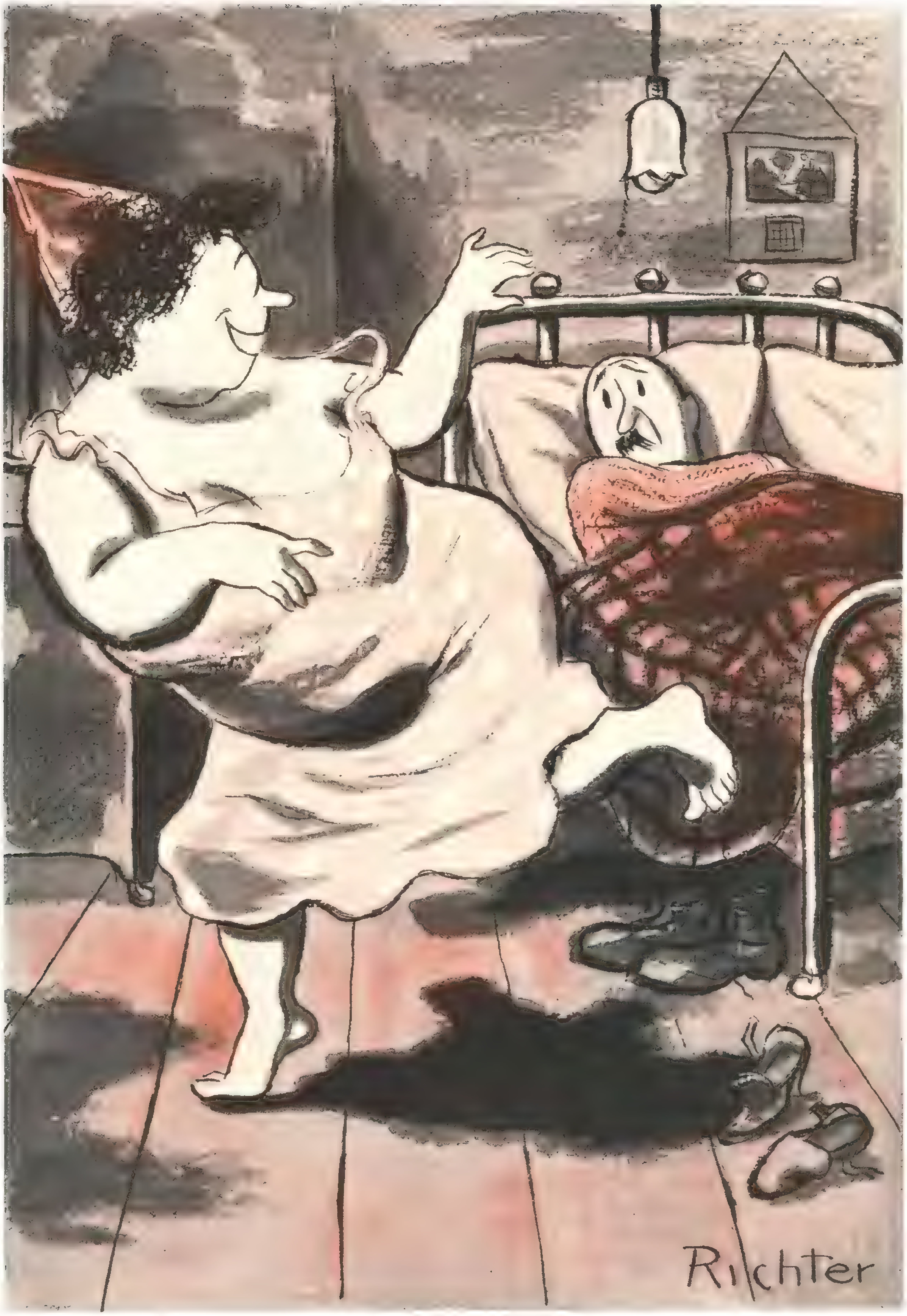


"Look, Herman, spring!"

Roulades and Cadenzas

Summing up *l'affaire Anderson*, in which a great artist was exploited in the Negro struggle for equality

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

PERIODICALLY, and, of late, more and more frequently, music is agitated by nonmusical elements. Today in our country, the art is being used to disseminate propaganda, and artists are manipulated as if they were political puppets.

The most publicized disturbance since Wilhelm Furtwängler gave up his contract with the New York Philharmonic Society, after its Board of Directors had selected him as the best qualified conductor to succeed Toscanini, is *l'affaire Anderson*. Here, an indisputably great musician was used as a pawn in the Negroes' struggle for racial equality.

In case you read only the headlines, and for the record, here is a brief statement of the facts as compiled by Miss Anderson's manager, Sol Hurok, commented on in italics by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

June 3rd, 1938

Howard University, Washington, D. C., obtains from S. Hurok, the privilege of presenting the world-renowned Negro contralto, in a recital in that city.

January 6th, 1939

Charles C. Cohen, Chairman of the Howard University Concert Series, applies to Constitution Hall for the purpose of reserving the Hall for a performance on April 9th. He is informed by Fred E. Hand, manager of the Hall *that the hall had been booked a year in advance by the National Symphony Orchestra for a concert on that date*, that a clause in the rental contract prohibits the presentation of Negro artists. Constitution Hall is owned, tax free, by the Daughters of the American Revolution. *Constitution Hall is not tax exempt.*

January 12th, 1939

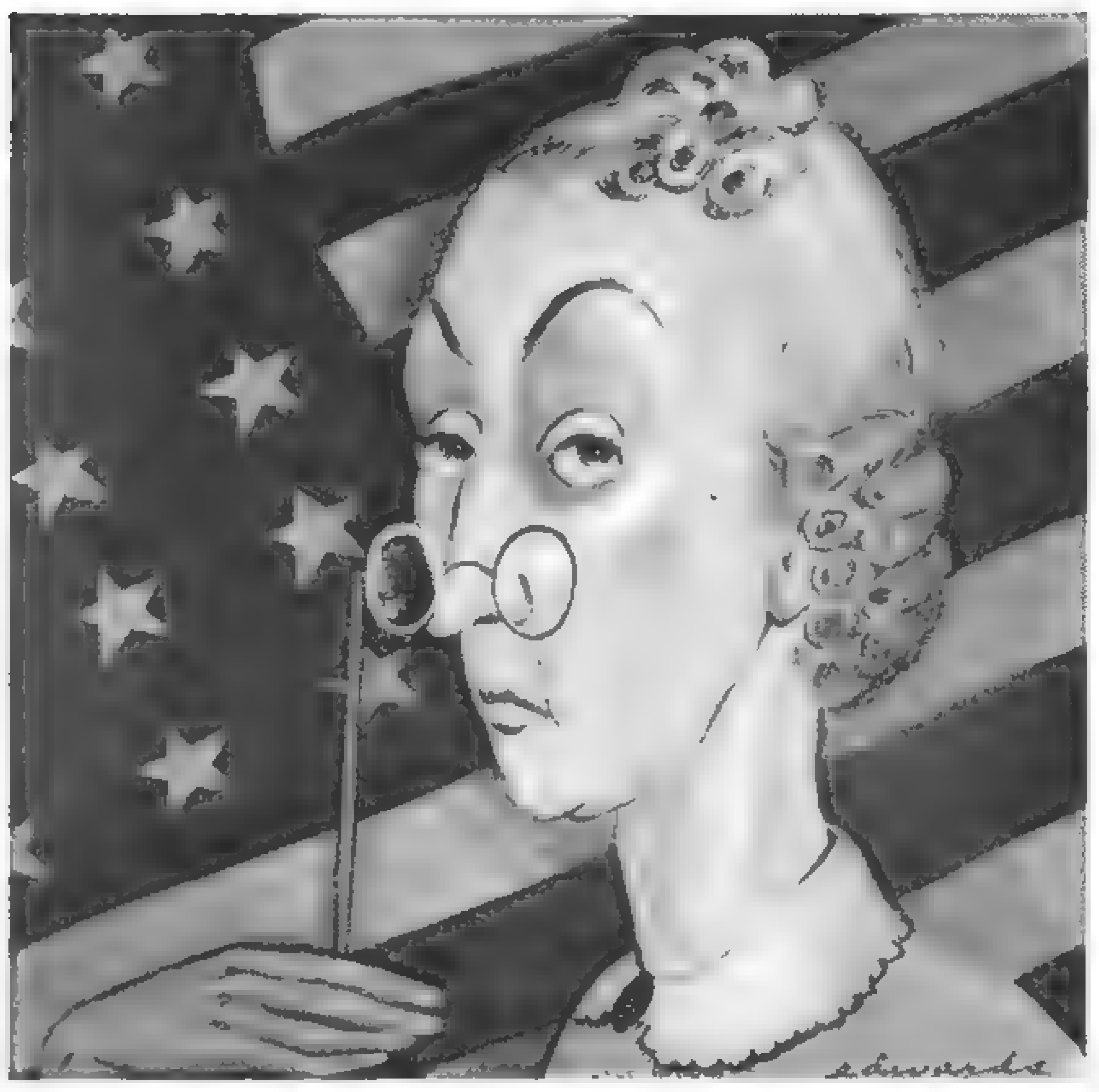
Mr. V. D. Johnston, Treasurer of Howard University, says in an open letter: "The question arises whether to impress upon the D. A. R. that this restriction may not represent public opinion in Washington."

January 15th, 1939

The *Washington Herald* comments on Constitution Hall: "It stands almost in the shadow of the Lincoln Memorial, but the Great Emancipator's sentiments about 'race, creed or previous condition of servitude' are not shared by the Daughters, for contracts *of a commercial nature*, the use of these halls contains a clause banning any member of the Negro race. Prejudice rules to make the Capital of the Nation ridiculous in the eyes of all cultured people and to comfort Fuehrer Hitler and the members of our Nazibund."

January 19th, 1939

Chairman Cohen *representing Howard University* to S. Hurok: "I am writing to you of our difficulty in securing an auditorium for Miss Marian Anderson who is to sing for us on April 9th."



January 23rd, 1939

S. Hurok to Fred Hand, Manager of Constitution Hall: "Without attempting to discuss the justification of such a policy, we are asking whether you would waive that restriction in the case of Miss Anderson. It need not be pointed out to you, we hope, that Marian Anderson is one of the greatest living singers and the application of such a restriction would be to deny a great musical experience to the people of your city, since it is impossible to present her in any other hall in Washington. Would you, or a possible board of managers whom you might represent, take up this request as soon as possible and advise us of your decision."

January 25th, 1939

Mr. Hand to Mr. Hurok: "I beg to advise you that Constitution Hall is not available on April 9th, 1939, because of prior commitments. In the matter of policy under which Constitution Hall operates, I would recommend that you address a letter to Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., President General of the National Society, D. A. R."

January 27th, 1939

Mr. Hurok to Mrs. H. M. Robert, Jr.: "The cultured people of America would be gravely offended by your decision to exercise the restriction above-mentioned." *This answer is the only communication received from Mr. Hurok on the subject. His only request was for April 9th—no other date was asked for by him.*

January 30th, 1939

Kirsten Flagstad, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, wires the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People saying: "As a foreigner in America, I have always been impressed by the freedom and democracy in this country. I therefore am greatly surprised to learn from you that the use of Constitution Hall in Washington has been refused for a concert to my fellow-artist, Marian Anderson."

Lawrence Tibbett, Metropolitan star and President of the American Guild of Musical Artists to the same organization: "Surely the Daughters of those who fought for the establishment of this great democracy would not wish to perpetuate such an obviously undemocratic and un-American rule as one which bars the appearance of any artist of whatever race, creed or color."

February 1st, 1939

The National Board of the D. A. R. met and discussed the question. Seven years ago, on March 23, 1932, they had adopted rules prohibiting lease of their hall to other than white artists on advice of their manager, who said the "best" halls and theatres in Washington do not rent to Negro groups. Miss Anderson's concert was sponsored by Howard University and by a ballot vote of 39 to 1, the Board voted to maintain its rule. At that time, however, no other date had been requested except April 9th.

February 3rd, 1939

Mrs. H. M. Robert, Jr., replies to Mr. Hurok: "At the time that the Chairman of the Howard University Concert Series approached the Manager of Constitution Hall, the Hall had already been engaged for Sunday, April 9th, by another musical organization."

February 7th, 1939

Mr. Hurok receives advice that Constitution Hall is available for a concert by Ignace Jan Paderewski. The open dates are April 1st, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 13th and 25th. He wires Chairman Cohen: "Am informed Constitution Hall available April 8th and 10th. Take steps immediately to book Anderson either date."

February 13th, 1939

Mrs. H. M. Robert, Jr., sends a circular letter to State Regents saying, among other things: "The rules governing the use of Constitution Hall are in accordance with the policy of theatres, auditoriums, hotels and public schools of the District of Columbia."

February 15th, 1939

Hall Manager Hand to Chairman Cohen: "The Hall is not available for a concert by Miss Anderson."

February 18th, 1939

Giuseppe Boghetti, Miss Anderson's teacher for nearly 20 years, says: "I had thought that kind of race prejudice was a thing of the past in this country. Coming at a time like this when prejudice and bigotry are rampant in other parts of the world, the action in Washington is particularly unfortunate. Mrs. Boghetti, who is a member of the D. A. R., is entirely in sympathy with my feelings in the matter, and is resigning from the organization."

February 19th, 1939

The Board of Education of the District of Columbia, Dr. F. W. Ballou, Superintendent of Schools, refuses to permit the use of the

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The Buffalo and the Bull

When the crowd saw how calmly the American buffalo waited, bets were all on the bellowing Spanish bull

by FRANKLIN REYNOLDS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Several years ago I went to Texas to witness the spectacle of a fight—across the Rio Grande in Juarez—between an American buffalo bull and a Spanish-bred fighting bull.

Upon my arrival in El Paso and Juarez I learned that two excellent specimens of the American buffalo bull had been brought down from Montana to assure that one, at least one, would be received in good fighting condition. These bulls had been shipped to El Paso by freight and then brought over into Mexico by Montana *vaqueros*—cowboys—who were quite expert at handling them.

I was privileged to see these bison bulls in the corral just outside the ring and found them quiet and not at all excited in their strange surroundings. I asked why they had not been placed in the *chiqueros*—darkened corrals—as the fighting bulls had been and was told the American backers of the buffalo had objected to this and that their objections had been honored by the Mexican gamblers who were willing that the buffalo bulls should be left accessible to the view of the public.

The Mexicans hoped that those who came to see them might annoy them, make them nervous, irritate them and cause them to worry themselves into a condition far from desirable for the fight.

The Americans had objected to them being placed in the *chiqueros* on the grounds that the darkness might affect their vision and so render them less able either to assault the enemy or defend themselves. The bulls had been left in the open and everybody was satisfied!

The Spanish bulls were, as is usual with them, placed in the solitary confinement of the *chiqueros* not for the purpose of decreasing their fighting ability, or impairing their vision or giving the *matadors*, in this instance the buffalo, any advantage, but on the contrary for the purpose of soothing and quieting the bulls and rendering them far more savage and dangerous in the ring.

There were six or seven of the fighting bulls. Two of them were fine imported animals bred from countless generations of the best Spain had to offer the arena. The others, perhaps slightly larger, were Mexican bulls raised on a ranch in Zacatecas. All were four or five years of age. The imported animals were black, the others spotted, but all had excellent horns—one possessed exceptionally wide and large horns—all had powerful shoulders, magnificent necks and good legs. All were truly *toros bravos*—brave and vicious bulls—naturally instinctive fighters and killers. Few men had ever seen finer *toros*.

The entrance of the buffalo into the ring was disappointing. He came in slowly not looking up nor to the left or right. He just lumbered in and midway between the center of the ring and the *barrera*—the fence around the ring—he stopped, let his head drop and stood motionless. Immediately a whisper, a dangerous whisper, surged through the crowd to the effect that inasmuch as the whole affair was a gambling proposition some gambler had doped the buffalo!

While the buffalo was standing quietly, his head lowered indifferently, disinterestedly, the first Spanish bull—the one with exceptionally wide and large horns—was let into the ring at a point farthest from the buffalo. The animal trotted in, head high and swinging, eyes blazing, tail waving, nostrils distended and bellowing. Not even the presence of the bull or the sound of his bellowing caused the buffalo to bat an eye. He remained content to stand as placidly as if he had been fashioned from bronze instead of blood and bone and flesh and muscle.

The attention of the bull was immediately attracted by two *picadors*—mounted bullfighters—and two *banderilleros*—bullfighters who, unmounted, assist the *matador*. These prodded the bull with their sharp *pics* and ran him with their capes and caused him to charge their *muletas*—those red cloths used to divert the attention of the brute—and otherwise sought to arouse his fighting spirit, all the while leading him nearer and nearer the buffalo who yet remained wholly inattentive.

When the bullfighters thought they had the bull as near the buffalo as was safe for them, and sufficiently near to provoke him to attack the American animal, they suddenly disappeared behind the *burladeros*—shelters a little out from the *barrera* behind which the fighters can dodge if pursued too closely. The space between the *burladero* and the *barrera* is sufficient to admit the body of a man but insufficient to admit the pursuing animal.

Unable to locate the *matador* or his *banderilleros*, and the *picadors* having ridden out of the ring, the bull turned furiously upon the only creature in sight—the buffalo!

Suddenly the idea occurred to me that the inexperienced American co-promoters had neglected a very important thing, and that this negligence was responsible for the inactivity of their animal. Thoughtfully, the Mexicans had examined the eyes and tested the vision of their bulls and had found them perfect in this respect. The Texans and Montana *vaqueros* had failed to test the vision of the buffalo, had failed to remember that perfect vision is as necessary as any other element of fitness to any fighting animal, buffalo, bull or man! To this day I believe I was right. *The buffalo did not see the bull until the bull charged!* Then the buffalo dropped his shaggy head even more, ringed his tail over his back and charged too! The brutes met in a collision that shook the ground!

At this juncture the Mexicans discovered their major error. No *banderillas*—those weapons with harpoon-shaped sharp steel points—had been placed in the muscular hump on the bull's shoulders and neck to cause him to toss his head, tire those muscles and fight with his head lower as would have been done in a regular fight against a *matador!* The chest of the buffalo was much nearer the ground than the chests of the horses ridden by the *picadors*.

The buffalo's head was considerably lower than the bull's and he knew equally as much about how to use his horns. He caught the bull in the chest just behind the foreleg and tossed the *toro* cleanly off the ground! The grunt of the bull when the buffalo gored him could be heard by all the spectators. The bull fell on his side, quickly regained his feet and then charged fast at the slowly advancing buffalo. At the sight of his enemy charging, the buffalo lumbered into an answering charge and the two animals met again much as before. In this clash the buffalo forced the bull to the ground and was upon him goring, butting and slashing the *toro* with his hooves before the product of Spain could arise. In

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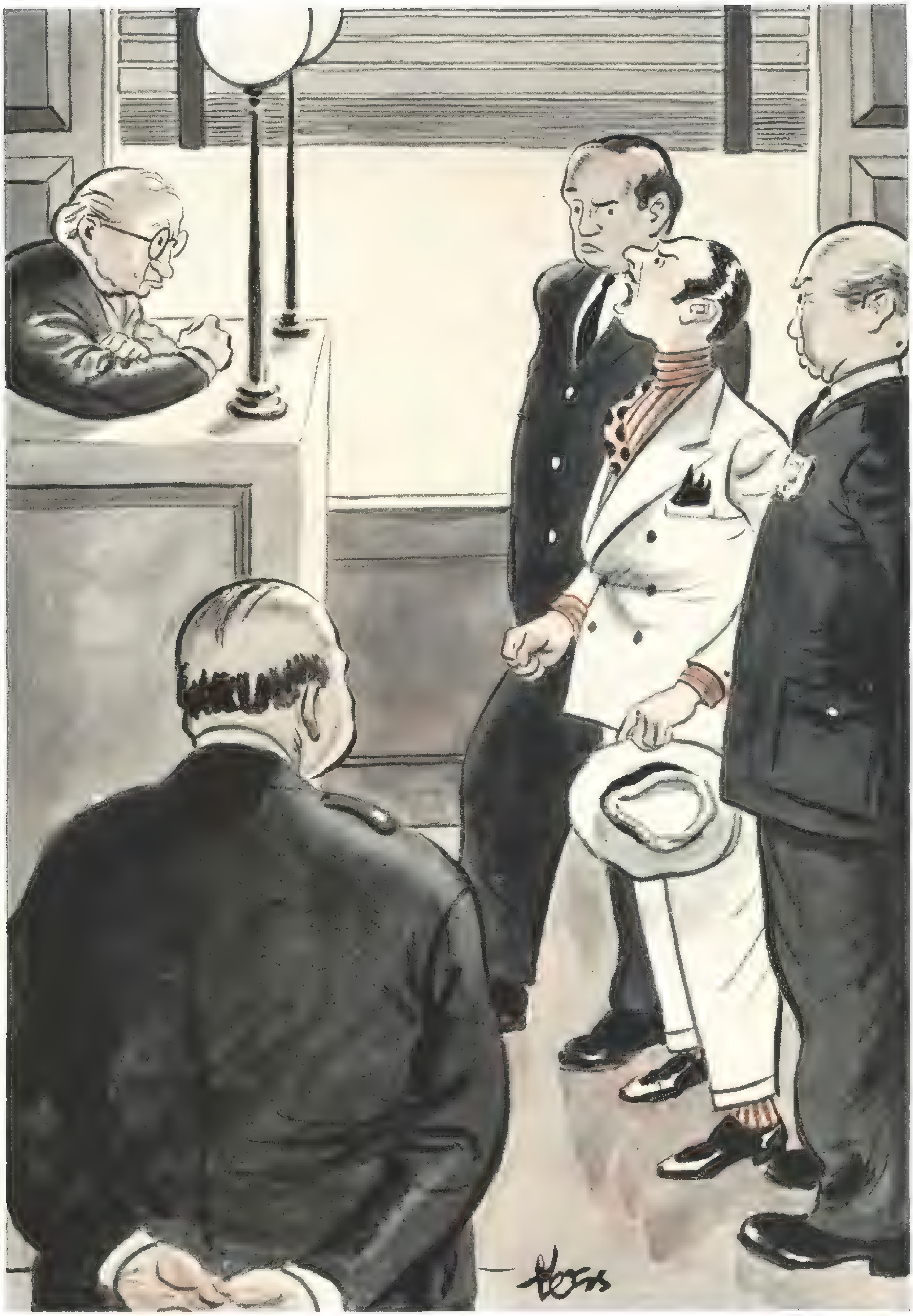

"Listen, wise guy—judge not lest you be judged yourself!"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Steinbeck says democracy stinks, Hays proves it works, while Wells cries the dictators are just around the corner

by CHARLES RUTHERFORD

▪ BOOKS ▪

THE Lord, according to an ancient, apocryphal story, was taking his ease. On a couch of star drifts beyond the Pleiades, smoking a magnificent ten-cent segar, he contemplated the cosmic twilight. The smooth, automatic functioning of Space-Time pleased him.

But, according to the hoary legend, the Lord sensed unrest in the ether. At first he could not make out its origin. He leaned out from the gold bar of heaven and scrutinized his world. His attention became drawn to the planet, Earth, a satellite of one of the lesser stars.

Earth was overrun with confusion.

The Reverend Father Coughlin, the Reverend Aimee Semple McPherson, the Right Reverend Bishop Manning, the Reverend Preston Bradley, and other contemporary saints were holding forth with much heat and little light on the meaning of life and God's purpose with man.

In their domestic and mortgaged boxes, the little people, such as had not risen and gone forth to hear conflicting messages, sat reading the Hearst, Rothermere and other newspapers, in which too many Sokolskys, de Casseres, Isaac Don Levines, Lippmanns, and Peglers introduced them to the Long View and the Cosmic Slant in between the columns of smut and scandal.

The ancient fable says that the sound of all these axes being ground, and the odors of sanctity, newsprint, and stale cigarette butts, all mounting to the skies, riveted the attention of the Lord to this fragment of his universe.

He saw the millions of his children immersed in the successors of the sage Brisbane. Ranging about the planet the All-Seeing Eye detected in the Congo black Coughlins, shaking horrific rattles; in Mongolia, wily, slant-eyed Sokolskys operating from behind mouldy Buddhas; in the frozen North, Bishop Mannings sewed up in bearskins anointing the totems; in the isles of the South Seas, overexposed Aimees in straw panties, beating tom-toms—each holding forth in his way, to all the races of Joe Doaks, on the meaning of life and God's purpose with man.

In the Forums, in the Women's Clubs, in the Town-Halls-Tonight, the Lord noticed thousands of his little people enthralled by such of their kind as had the gift of gab—listening to "Mankind at the Crossroads," "The Challenge of Dictatorship," "Has Life a Meaning?" "Jesus, Not Hitler!," "The New World Crisis," and "After Albania, What?"

According to this old tale of our forefathers, the Lord's All-Remembering Mind recalled yesterday. It passed in review Moses and Plato, Gautama and Confucius, Nietzsche and Samuel Smiles and other formulators of the meaning of life. The All-Imaging fancy pierced the future in whose womb legions of prophets, expounders, and interpreters stirred, impatient to be born.

* * *

The ancient frayed manuscript, found inside the rickety prayer-wheel of a Tibetan lamasery, ends there. It fails to mention the parallel output of the publishing business. It does not tell how the bookshelves groan under a burden such as may well keep the little people, and the book-reviewers among them, awake nights, their pillows haunted by the specter of collapse on every human front.

An able man, Arthur Garfield Hays, proves that Democracy works. Equally able, Carleton Beals and John Steinbeck show that it no longer works on the American land. Equally able, a story teller named Elliot Paul, shows democracy's collapse in a small city. A writer, H. G. Wells, who is a whole literature all by himself, reveals how it is doomed to dictatorship. A reporter and two specialists prove to us that crime is no longer special and abnormal, but as ubiquitous, egregious, and omnipresent as rain and tag day.

Steinbeck's *In Dubious Battle*, is one of the great strike stories. His new novel, *The Grapes of Wrath* (Viking, $2.75), is the epic of ten thousand farmers driven off their land by the three afflictions of drought, the banks, and the tractor. Its theme is the almost incredible suffering and strength of this farmer forced to become a migrant worker, traveling west in search of a job, any job, with the babies and the household goods loaded in the rickety automobile. It's a new Go West unforeseen by Greeley, a trek that involves marrying, giving birth, and dying by the side of the road.

Following the Joad family, Steinbeck traces the fate of thousands of farmers. The Joads, generations ago, owned forty acres in Oklahoma. Hard times brought them into debt. After the dust storms the banks took over these and a million Joads in a dozen states, and told them to git. The banks decide they must recover their margin of profit. Tractors are sent out to do the work of the tenant farmers.

The Joads saw a handbill: "Jobs in California." They sold everything, and were well cheated because of their need. Of the eleven that started, two died on the road, but even so the misery of the long haul was as nothing to the terror they found in sunny and prolific California.

The total picture is one of fearful change, of men forced by the impersonal system of their time to act out their roles. Those who have, oppress and kill those who have not, and fear is at the bottom of it. Among the have-nots, hunger and pain build up a mounting anger, a rage that may some day explode into action.

Frank Norris' *The Octopus* was a great book in its day, and thirty-five years later, John Steinbeck has written an epic to stand by its side. It is the most moving and ambitious story he has yet told. It made me ashamed of my three meals a day and my money in the bank. It forced me out of the house with the intention of becoming stinko. I only hope it penetrates into the Highest Quarters in Washington. Maybe the President already has a book. He should move it over to make room for this one.

* * *

Carleton Beals, who has a reputation as a specialist in Latin-American affairs, turns to his own, his native land in *American Earth* (Lippincott, $3). Searching for clues to our present ills, he winds back into history, interpreting the American past in terms of the exploitation of soil and people. Our free land, he finds, was never in fact free for all. The little people, the settlers, were always robbed by the industrialists, the large agrarians, and the financiers. Bribes opened the hands and shut the mouths of congressmen who sanctioned the spoliation of a continent, and the Supreme Court interpreted the law to seal the thievery. On this wholesale injustice a civilization was built mouthing the ideals of liberty—and meaning by them basically the freedom of the most powerful to get more power. This civilization today must pay for its past.

Don't gather from this that Mr. Beals has become a Red. He has a poor opinion of the Soviet Union. He doesn't consider collectivization as a way out, whether Socialist or any

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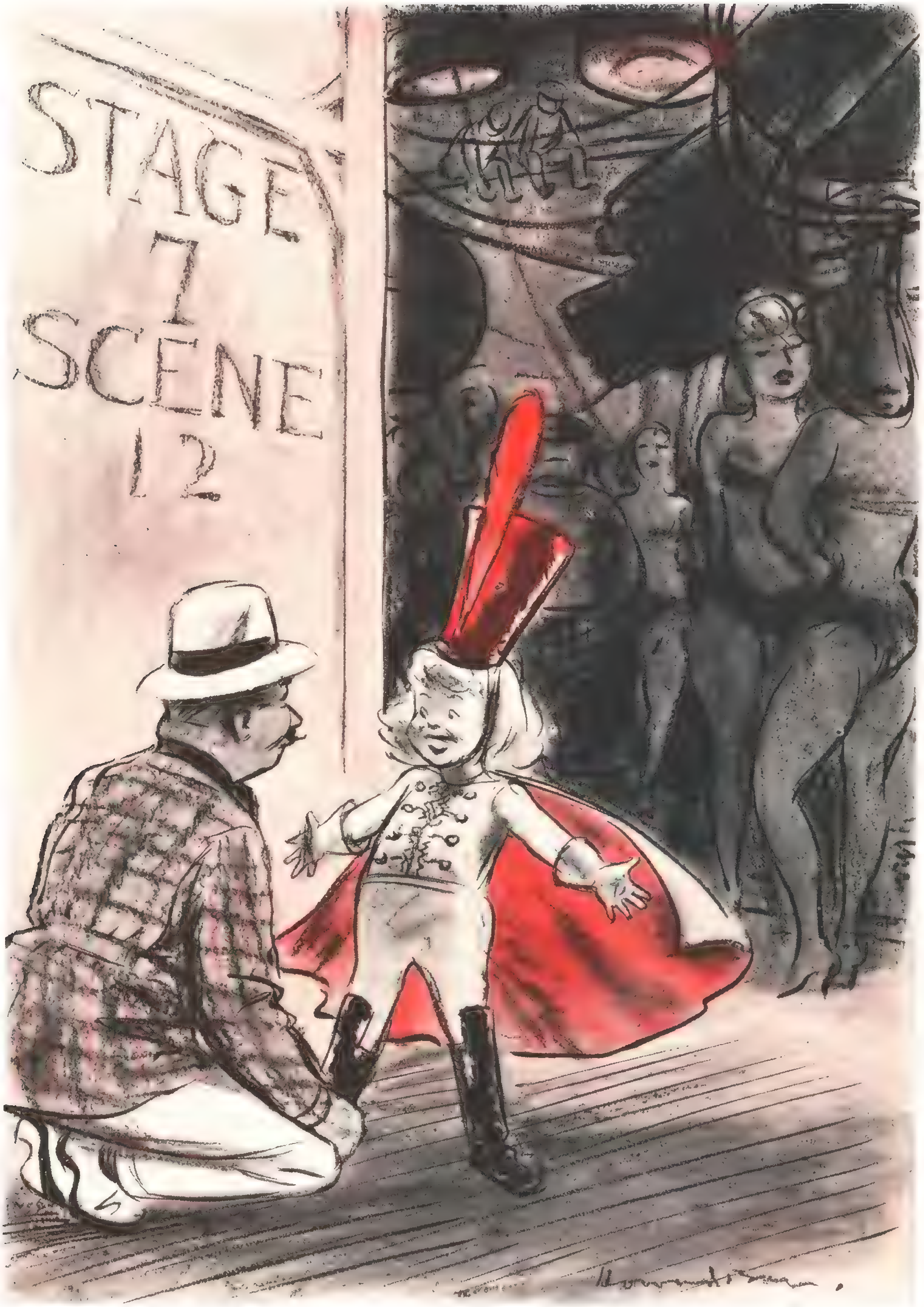
STAGE
7
SCENE
12

"Because you're the sweetest Daddy in the whole world I'm increasing your allowance for Father's Day"

On the Record

When Kostelanetz gives a chorus of *Tiger Rag* to his violins, the New York Philharmonic better look smart

by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

When I hear André Kostelanetz making music on the air, what I want to do is listen and then listen some more. As he started off his current *Tune-Up Time* series with *Tiger Rag*, the chills ran up and down my spine as they do when Stokowski does the *Fire-Bird* or Toscanini begins the *Semiramide* overture. The more Kostelanetz performances I hear, the more I'm convinced that music lovers have no comprehension of what he has been doing these past ten years . . . by setting a standard for the playing of popular music—which, incidentally, is the world's folk music—and by experimenting with microphone sounds and adding to existing tonal possibilities.

Certainly, if ever standards of musicianship were needed, it is among makers of syncopation. The fact is that any pushy young blade with cash and contacts can hire a dozen tootlers and a nimble press agent and overnight become a "name" band leader. From reading fan mags, I gather that anyone with a bachelor's degree nowadays is a potential Jan Garber. The kindest thing you can say about certain glamorous stick-wavers is that they conscientiously wrestle in a vacuum.

Kostelanetz, almost alone among current caterers to popular tastes, possesses a thorough musical training (based on the old European tradition), a subtle knowledge of orchestration, and a willingness to spend as much effort in preparation of a Jerome Kern tune as is usually given a symphonic score.

Of the fourteen lime-lighted maestri who personally have told me of their admiration for Koussevitsky, Toscanini and Stokowski, Kostelanetz is the only one I have ever seen at a symphony concert.

The men in his orchestra are indisputably the finest players to perform transient tunes. The ultimate in virtuosity and versatility, they are unrivaled. Want to prove it? Listen to the violin chorus in *Tiger Rag* (Brunswick No. 8233). It is doubtful if, man for man, members of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony could match them.

The presence of this orchestra has improved the performance of all dance bands. Kostelanetz was the first to insist on adequate rehearsals for a commercial radio show, the first to show up the old out-of-balance orchestra where six violins crowded around the mike and tried to sound like forty. He chose his players for their versatility and the blending of their tone, much as a philatelist chooses postage stamps. His first clarinetist, Chester Hazlett, sometimes arrives at the broadcasting studio in two taxis, both jammed with instruments. His first trumpet, Harry Freistad, dumps down three hatboxes of mutes.

Attend a Kostelanetz rehearsal and then afterwards, one by Lombardo, Whiteman, Glen Gray, or anybody you choose, and you'll know without further discussion why his name has become a hallmark of quality. One passage or combination of notes may be repeated twenty-five times before a desired effect is obtained. An English authority credits him with an "X-ray ear as acute as an aircraft detector." But with all his fastidiousness, Kostelanetz wastes no motions, loses not one moment. He is the practical musician *par excellence.*

And he knows that though an orchestration sounds fantastic in the studio, it may be lousy over the air. He spends hours experimenting, listening in the control room while his men hold their instruments at different angles and different relative positions to the microphone. Every piece he plays is prepared carefully and tastefully for the "mike," and that is why he is said to have "discovered" many distinctive colorings and blendings . . . why MGM's musical director asks his orchestra to give him the "Kostelanetz" strings . . . why Paul Whiteman asks his men for brass effects *à la* Kostelanetz. He gets dynamics, phrasing, nuances that only a symphonic conductor asks for. No wonder musicians and orchestra men admire him. No wonder, when his Chesterfield show folded after four years, the *World-Telegram* said: "Kosty's departure will be a blow to many an orchestra leader and arranger. His program was always a fertile source of musical ideas and devices that could be imitated."

Moreover, the Kostelanetz orchestra is the only one playing popular presentations that can, on the same program, accompany a Heifetz and a Flagstad and command their respect. A sample of what can be done in that line are his accompaniments for Mme Kostelanetz which Victor is currently releasing.

* * *

It refreshed my fiendish soul to see Kostelanetz confound our musical snobs with his condensation of the classics. He broadcast their melodic essence, omitted connecting passages, superfluous repeats and recapitulations. Immediately he was assured on unimpeachable authority that the composers, one and all, were whirling in their graves.

Perfect Wagnerites, who didn't find out until last April (when the New York Philharmonic-Symphony played the whole second act of *Tristan*) that the Met had been holding out on them, told everybody that they were "mortified beyond expression." Purists who didn't know—and for that matter don't know yet—that Arturo Toscanini cuts the Bruckner C minor Symphony every time he conducts it, that Bruno Walter removes six minutes from Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, that Barbirolli takes as much out of Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*, that Mengelberg deleted an entire section of Tchaikovsky's Fifth, that Alfred Coates cuts Scriabin's *Le Poeme d'Exstase* almost in half, and that Stokowski revamps the scores of Bach, Wagner and anybody else as he sees fit, not only as to length, but as to sound, color and feeling . . . were willing to wage a "holy war" against Kostelanetz' five-minute pocket edition of Tchaikovsky's overture-fantasy *Romeo and Juliet*, his four-and-a-half minute version of George Gershwin's *American in Paris*, and the streamlined overture to Rossini's *Barber of Seville* which came off in ninety seconds flat. Pedagogues wired his sponsors, considered calling out the police and the Federal Communications Commission. Women's clubs protested, and even radio columnists became learned and frowned on "music in capsule form."

As every alert listener knows, the principle is eminently sound. Books and articles are digested every day. Orson Welles condensed Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables*, and Dickens' *Christmas Carol*, and Shakespeare has withstood considerable trimming. All depends on how it is done . . . and for what purpose. André Kostelanetz reasoned quite correctly that most Americans are not yet ready to sit through Brahms' *First* or Wagner's *Ring*, that for them the saturation point in attention comes very quickly. The choice, therefore, is five or six minutes of a great composition or none at all. Isn't it better to have radio listeners know the chief outlines, the best melodies of a great symphony than noth-

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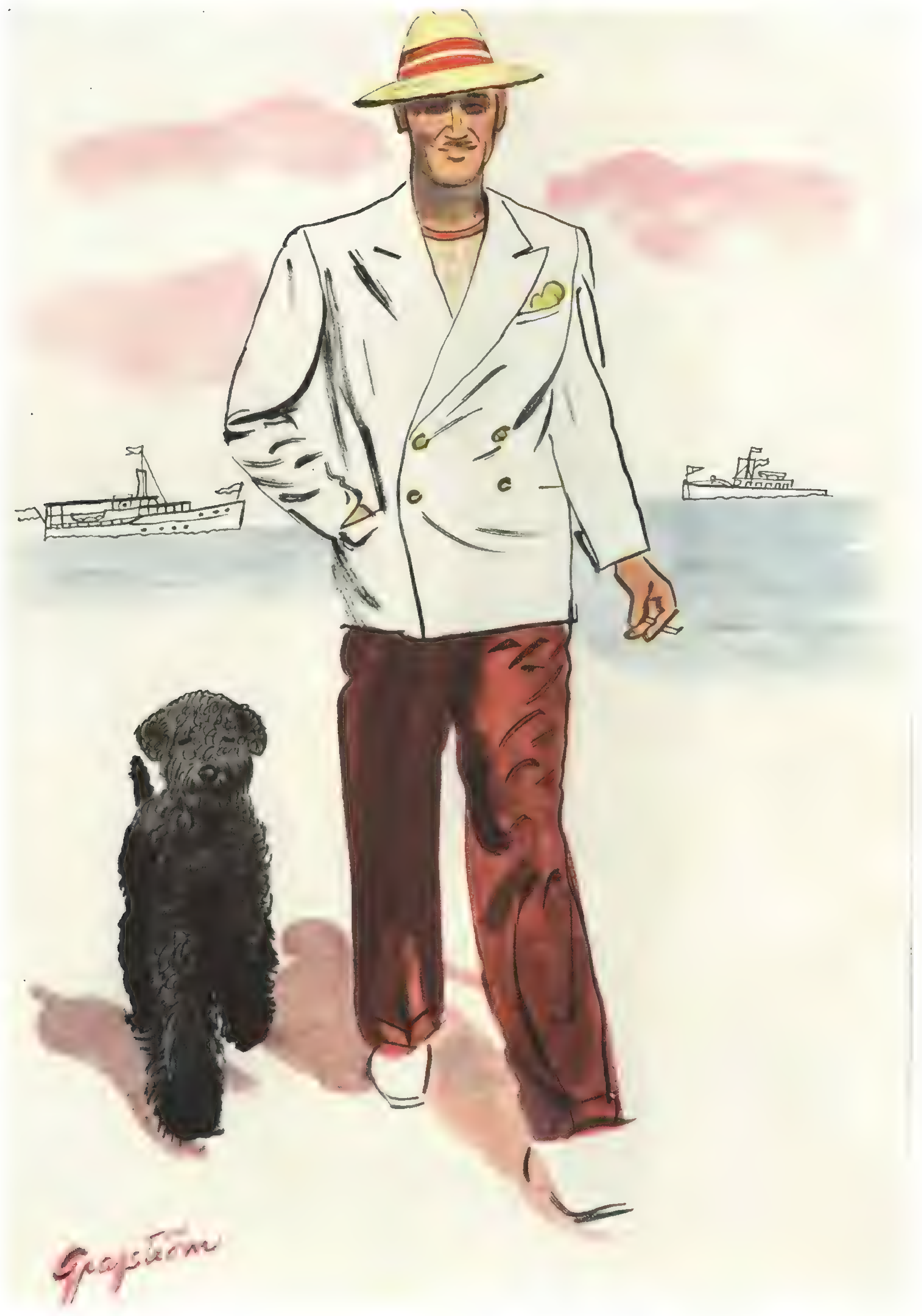
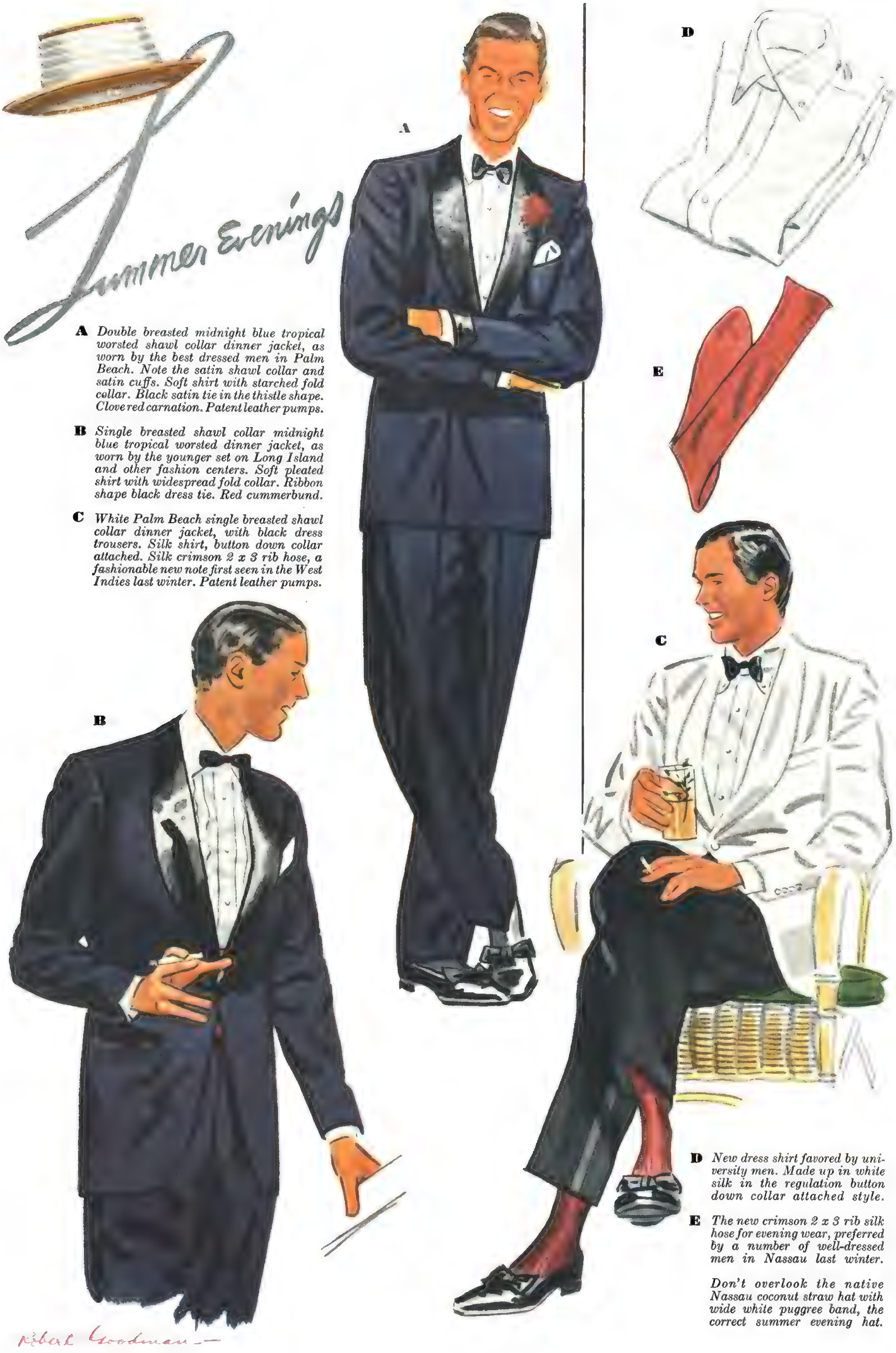


That informal touch...

If informality were achieved by the simple process of wearing old clothes, beggars would be fashion plates. So, even though informality should be the keynote of your summer vacation kit, you'll have to exercise a bit of forethought. Here's a notion from Nassau that strikes the right balance between nonchalance and style, an outfit that would be at home in any seashore or mountain resort, appropriate for wear after a round of golf, for sailing, fishing, luncheon or cocktails during the day. The double breasted white blazer is of cotton, Palm Beach or linen and carries brass buttons. The beach slacks are in cabaña red, a noteworthy color introduced last year on the Riviera. White beach shoes and a crew neck half-sleeve shirt in cotton mesh with contrasting border complete this outfit, with the addition of a lightweight Jippi Jappa hat with wide brim and club stripe band. When it's "hot enough for you," the coat can be removed and you'll still have a smart outfit. For more formality, retain the coat, substitute flannel trousers for the slacks and add a shirt and tie.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Summer Evenings



A *Double breasted midnight blue tropical worsted shawl collar dinner jacket, as worn by the best dressed men in Palm Beach. Note the satin shawl collar and satin cuffs. Soft shirt with starched fold collar. Black satin tie in the thistle shape. Clove red carnation. Patent leather pumps.*

B *Single breasted shawl collar midnight blue tropical worsted dinner jacket, as worn by the younger set on Long Island and other fashion centers. Soft pleated shirt with widespread fold collar. Ribbon shape black dress tie. Red cummerbund.*

C *White Palm Beach single breasted shawl collar dinner jacket, with black dress trousers. Silk shirt, button down collar attached. Silk crimson 2 x 3 rib hose, a fashionable new note first seen in the West Indies last winter. Patent leather pumps.*

D *New dress shirt favored by university men. Made up in white silk in the regulation button down collar attached style.*

E *The new crimson 2 x 3 rib silk hose for evening wear, preferred by a number of well-dressed men in Nassau last winter.*

Don't overlook the native Nassau coconut straw hat with wide white puggree band, the correct summer evening hat.

Week-end vacation

Native pattern cotton swimming trunks

Mesh half-sleeve shirt and flannel slacks for golf

Grey flannel suit, ideal for traveling

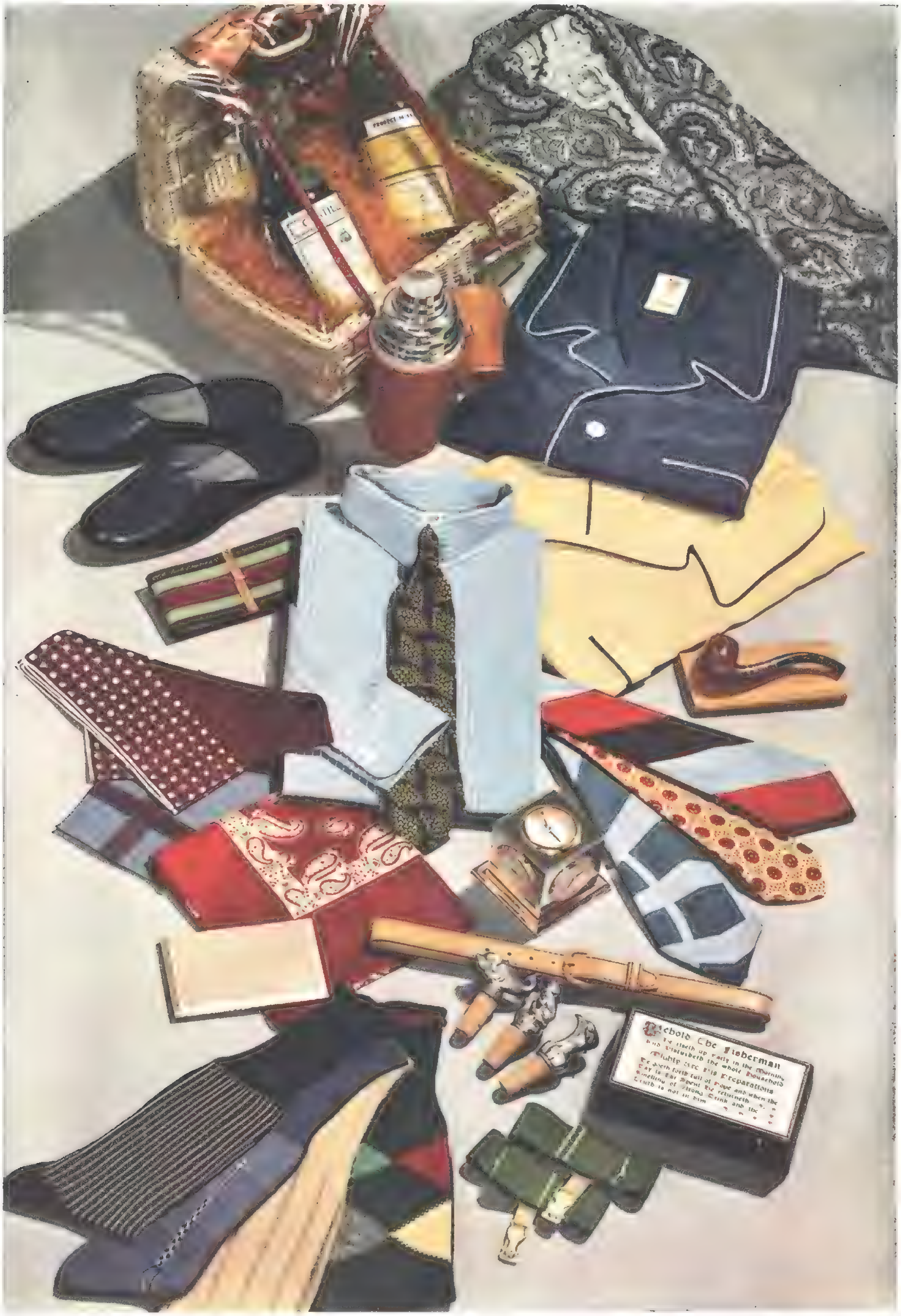
Blazer and lightweight beach slacks for informal lounge wear

White single breasted dinner jacket for week-end evenings at the country club

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Robert Goodman

f is for father



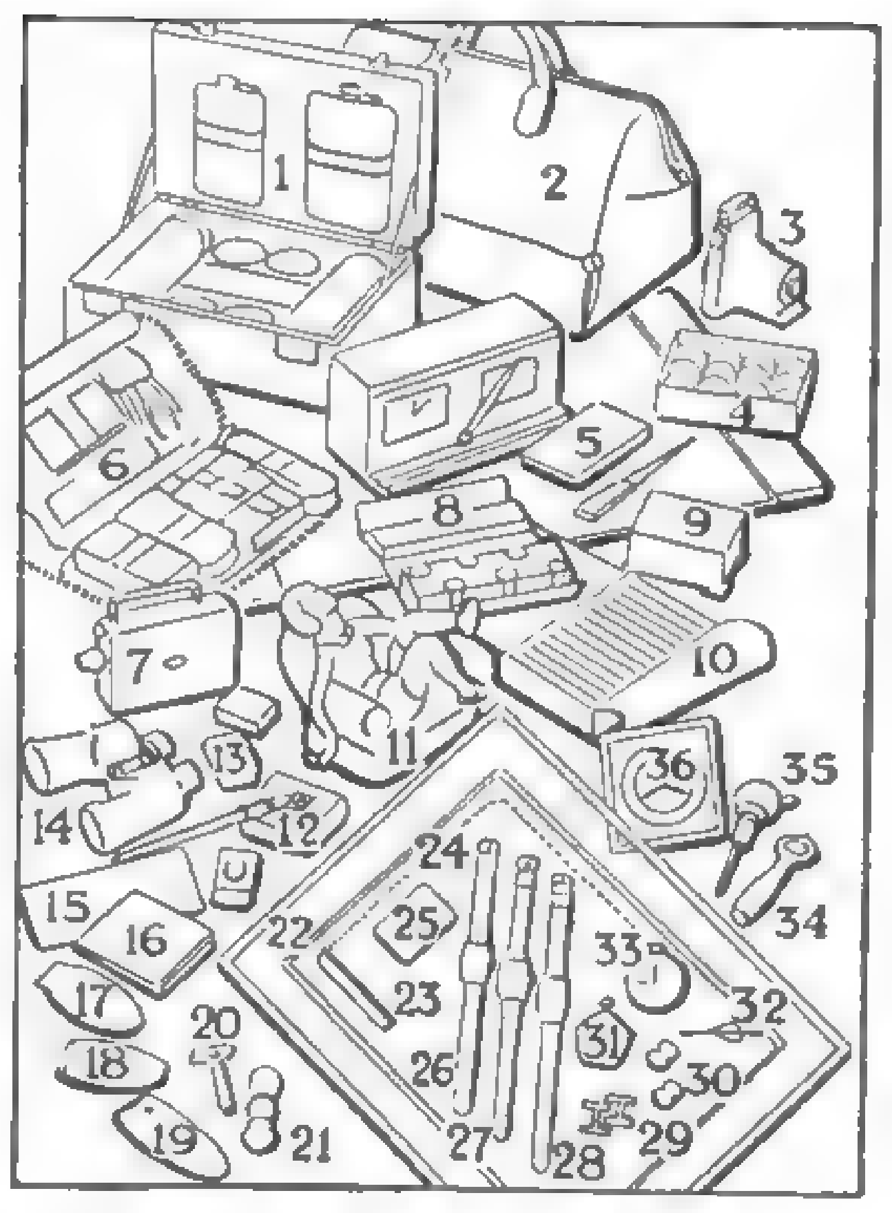
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY WHITING-FELLOWS

EVEN the most filial of offspring used to approach Father's Day with mixed feelings because they knew that, from a commercial standpoint, it helps business. But by this time they've come to the conclusion that, after all, Father's in business too. So we can all forget the cynicism and hew to the sentiment—because, after all, Dad will get a boot out of one of these tokens of esteem: 1—Gift basket of liquor to put him in good spirits for his day, with some left over for future reference . . 2—Cocktail shaker in leather case, with built-in cups . . 3—The Paisley touch offers luxurious connotations in this lightweight wool bathrobe . . 4 and 5—Pamper him with silk pajamas . . 6—He'll have no kick coming if you give him these swanky leather mules . . 7—Braces that add a concealed but emphatic note of color to the masculine ensemble . . 8—A smart-looking shirt, if you want to get down to fundamentals . . 9—Or a foulard tie . . 10—Perhaps it's time for the pipe of peace . . 11—And with it a pigskin pouch . . 12-14—A good Father's Day tie-up in this order: striped, foulard and charvet . . 15—Five gifts in one: combination clock, calendar, barometer, thermometer and compass . . 16-18—Handkerchiefs of more than ordinary character, two of silk and one of linen . . 19—Silver cigarette case, top pops open with a push . . 20-23—You can say it with socks, in rayon, camel's hair or wool . . 24—And to hold them up, wide elastic garters . . 25—Leather preference cigarette box with humorous verse on lid, the more pertinent the better . . 26—Bird, frog and fish bottle tops . . 27—Get around Dad on Father's Day with a handsome calfskin belt.

(If you can't obtain these articles locally, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C., for information)

G is for gifts

JUNE 18th is Father's Day, so you'd better take a quick look at these pump-primers in case the well of ideas has run dry. There's no penalty against selecting a last-minute gift, as long as it doesn't look the part! These gifts don't! 1—Portable cocktail set, if Father is a traveling man . . 2—For that week end at the club, bag with slide-fastened pocket for golf shoes . . 3—Folding camera . . 4—Golf balls . . 5—For the big executive, a desk set in Florentine leather . . 6—When he's on the road, a pigskin fitted dressing case with slide fastener . . 7—For a record of the family in movies . . 8—Traveling poker set . . 9—Combination table lighter and cigarette box . . 10—A box of 25 fine cigars . . 11—"Her heart belongs to Daddy" . . 12—Fountain pen desk set . .13—Match box holders with sports motifs . . 14—"All the better to see you with": binoculars . . 15—Very thin pinseal dress wallet with rolled gold edges . . 16—Crocodile wallet . . 17-19—Electric razors . . 20—Safety razor . . 21—Shaving brush of soft badger hairs . . 22—Tooled leather picture frame to hold Johnny Jr. . . 23—Knife for watch chain, containing blade and nail file . . 24—Gold and silver watch chain . . 25—When he's out on the golf course, a windproof monogrammed pocket lighter . . 26—Watch curved to fit the wrist . . 27—Thin watch curved to fit the wrist . . 28—Another wrist-fitting watch . . 29—Streamlined 14K gold cuff links . . 30—Gold links, if he's on the conservative side . . 31—Thin pocket watch for evening wear, in an unusual shape . . 32—He'll be glad to get a gold tie clasp . . 33—Pocket watch in the traditional manner . . 34—Cap lifter with corkscrew in the handle . . 35—Bottle top containing liquor dispenser . . 36—Electric clock with luminous numerals on dial.



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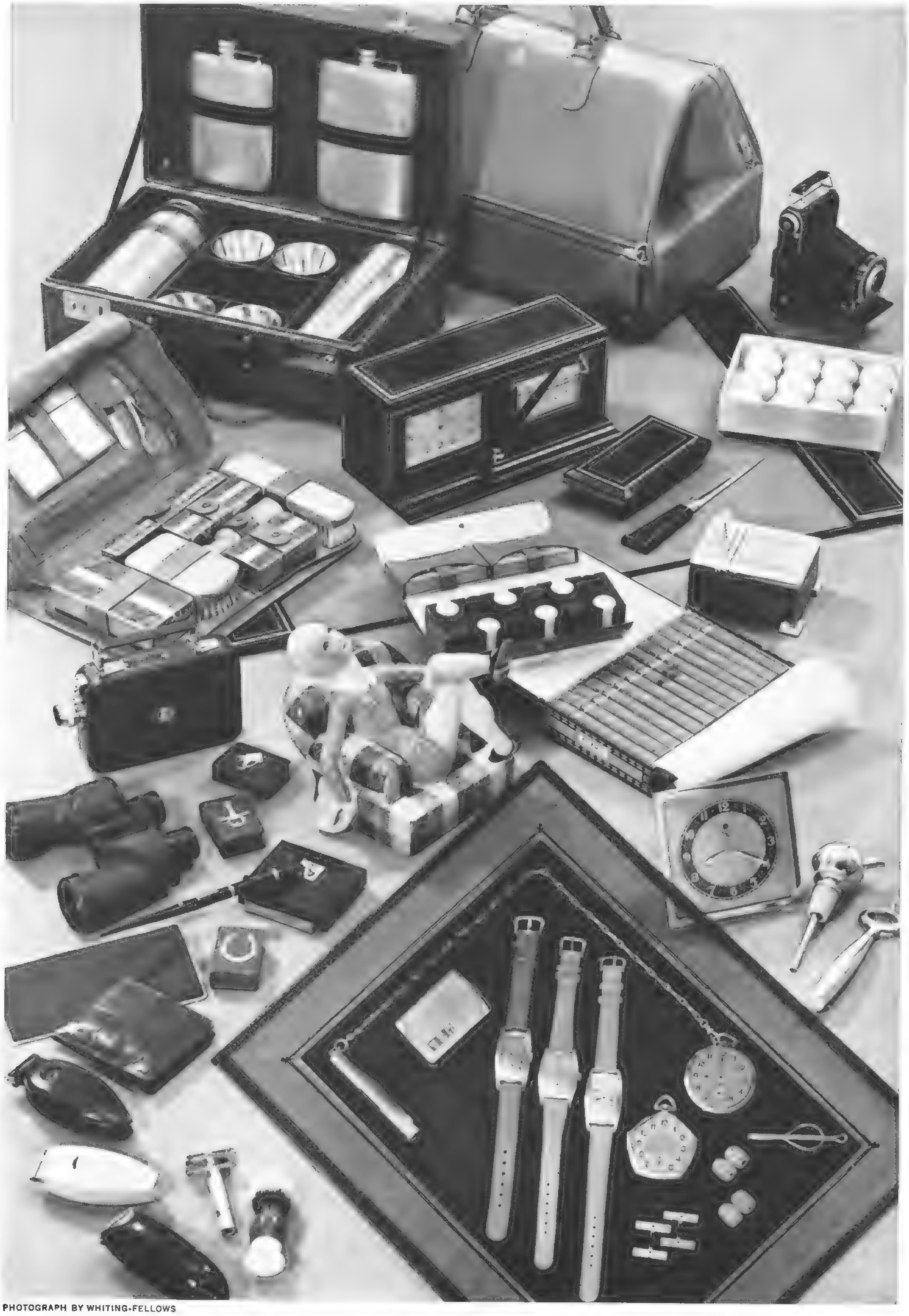


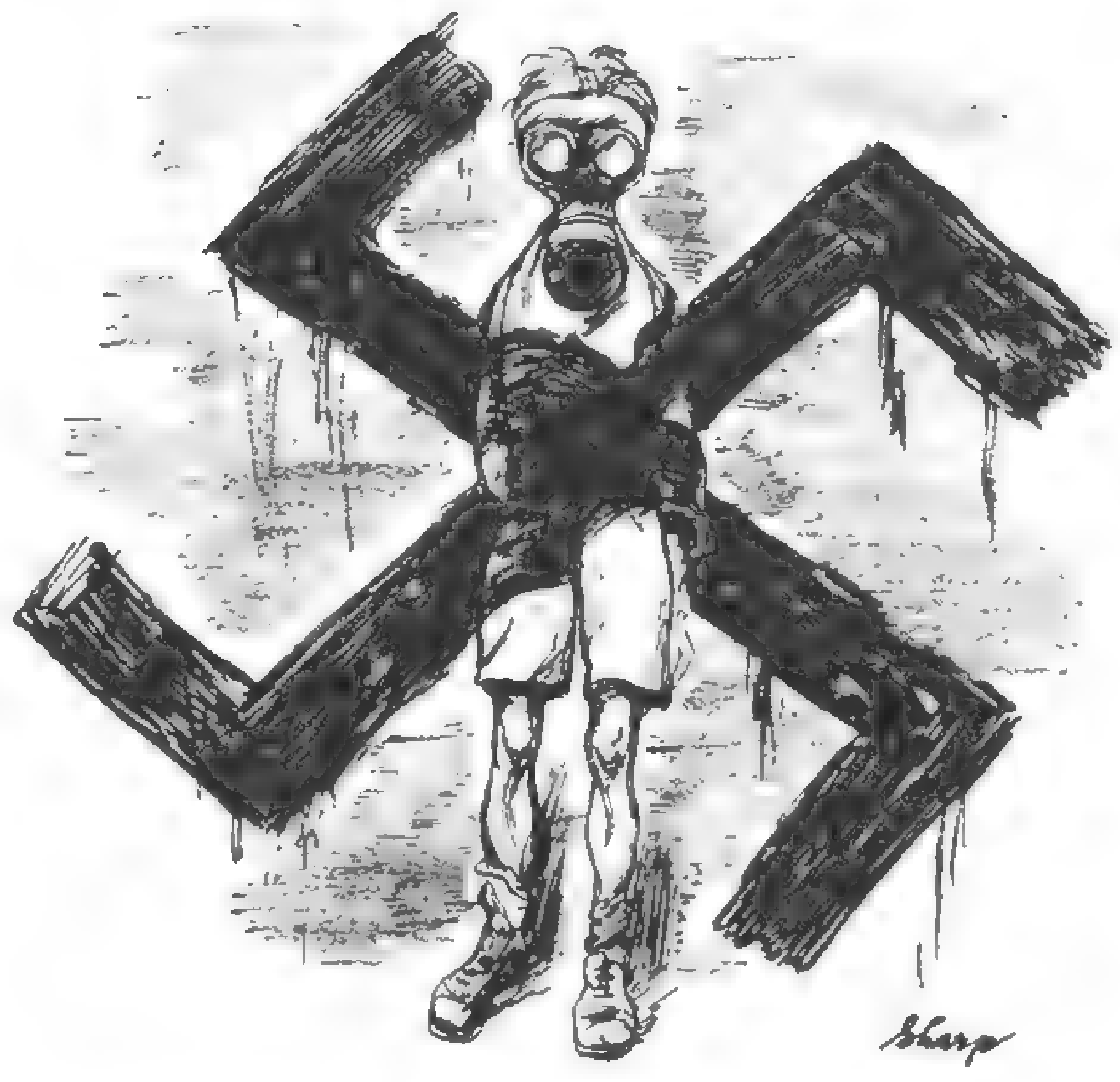
PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITING-FELLOWS

The Candid Cameraman

By recording the progress of fascism and the final death of Czechoslovakia, *Crisis* shows how other democracies may be saved

by PATTERSON MURPHY

▪ MOVIES ▪



THIS is being written after Albania and by the time this appears it may be after Jugoslavia and after The Netherlands or after Poland or after Rumania and it may be during war. And even though this is only a piece about movies, it is difficult to find a standpoint that may not have shifted two months hence; so imagine how difficult it would be to make a movie about any one of those countries today. The movie would appear in six or eight months and maybe its subject would no longer exist.

That is the problem that confronted young Mr. Herbert Kline just a year ago; it was then after Austria and he was setting out to make a film about Czechoslovakia. He had to make a movie that would be interesting, he figured, under any of three possible contingencies: (1) war, (2) loss of the Sudetenland to the Reich, (3) victory of the Czech democracy over the Henlein-Hitlerists. He didn't figure at all on the total disappearance of the entire country by the time his picture reached the public.

So, during the filming of *Crisis*, Mr. Kline and his collaborators endeavored to get shots that would cover all three contingencies, figuring that by the time they got their picture into the cutting room, history would have given them the line of emphasis, they would then know what scenes to keep, what to discard. But though history fooled them by wiping out their subject entirely, and though for a while it seemed that the picture they had been risking their necks to make during all those months was to be just another Munich casualty, they have learned that the death of the country, like the death of a beloved movie star, made their film all the more precious to the world.

And besides presenting the affecting last appearance of Czechoslovakia to a democratic people that was just learning to know and love the ill-fated star of *Crisis*, the producers accomplished something of even greater importance. They had brought back a clear analysis of the infection and spread of the disease that was fatal to Czechoslovakia and that at this writing threatens so many other nations in Europe and in South America. The fascist infection has been analyzed in books and in the papers and on the air, but none of those methods gives the complete and living pattern of fascist progress in the way the film can give it; they do not have the immediate evidential impact of the film. This picture of the death of Czechoslovakia shows how other countries may be saved.

Offhand, it would seem that the public reaction to the material in this film would be, Oh that's over and done with. That happened months ago. Why, since then, Mussolini took Albania—(and God only knows what else, by the time this appears). But this subject is not "as dead as yesterday's headlines." It is the prophecy of tomorrow's headlines.

That's why *Crisis* has become a landmark in motion picture history. Theatre chains whose audiences never before saw such a thing as a documentary film unless a two-reeler was slipped in to fill time, are giving feature booking to this piece of photo history. Usually the presentation of films of this type—witness *The Spanish Earth*—is confined to a few intelligentsia theatres in the larger cities. But millions of people are seeing *Crisis* in their neighborhood theatres, and getting from it a taste for this new type of journalist film.

For it is not enough to call such films documentaries. There was something static about the documentary as we had been accustomed to think of it. The documentary approached something set and established and sought, like a good magazine article, to tell how the thing came to be what it was. Thus, even so dynamic a documentary as Pare Lorentz' *The River* sought to show what man and nature had done to the Mississippi, what uses had been made of it, what uses were being made of it. The Mississippi would not be so unkind as to change its course during the filming of *The River;* Mr. Lorentz could plan his scenario as carefully as a studio scriptwriter; his difficulty would be in finding the scenes with which to fill in his pattern, since he had to find them in nature rather than build them on a set. Earlier and cruder documentaries, such as the African jungle films, also dealt with a phase of life that had some permanence; a herd of elephants this year would act much like a herd of elephants last year. The producer could plan his picture with considerable exactitude: so much footage of pygmy life: so much for comical apes: so much for the big hunt scene; even the spectacular wild-animal fights could without difficulty be either anticipated or arranged.

The March of Time first grappled with living history, attempting to give events interpretive background and to give emphasis through the use of proportions. But the editors of *The March of Time* had the advantage of speed; they need never be more than a month or so from events to screen. And further, it had the advantage of dealing with phases of scraps of subjects. It could, if it wished, be nothing more than an augmented newsreel. And it was never designed as a main sustaining feature in a program.

The films made of the Spanish war, notably *The Spanish Earth*, made the first steps from documentary to living history. And *The Spanish Earth* treated the war as an event that had settled into itself, it showed what might almost be called the habit of war, rather than the inception, progress, and climax of the war. Like many other workers in the documentary form, Joris Ivens and Hemingway felt, in *The Spanish Earth*, the necessity to personalize their story to some extent, to show the effect of moving history on some typical individual, and this was worked out around the ordinary life of a soldier, at the front, then hopping a truck to go back to his village during leave, then helping his people finish an irrigation ditch, to make war crops, while he was at home, then going back to the front.

This human touch is needed, and yet as soon as it enters there enters the danger of artificiality, of the destruction of the very essence of realistic appeal: the convincingness that comes out of the random way events occur. For the spectator is always aware, inwardly, that the true documentary film is a collection of accidental shots; the clever director, the director who has an idea for a film well-defined in his mind, can of course most often put himself in the places where the kind of shots he wants to collect will happen; but he must not arrange fate. And as soon as an individual is introduced, the convincingness is endangered.

Against that possible loss of reality, one must check the gain of human interest. And the director-producer has to determine in just what proportion he can sacrifice one for the other. Thus, a film like *Man of Aran*, frankly admits that events are arranged almost as they would be in a fiction pattern; but they are arranged within the averages of everyday reality, and the settings are natural. Man goes out and does what he does each day, not what he might do on exceptional days. Another film of fishermen, *The Wave*, adds the stories of exceptional and dramatic days and stretches the documentary medium until it is practically wedded to the fiction photoplay.

Now, Mr. Kline and his collaborators faced this problem of proportion when they set out

Continued on page 171

PRISCILLA LANE
Hurrell Photograph

HELEN WOOD
Hurrell Photograph

"Say When" to Your Son

Show him moderate drinking is part of gracious living, and in pointing out its virtues, emphasize its sensible use

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

The father, son and drinking habits: perhaps in no other relationship has there been such confused thinking and general cloudiness of approach. Guarded by all sorts of taboos, old wives' tales and leftover remnants of a defunct Puritanism, the subject has been surrounded by fear and foreboding. The custom was to dodge the issue, not meet it with a mature rationalization and pragmatic viewpoint. Every father knew his son would someday drink alcoholic beverages. Every father knew, even if subconsciously, that it was his duty as a father to instruct his son in a phase of social activity. But too often the matter was shoved into the category of those things that the boy would some day learn, the father hoped, from the birds and flowers.

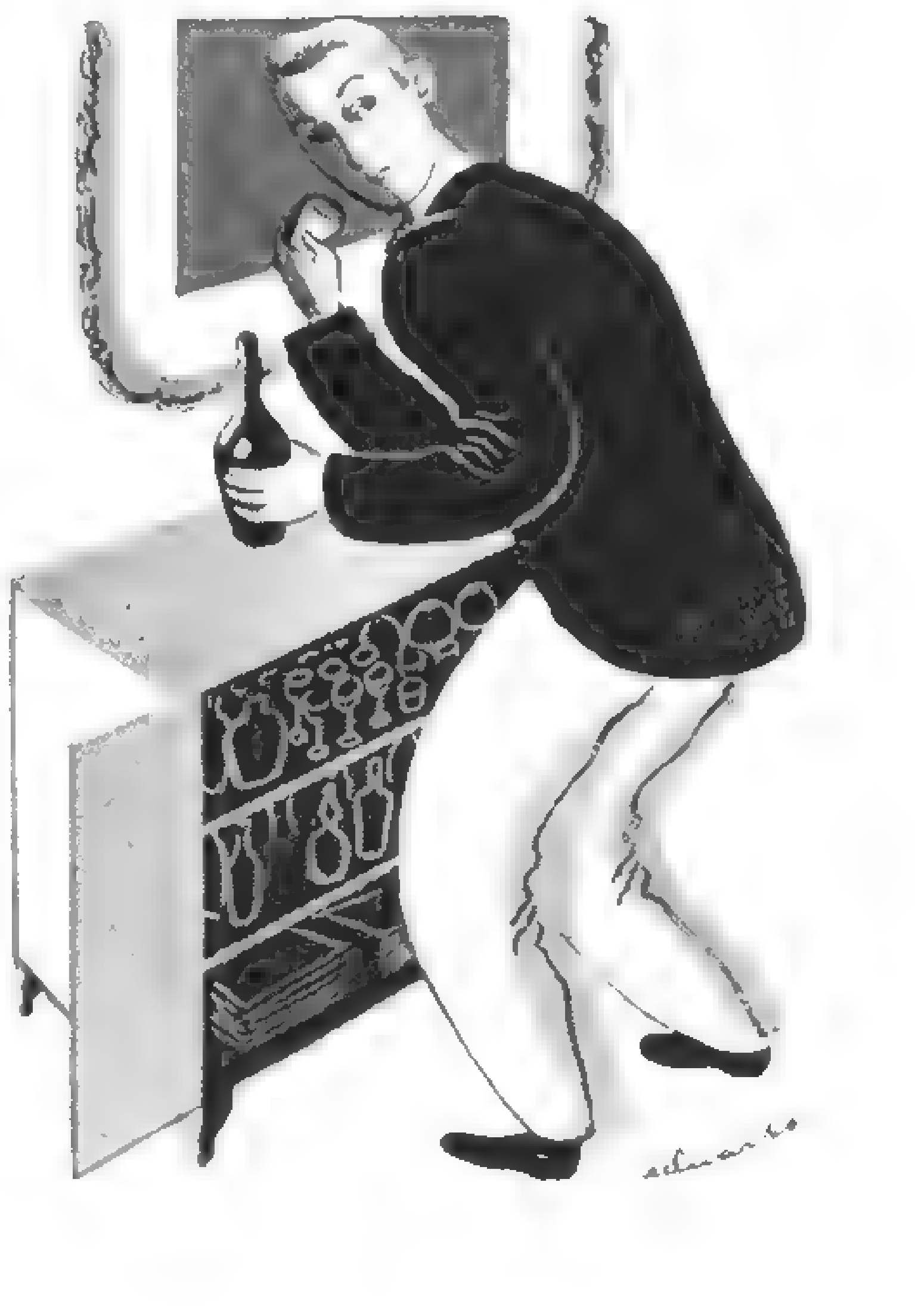
Sometime within the last two decades the relationship between father and son has changed. Whether the change came abruptly or slowly, or a little of both, the writer is not equipped to state. His viewpoint is that one of the main factors was the World War, a rude awakening to a race of people generally noted for its star-eyed idealism. A great many things had to be faced differently in view of the inexorability of events. And continuing forces, along the same directions, have kept the American pretty free of his former pretty habits of illusion and wish-thinking.

Another contributing factor that has helped fathers know and understand their sons, has been the school of medicine, roughly connected with the name of Sigmund Freud. The popularization, through literature, through books and magazines, pictures and plays, of knowledge that had once been the private property of clinics, lifted the veil of misunderstanding. Unless you have spent some time on the study of the long history of mankind, you might not realize the importance of this changed attitude of behavior. For a good many thousand years, the father was held to be the natural rival and enemy of the son. Even after tribal life had given way to the beginnings of civilization, a great many of the old concepts of relationships clung to man's habits and customs, through ignorance and through folklore. It really was a great day for the history of the human race when the old father-kingdom gave way to a democracy of two men with like characters and attributes, differing only in age and experience. Father shake hands with son.

Ironically, the father missed as much as the son in the old days when he had to forego instructing him in the pleasant grace of drinking. Brushing aside the actual enjoyment that follows when two men sit down over a glass of something, there is that valued exaltation of spirit, the dropping of barriers and the meeting of two minds. The writer sighs with regret that the practice was not in vogue in his youth. Many an occasion, that seemed then to be a major catastrophe, I am sure, could have been solved by the freer understanding that comes when men relax their mental stays, even if those men happen to be father and son.

Duty is not a very palatable word. Perhaps obligation is better. Let's say as a matter of obligation, then, that you should explore the matter of drinking with your son. He has seen you drink in the home and from childhood up to youth has also been denied certain privileges that he has observed enjoyed by his elders. Subconsciously he has built up a resentment against a pleasure which he has not been permitted to share. Consciously he has determined that, first chance he gets, he will experiment in this thing that he sees contributes so much pleasure to his home.

Your course is clearly set for you. If you stall for time, and push the problem ahead, as you might be inclined to do, you only increase the danger of the boy getting his knowledge the wrong way. Fathers, abroad, fortunately, do not have such a problem. For the child there, as soon as it is able to take ordinary food, is given wine to drink in moderation. The Continental, considering liquor as a food, naturally is not confronted with any superimposed fallacy of a moral question. But perhaps it is too early yet in America's phase of enlightenment after the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment (an act that tried by decree to make drinking both immoral and illegal) to expect the Continental naturalness to prevail. It will in time, but not until the silliness of that era has been wiped out of men's memories. The American father, if he does not permit the child to taste of his cup, should explain that the thing the father is enjoying belongs to that vast category of pleasures that will be the child's when he "grows up."



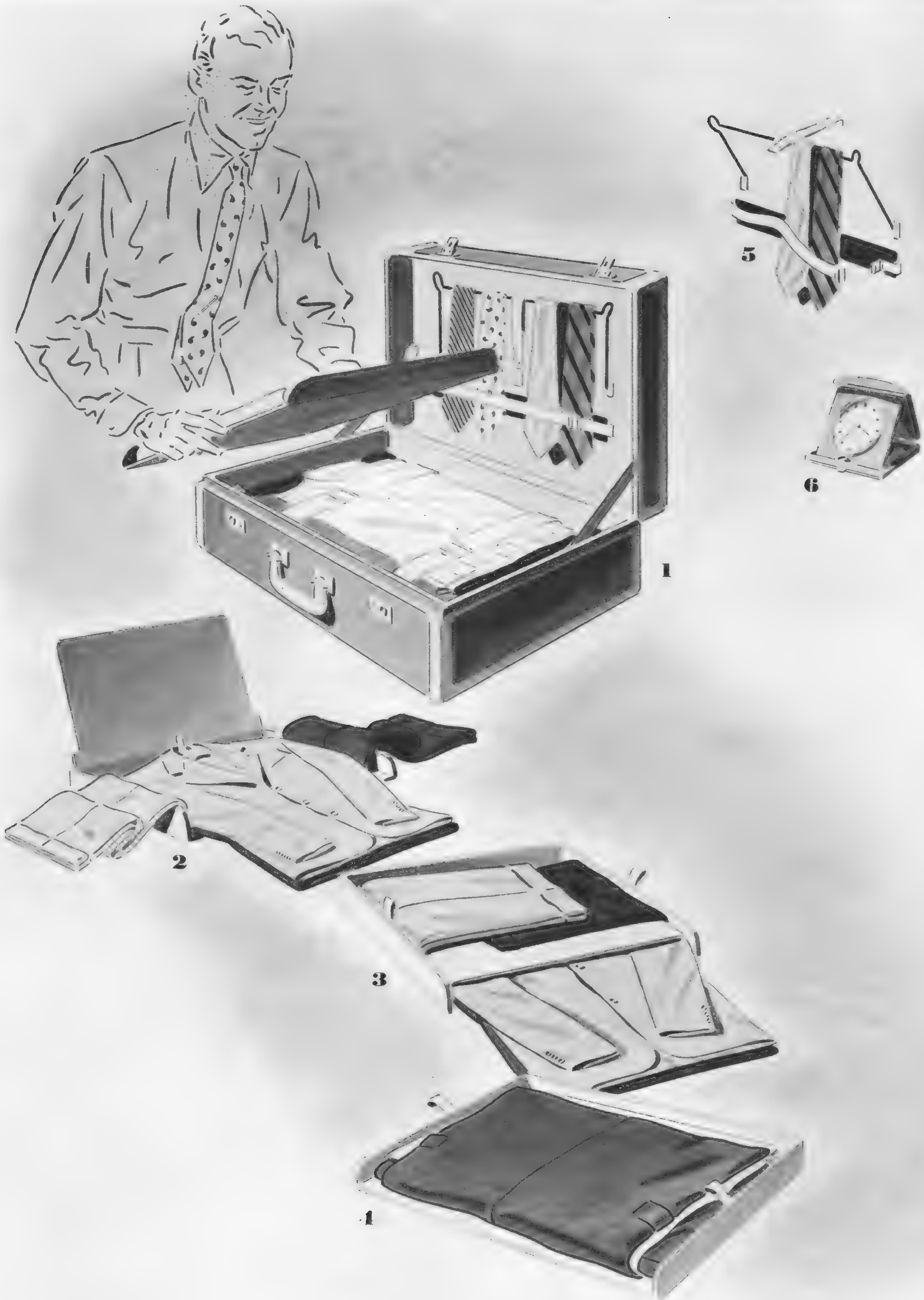
The astute father knows that by too much emphasis anything in communal life may take on proportions out of all reason with its importance. Thus with social drinking. There should be no set day and date when the father says to the son, "Well, I think it about time that I told you about drinking." If the adults, in their social behavior, have set the correct example, there will be little explaining for the father. The son will accept the cocktail and the wine at dinner as he accepts any number of things that his elders eat, but that he does not enjoy. As a matter of palate, the child naturally turns toward the simpler, sweeter things and ten to one, would not be interested in the sting of a cocktail or the dryness of a vintage wine.

As he goes through school the boy will hear more about liquor, perhaps read unintelligent things about it, in carelessly edited newspaper reports, and will come to the day when he feels that it should be a part of his experience. How much better equipped is the boy who already has become aware of what liquor is, what is to be derived from it, and most emphatically, what it is not! Someday, without any ostentation or ado, the father merely says to the son, "Would you like to try a drink of this or that?" being careful to guide a fresh palate into some channel that will return a pleasant experience.

The occasion will choose its own date and time of arrival. I doubt if any parent is wise enough to establish ahead of time the exact period that the conveying of such information would be the most felicitous. If he is moderately wise, he will know when the proper time arrives. He will be fortunate indeed if the time happens when he and the boy have gone off together on one of those fishing or camping trips that seem so necessary for keeping an equilibrium in these hurried times. There under the stars, in front of a glowing campfire, after the day's long tramp through the woods, comes a period of mental letdown and contentment that is difficult to duplicate. With so many of the outward signs and trappings of modern civilized life removed, and with so many of the fundamental, eternal verities evident and vibrantly present, father and son are closer together than is usually the case. What could be more natural than a sharing of the cup that cheers, while the saga of the day is retold?

But as we said above, waste no time on trying to determine beforehand the exact moment. Rather give the matter enough preparatory thought so that when the moment does arrive you will be ready with all the

Continued in center of page 164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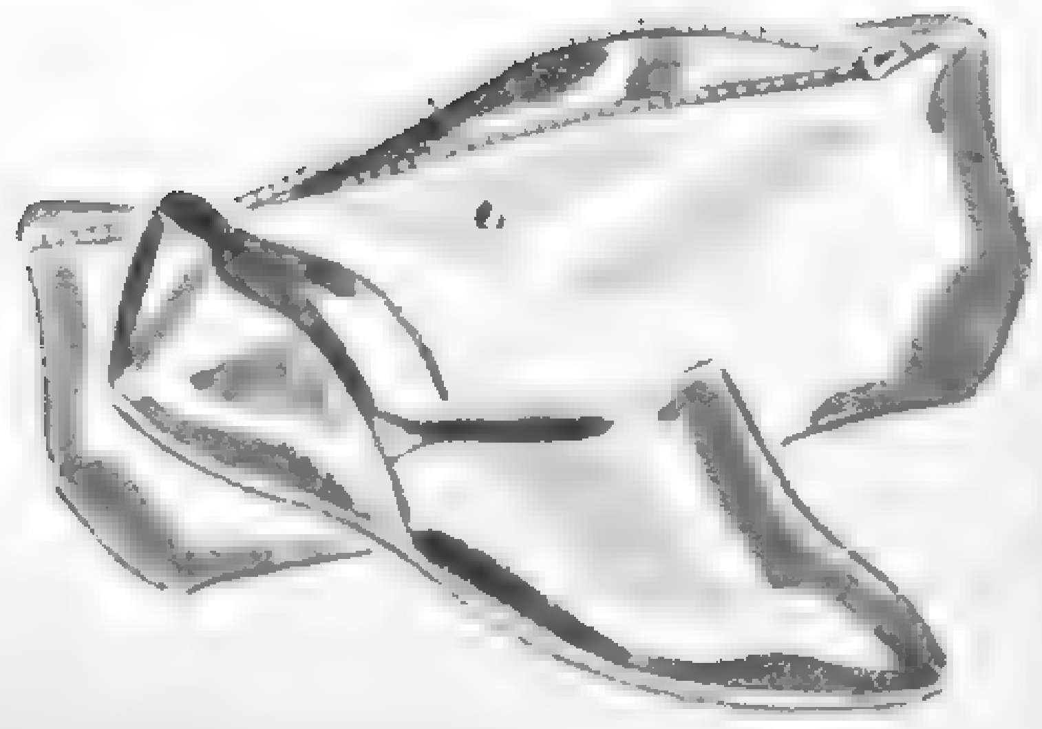

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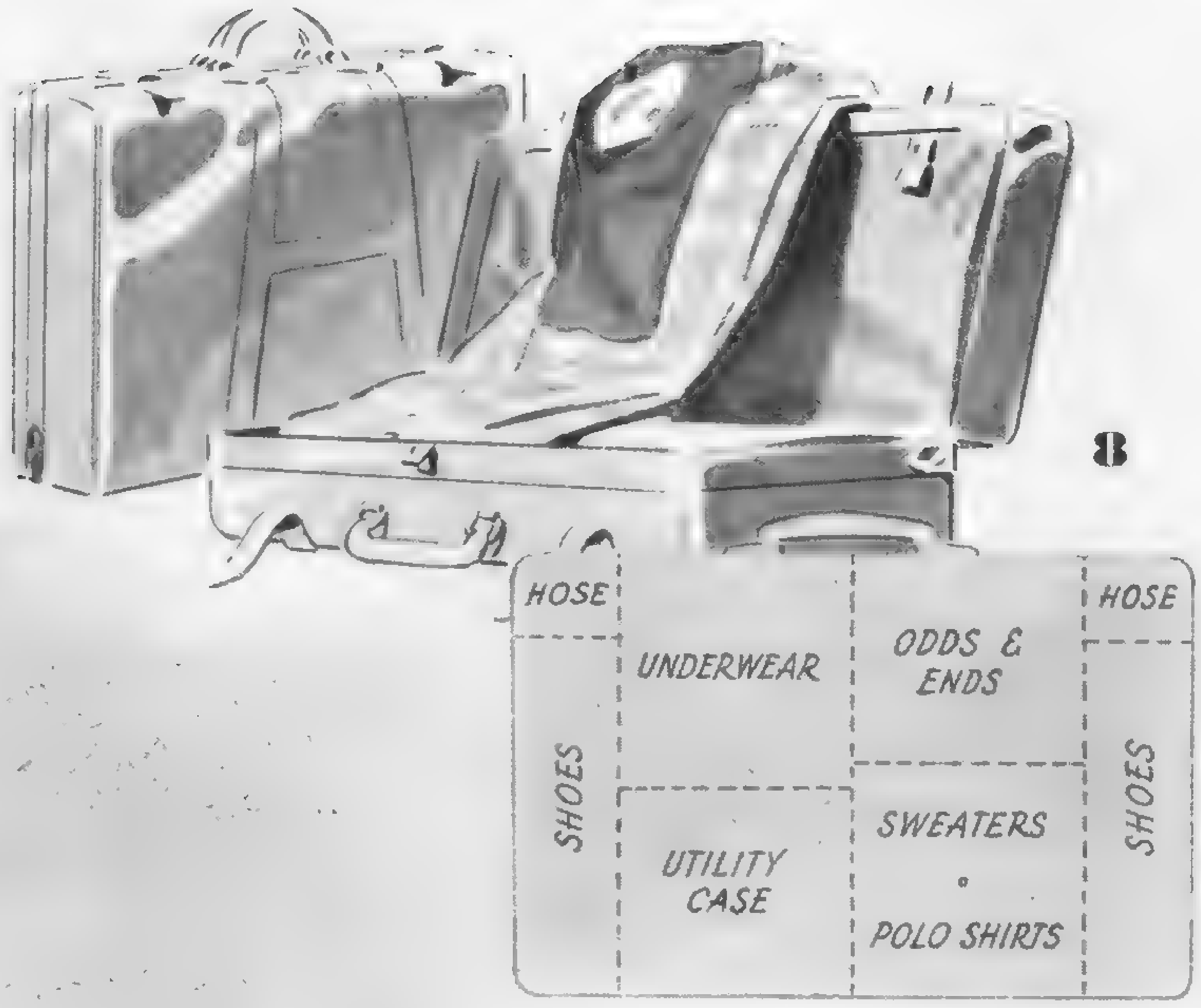


8

Packing

for week ends and vacations

1 A practical suitcase that will hold two suits and a reasonably generous supply of furnishings is easily packed, as illustrated here.

2 Place trousers as shown here; coats on hangers, as in sketch.

3 Let flap down, folding trouser legs over it, as in sketch No. 3.

4 Fold sleeves and bottom of jacket as indicated in sketch No. 4. This is now ready to be placed over shirts, handkerchiefs, shoes and sports wear which you have already packed. In the top of the suitcase is a rack for neckwear, as shown in sketch No. 5.

6 A leather traveling clock is a convenience for week ends and travel.

7 Pullman slippers with slide fastener case are a practical item of away-from-home equipment for the man who likes to travel light.

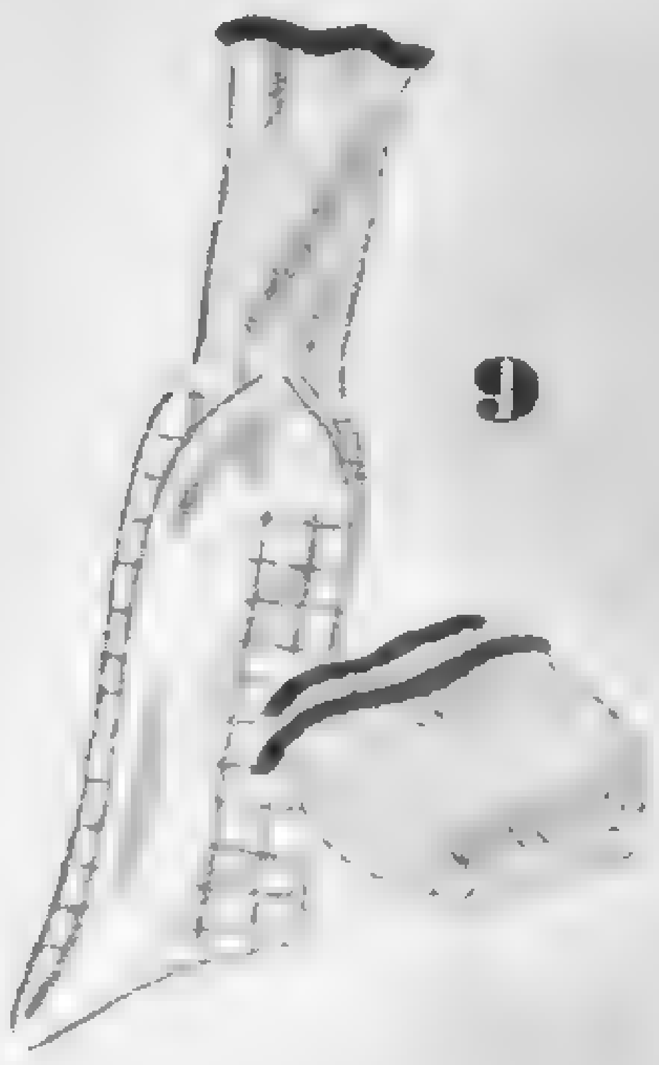
8 A soft leather knockabout type of suitcase may easily be packed for week end or vacation by following this diagram for the bottom half of the suitcase. The other half of this bag would carry your coats, folded inside out, with trousers folded in half.

9 A practical way to roll your hose to fill the corners of the bag.

10 The shoe bag is almost indispensable, and may be made of any inexpensive cloth. It keeps the shoes from soiling clothes.

11 For a more extensive trip, a lightweight wardrobe trunk is packed as shown. Coats and trousers go on hangers, in regular position. The other compartment carries shirts and other accessories.

12 A practical type of container for shaving and washing equipment.



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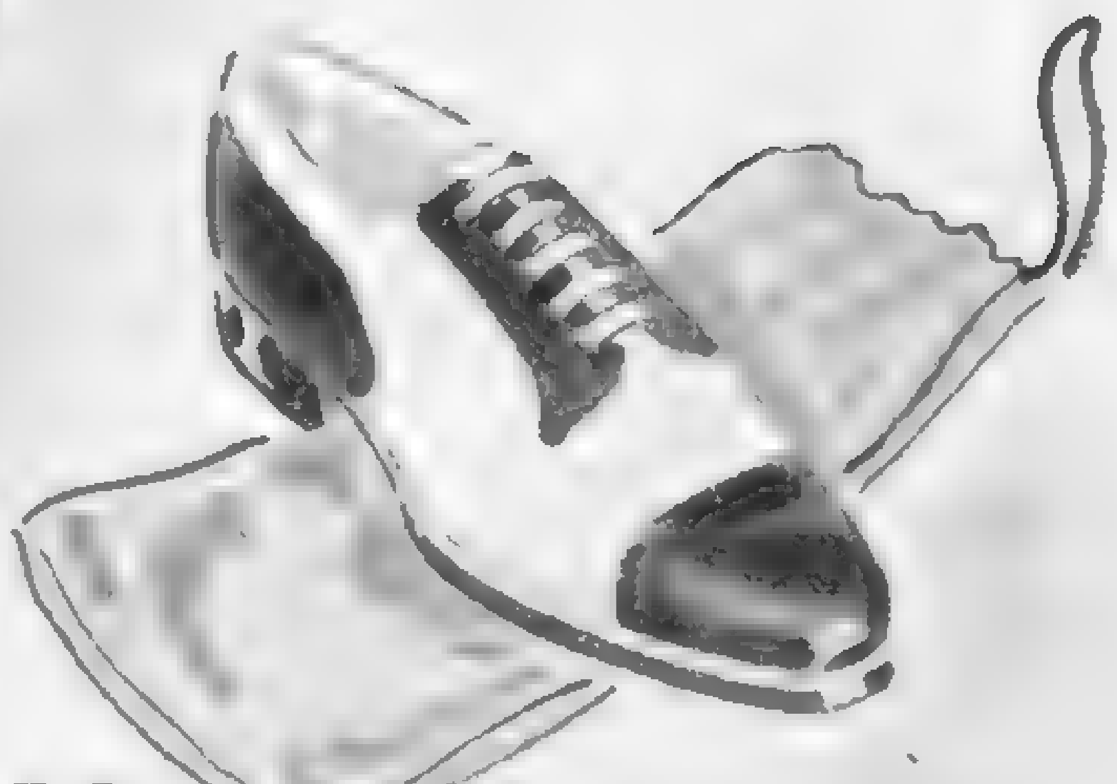

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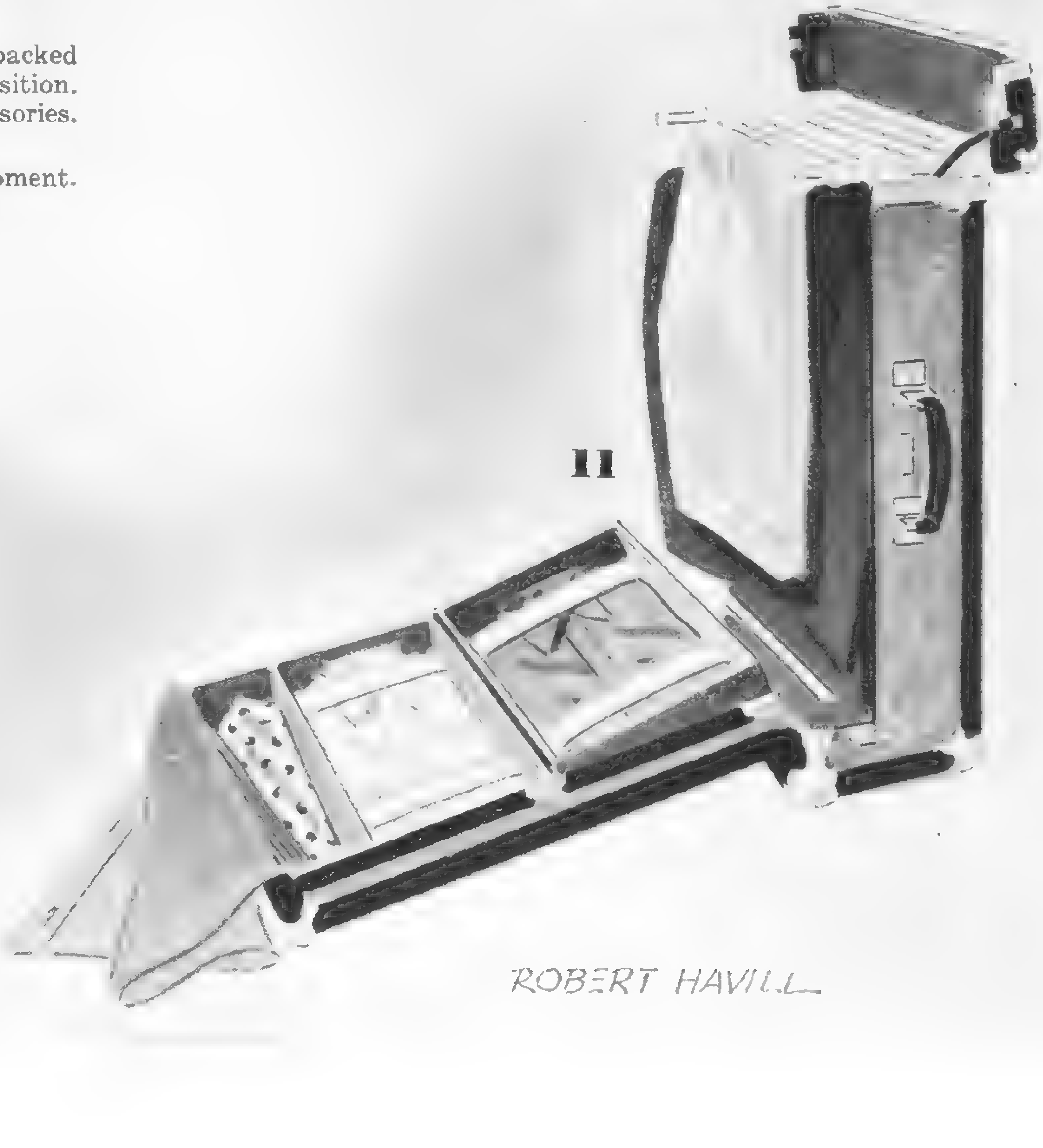
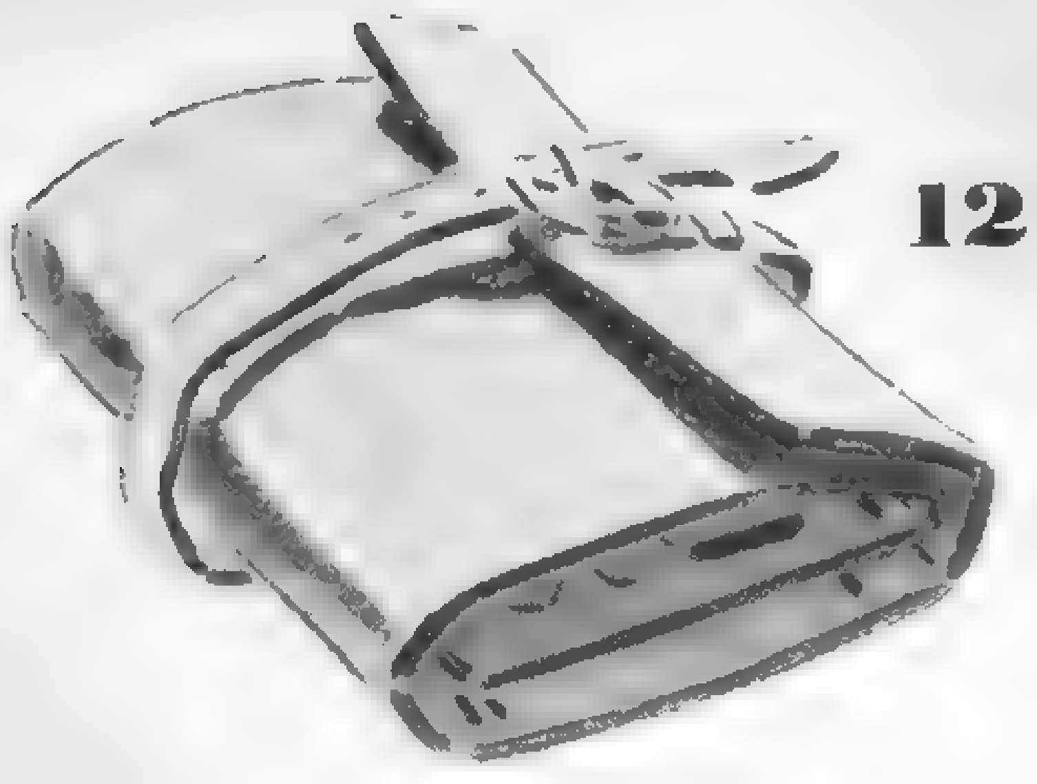


11

ROBERT HAVILL



12

What Are Abbott's Shows Made Of?

Continued from page 67

play. But if a producer's typical work is always pleasing; if it has a few characteristics which are always there and which other people haven't got—then you have to give him a sort of over-all credit. Remember, if the play had failed, he would have taken the rap.

Abbott's productions do have certain specific qualities. They lack stars; occasionally, but not always, they make stars. Your recurrent impression about the plays is that a group of actors has been unified by a play, not that a play has managed to take in a lot of diverse actors. In *The Primrose Path* Helen Westley is an oldtimer (doing the job toward which all her other jobs have, so to speak, aspired) and Betty Garde and Betty Field couldn't help being featured, owing to the nature of the play. Betty Garde plays the enchanting homebody-courtesan, as difficult a part as need be, with absolute precision; and she is a radio actress, almost exactly unknown to fame before this show; and Betty Field is a definitely rising, definitely attractive young player. But none of these three is in any sense featured over the play; no one was featured over the play in *Boy Meets Girl*. Maybe because several of Abbott's productions have dealt with the young, you get the impression that he lurks around the high schools of the country, snaps up likely talent, and brings it in to New York for a first chance. Yet, when his new people get here, you feel no sense of the amateur; they are always young professionals, which means they've been professionally trained. There the old actor in Abbott helps; he knows what an actor needs and can give it; he knows also what the producer needs, and can demand it.

From time to time a bit stands out and people think they have a star in an Abbott show. The stars sink, to rise again in the West—but the Abbott shows go on.

Not having stars is a singularly negative virtue; the positive virtue is the unity of the productions. This is common enough in serious drama; it's rare in comedy because almost any producer will do anything for a laugh. There's hokum in Shakespeare and contemporary producers are modest—if it was good enough for Shakespeare it's good enough for them. And the only trouble with hokum is that it almost always breaks the mood or style or atmosphere; it's a giant firecracker and you have to reassemble the pieces after it goes off. And Abbott has found ways of getting the effect of the explosion without breaking up his shows.

His shows move at a tremendous pace and they are extremely smooth. Anyone who enjoys motoring knows the exhilaration of increasing speed. The wild men who cut out of line and pass around dangerous curves are only extreme instances of the human pleasure in speeding up; good cars, accelerating without sudden spurts, give you a certain nervous excitement—which is the same thing you might get from a firecracker. And that is always the basic sensation Abbott gives you, of the engine tuned to its best performance, of speed which would be frightening if it weren't under perfect control. Those farces he directed might easily have fallen to pieces; the individual pieces would have been funny, but you'd never think back to them. But you do think back to *She Loves Me Not* and *Boy Meets Girl*, not to recall any specific moment so much as to remember the whole atmosphere in which the production moved. That's why the satisfaction is so great; and there aren't five men in the country who can give it to you. In the movies, there may be fifty—but not one of them can give you that sensation of over-all satisfaction more than once in ten years. (Make up a list of the ten movies you have enjoyed most and you'll find that you have listed the work of eight to ten different directors—probably ten. Each of them has one great picture in him; he shoots it and then, regrettably, forgets to shoot himself.)

Abbott's press agent has informed me that his boss was born in Salamanca, New York, a small town near Buffalo; he has a seventeen-year-old daughter; he likes to dance, but he doesn't drink or smoke. He plays golf.

To hell with all that. He's a great producer. #

Triumph of the Flesh

Continued from page 44

rooster began to squawk and cry and try to raise itself again. The old man reddened and spat from the corner of his mouth. Swiftly he bent over, put one hand on the wings, and brought the axe down.

The blow was clean and the head remained on the stump. Francis gaped as he watched the tiny eyelids close slowly.

Grandpa Oliver picked up both birds and let them hang from his hands. "Take them in to your gran'ma."

Francis looked at the nails that grew out from the long yellow toes, at the overlapping feathers with their iridescent glints. "Sure, Grandpa Oliver," he said proudly. He closed one small fist over each pair of scaly legs and ran with them toward the house. A thin red trail dripped after each bird; they jounced elastically.

* * *

When his grandmother called him to dinner he was sitting on the rail-fence watching his shadow. He cut a bluish narrow-shouldered silhouette in the yellow afternoon sunlight that was diffused across the barnyard and he moved his head from shoulder to shoulder and was amused because his shadow moved from side to side as though to block his way. When he walked toward the house the shadow receded before him meekly.

He came in quietly and slipped into his chair. Grandpa Oliver was wearing a coat and had a Windsor tie knotted at his throat. His mustaches and eyebrows were brushed back carefully. Grandma Bessie, dressed in black with a huge rhinestone brooch over her heart, resembled Grandpa Oliver to a startling degree. Her nose was curved the same way and her eyebrows were almost as heavy as his. But her hair was white and sparse and parted severely in the middle. Her eyes were small and live and framed by eyelashes that were thin and black.

She went out and came back with a huge platter on which were two small brown roasted chickens. A good fragrance rose from them. Grandpa Oliver offered grace. Francis bowed his head.

When he lifted his eyes again Grandpa Oliver's carving knife was severing a drumstick. Skillfully the old man sliced a broad piece from the breast. Then he scooped out a spoonful of dressing.

"Francis has earned his food today," the old man said, passing the plate to him. "Helped sharpen the axe, catch the chickens and chop their heads off!"

Grandma Bessie muttered something approvingly. Francis looked perplexedly at the food before him and at the partially dismembered fowls on the platter. A weird thought dawned on him: these were the chickens he had seen on the tree-stump . . . He was still puzzled. It seemed that he had always known that the meat people ate came from live birds and beasts but—. He had not known the live things before and he had never recognized them from the prepared dishes he ate. The first fowl lay on its side on the platter, a lattice of bones exposed.

Suddenly it became clear. As it did, something began to bob violently in his throat. He gasped and threw his hands up to his mouth. The root of his tongue seemed to contract and vibrate wildly.

"What is it? What is it?" his grandmother asked quickly.

Francis could not answer. His mouth open, his Adam's-apple rose and fell, his eyeballs stared.

Grandpa Oliver looked at him sharply. "'Tain't on account of the killing you helped do?"

A wretchedness appeared about the boy's lips. He rose hurriedly and fled from the table. His grandfather's chuckling followed him. Grandma Bessie rose, but a word from the old man checked her.

* * *

Each thread of the staircase jutted out over its rise like a sullen lip. He went up to his room and lay on his cot, his face buried in the khaki blankets. He felt wretched and miserable—and ashamed. No one had come after him. They had remained at dinner. Grandpa Oliver would eat with his elbows on the table and a choice piece between his hands. His lips would be greasy, his mustache greasy and his bald head would look greasy from the light that shone on it.

He listened for sounds from below. He thought he heard the scouring of pots. Dinner must be over then. Grandpa Oliver would be sitting out in front in his rocking-chair.

It was growing dark. The dusk began to sift in. The last yellow light of the day came through the window, illuminated a rectangular patch on the wall and faded. Shadows blew in and stood in the corners.

He felt a sharp pain in his stomach and lower down his intestines rumbled emptily. He had been worrying about the pain for minutes before he recognized it as simple hunger. He licked his lips and swallowed the dryness of his throat.

It was deep blue outside. An evening bird trilled a song. He thought of the roasted fowls and felt wretched with hunger. When Grandma Bessie roasted chickens the white meat was always moist and sweet. He checked himself . . . But the live roosters had been so much bigger than the roasted fowl—they couldn't have been the same. He wondered why he had felt so badly about it at the table.

Maybe because he had been sitting in the sun so much of the day. Grandpa Oliver always said that wasn't good. Maybe it had been something that had lodged in his throat from the morning and made his tongue jerk that way. For he had always liked roast chicken. There wasn't any reason—Besides, Grandma Bessie might think he didn't like her cooking.

He opened the door a chink, then wider. He walked slowly down the stairs. As he had surmised, Grandma Bessie was at her dishes in the kitchen. His plate was still on the dining-room table. Grandpa Oliver must be outside.

Quickly Francis sat himself down. He was famished. The food was cold and somewhat greasy but he ate quickly and gnawed the drumstick clean. His grandmother looked in, but said nothing.

When he was through he went out and stood near Grandpa Oliver. The old man would tease, but the boy's stomach was full and he was sure he would not mind. The rocking-chair creaked softly. It was a dark night. Far away on the horizon a thin new moon shed a feeble light. #

"...Like looking out of a window into a garden"

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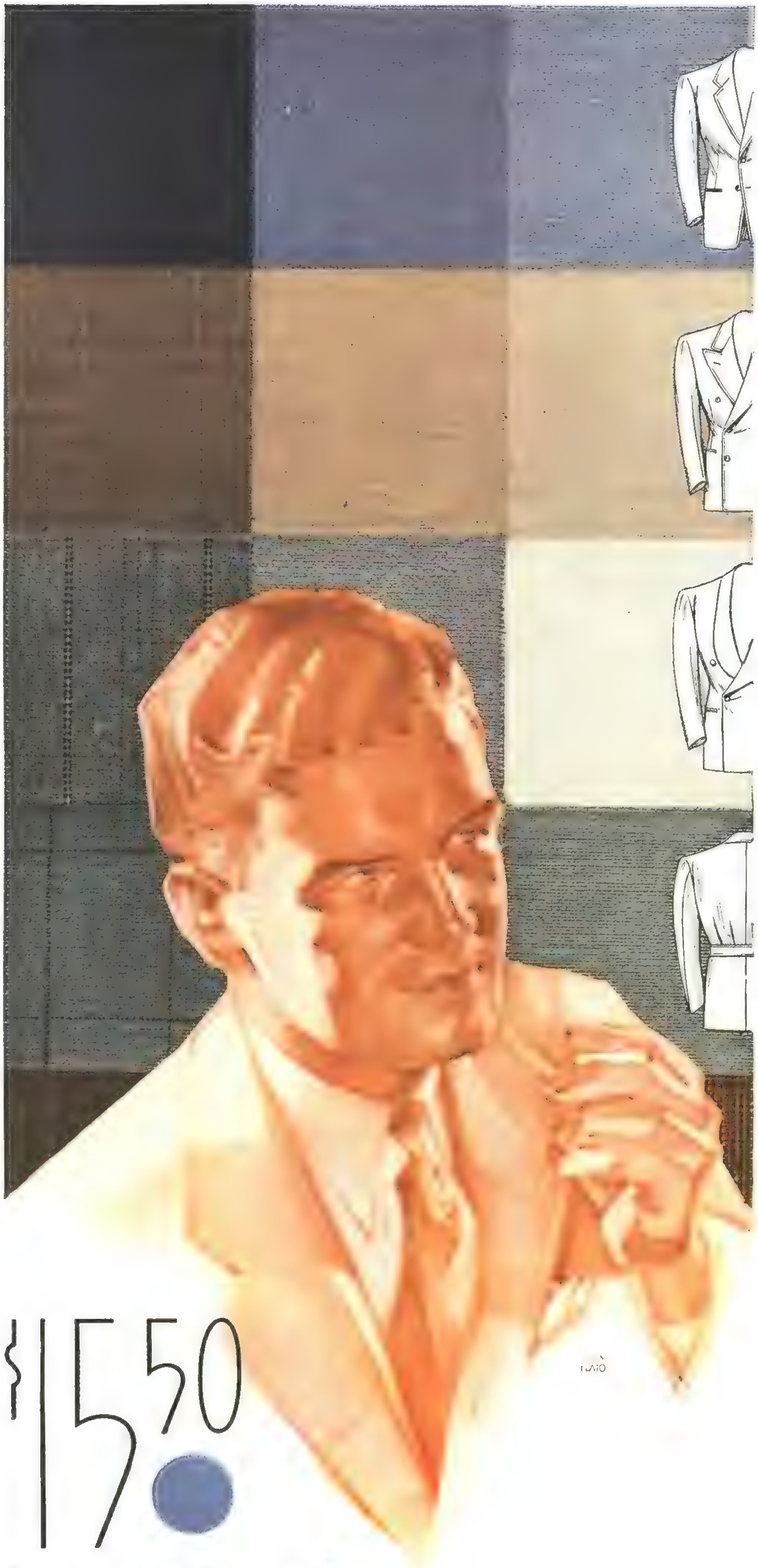

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You'll find the new Palm Beach Suits at your favorite clothiers ($15.50). Also the new Evening Formal ($18.50)—and smart slacks chosen by the Stars of Sport ($4.75).

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Always look for the Palm Beach trade-marked label—before you buy.

The Thousand and First Extra

Continued from page 59

with as many as a million letters?"

"Well, Sam, what can you do with a million letters?"

"Listen to me, chief. The easiest—the best—the cleanest—fair-all-around—no headaches—no expense—no . . ."

"All right, what is it?"

"Look, chief. Call up the carpenter shop and let the boys build a little shute outside from this floor right into the cellar window. And go in and close your eyes and say 'eenie-meenie-minie-moe' and pick out a letter. All right, it's Mrs. Schwartz from Brooklyn, and the rest go direct to the furnace in the cellar. Just one dump and it's all over."

"I'll think it over."

"There isn't much time."

"I know."

When Sam had left the room Erick said: "Don't worry about me, Joe. It looks like you're trying to scare up work for me."

"Well, we don't need a mathematician on the lot but there are certainly a lot of things that we do need done. . . . Over in the next building is a twenty-three-year-old dance-hall piano player who just had his agent call me up to try to get him two thousand dollars a week. He never went to high school and can hardly sign his name. But he's got tunes in his head that he can strum out with one hand."

"Some types of talent are in demand and others are of little intrinsic value," observed the schoolmaster.

"All right. Then you will let me help you if I can. My God, Erick, when I think of all the things you did for us boys. You were like a father to us and now . . . I'm not talking about charity or anything like that. We need clerical work from time to time and pay the people for office assistance somewhere between thirty and fifty dollars a week. That seems fair for that type of work."

"Really, Joe, I did not intend to have this come up, but you asked me so many questions and . . . I am too far gone to hold any false pride and a job is a job. When a man is long out of work he will accept anything."

"Now that's fine. At least it will be better than standing for hours in the street waiting for a chance to appear as an extra in a mob scene. And a little more certain."

"Joe, I never expected to call on you for help."

"You didn't call on me. I saw you in the line and I picked you out."

Again the telephone rang and again there was an argument on the wire. From time to time telegrams were brought into the office and Zeloff dictated replies.

Then Sam came in and announced: "Better go down and have a look at the camera angles."

"What's wrong, Sam?"

"Well, you can shoot a cat from the top or from the bottom, but a mob scene is a mob scene and it's just straight business and no monkey business."

"All right, Sam. Have them hold it. I'll be right down." Erick rose to leave.

"This is rather important and I'd better get over there, but as we were saying . . . Yes, I will have something without fail and you'll be hearing from me, well, within twenty-four hours. It's been wonderful seeing you again, and my best at home. Oh, just a minute, you'd better leave me your address. Here, put it on this pad. Excuse me, I must run. Good-bye."

An hour later Zeloff found the address written on his pad in that neat refined handwriting that brought back memories of long ago. He glanced at it for some time and finally he lifted the receiver and said: "Send Sam in."

He handed him the pad. "Do you know where that street is?"

"That's way downtown in the old part of Los Angeles. Somewhere in that section."

"Listen, Sam. That man you saw in here, Mr. Jerobi, was my old teacher."

"Yes, you told me."

"He is more than a teacher. I worshiped that man with the same feeling that a boy worships his father. He is down and out. You saw. It just breaks my heart. We used to go to him for everything. If we have any decency left in us today it is mostly due to him. How would we rascals know about loyalty and honor and honesty if he had not explained it to us from time to time? No finer man ever walked in shoe leather."

"That's right, chief, you can see it in his face."

"Well, listen Sam. We've got this damn contest on and it's a big headache."

"Do what I explained, chief, and it's no headache."

"You mean I should pick a letter . . . Well, Sam, would you mind very much if Mrs. Schwartz of Brooklyn did not get the prize? I mean supposing we got a letter from a certain gentleman who lives downtown in Los Angeles, and in this letter was a title that we all liked . . . We got to send the check to someone. All right, so he gets the check instead of a plumber in Kansas or a soda-water squirt in New Jersey. And we—we have the title we like."

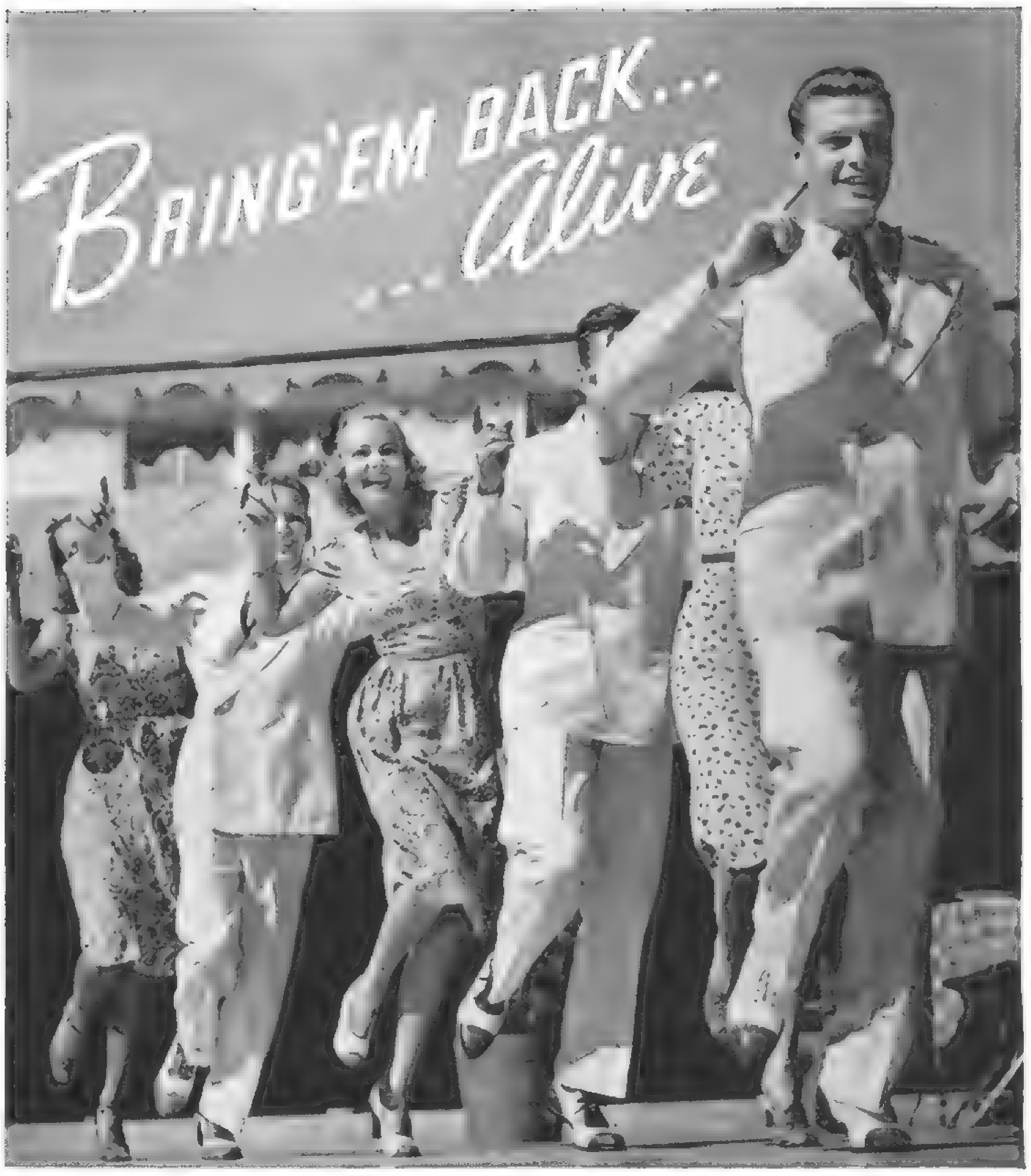
"Chief, you've got something. Do you know what kind of title you are going to like?"

"Yes, Sam. I have the title." He tore the sheet off the pad upon which was written Jerobi's address and on the clean page he wrote boldly the words: *March America*, and handing the pad across the desk said:

"Sam, that's it."

"Chief, it's a win! A natural. That's the story of democracy all tied up snug. Democracy unrolls in eight reels and with sound it

Continued on page 100



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Bostonians' foot-form inner-soles are built to fit every moving part of your feet . . . support and cushion you every step of the way. Make no mistake—only fitted feet can be *active* feet. Only when shoes *feel* right do they *look* right!

Be *Walk-Fitted* today in good-looking, good-feeling Bostonians . . . you'll be on your toes all Summer long.

Keep 'Em Cool this Summer in *Clayton*, classic, all-white buck (left, above). Also in ventilated white Tropical calf and tan (right, above).

Refreshing Close-up (right) *Clayton*, good-looking, all-white Bostonian; or *Rivoli*, breezily ventilated, white and tan.

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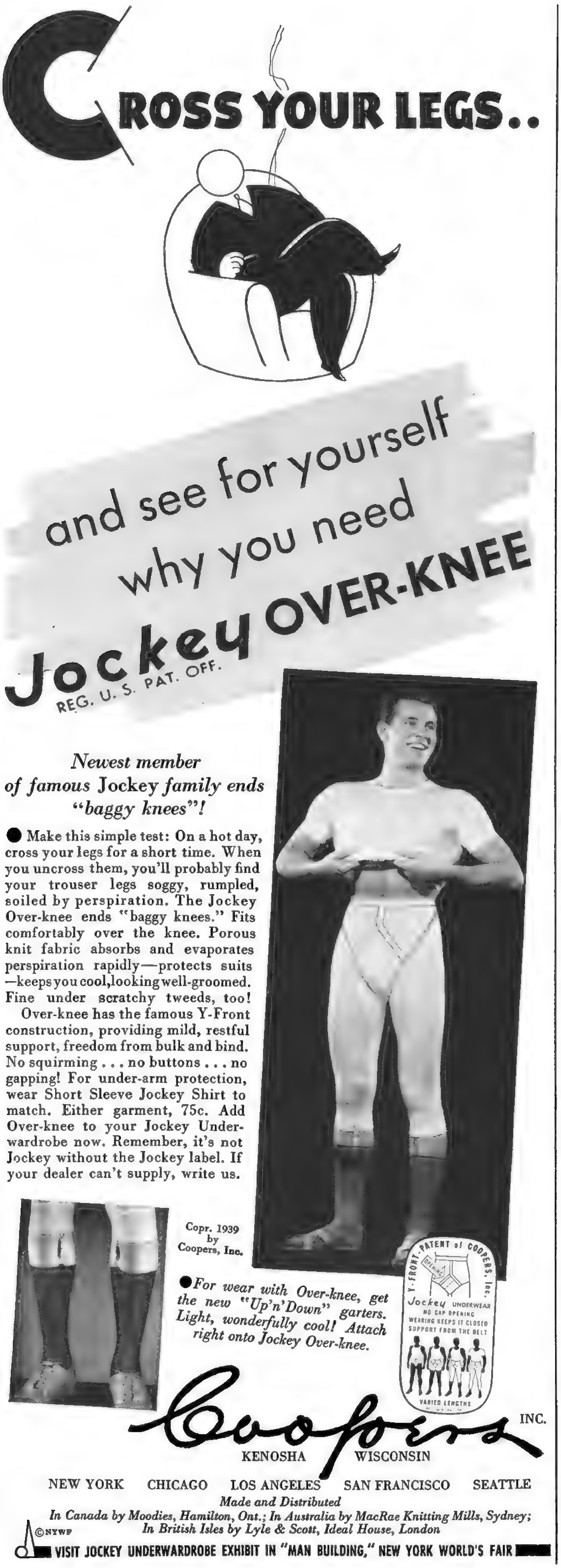
Take it easy in Rivoli!—smart, ventilated Bostonian Tropical, left above. Center: *Monk*, grand-feeling sports moccasin. Right: *Malvern*, cool, comfortable, handsome!

At Leisure or Play you'll look and feel like a million this Summer in good-looking, *Walk-Fitted* Bostonians.

Bostonians

FIT RIGHT—FEEL RIGHT ·· *they're Walk-Fitted*



Newest member of famous Jockey *family ends "baggy knees"!*

● Make this simple test: On a hot day, cross your legs for a short time. When you uncross them, you'll probably find your trouser legs soggy, rumpled, soiled by perspiration. The Jockey Over-knee ends "baggy knees." Fits comfortably over the knee. Porous knit fabric absorbs and evaporates perspiration rapidly—protects suits—keeps you cool, looking well-groomed. Fine under scratchy tweeds, too!

Over-knee has the famous Y-Front construction, providing mild, restful support, freedom from bulk and bind. No squirming . . . no buttons . . . no gapping! For under-arm protection, wear Short Sleeve Jockey Shirt to match. Either garment, 75c. Add Over-knee to your Jockey Underwardrobe now. Remember, it's not Jockey without the Jockey label. If your dealer can't supply, write us.

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VISIT JOCKEY UNDERWARDROBE EXHIBIT IN "MAN BUILDING," NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

The Thousand and First Extra

Continued from pages 59-99

just marches along. That's it—March America!"

"Well, I'm glad you like it. Now listen, Sam. Fold this paper up and put it in your pocket and take this address. Now be very gentle. You are sent by me to talk to him about some clerical work and then you suggest that he enter the contest. Sure, everybody in the U. S. A. has entered the contest, and if he has not read the serial then you can explain something about it. Tell him how the script was written and let him think up some titles with the word America in them and some that show progress or going ahead . . . And you hear the tramp of feet and then naturally he will say 'March of Democracy' and then you combine a couple until he says 'March America.' You know—suggest it. Then get him to write it down. But, Sam, take it easy and be gentle and don't try to be too smart. Remember, Sam, Mr. Jerobi is a scholar and a prince and you will never, even if you live to be one hundred, be Socrates."

"O. K., chief. I understand everything. And that title is certainly a knockout. You want me to go now?"

"Yes, and come to the house when you are through. The thing is on my mind."

It was long after supper when Sam finally arrived at the Beverly Hills home of Joe Zeloff.

"Yes, I had supper," he said, seating himself, "but I could stand a good long drink." While the drink was being mixed he continued: "Look, chief. On a dice cube there are six sides and each side has a number. So what are the chances, one to six, no? Well, the professor says it's all wet. And there are fifty-two cards in a deck and the chances are . . . He says no. Toss up a coin and it should be even chances, heads or tails. The professor says it's crazy. But I can't figure out why. That's all in his theory of problems and chances."

"I guess you mean chances and probabilities. How did this come up?"

"Well chief, first I go and find the place. No number on the house. You go through an alley and it's in the back behind the Mexican bazaar and near the Jap village. Then you go up the stairs and hold your nose for the cooking smells. So I find the place and he ain't home yet. His wife and daughter talk to me and tell me how much they hate California. Well, so would I if I had to live in two rooms in that neighborhood. In about half an hour he arrives. He walked all the way from Hollywood and he was pretty tired. I was in the other room and he did not see me. He said he almost had a job in the studio but he just missed it by a hair. 'About a thousand were taken but I was the thousand-and-first,' he said. 'And that again proves my theory,' he remarked. But he added that he had had a good lunch and some bright prospects. Then they told him that a man from the studio was waiting for him. 'Yes, I knew Joe would keep his word with me. He was a boy of great integrity,' he said. 'Straight as a die.' "

"Here's your drink."

"Thanks . . . So we talk about this and about that and finally I ease over to the side of the contest. Then he asks me how many letters we got. And I said, a million. Then he said, if all chances were equal, one would reason that one letter was a million-to-one shot. But no chances are equal. That is how he started to explain to me about the dice cube and the toss-a-coin business, and I let him go on. And now and then I bring in the idea of progress of democracy. And he agrees with me in everything, and goes ahead with the chances business and how this branch of mathematics, which started by gambler's odds, is now of great value to humanity and science. And it was the march of progress that could not be held back. Boy! Right on the head. So I tell him it's a wonderful idea and he should go into the contest. He asks me who the judges are and he gets suspicious. Then I tell him that Lillie Lang is a dumb blonde and when you say jump, she jumps. And Robert Headlong is playing in the tennis matches and doesn't have time for contest letters; and anyway what you say goes. So then he says 'no'. Even if he had a good idea he would not put you in an embarrassing position. So I say to him that right is right and the chief is square and friendship never could influence his integrity. Your worst enemy would have as good a chance as your best friend. But still he hesitated and showed me a pamphlet he wrote about the chances business. And he told me he tossed up a coin and thirteen times in a row it fell heads up. And a dice has six sides but even if it isn't loaded, it is just the same as if it were loaded. Can you understand that? How do you account for it?"

"Well, did you finally get the letter?"

"Yes, I got it. He wrote down three. One is *Win for Democracy* and another is *March, Progress, March* and the third is our one, *March America.*"

"Good. Mail it to the office so the stamp is canceled and tomorrow morning . . ."

"It's in the bag, chief, and I'm glad the damn contest is over. But how do you explain that dice business and thirteen heads in a row? That goes against my whole education."

"All right, Sam, so your education was no good. Don't lose the letter."

The next day the check was put in the mail and the winner of the contest announced in all the newspapers. When reporters called at the home of Erick Jerobi, formerly teacher of algebra, he had only one phrase that he repeated over and over: "I am speechless."

The telephone rang in Zeloff's office. "Mr. Jerobi on the phone would like to talk to Mr. Zeloff."

"Tell him I am in conference. Let him call me tomorrow."

The next day he again refused to talk with him. "Let him cool off first," he told his secretary.

After several days Zeloff said: "Let him come to the office tomorrow morning at ten. I don't want to talk on the phone."

Jerobi was most punctual.

"Look," he began. "There has been some mistake and I bring back the check."

Zeloff did not reply. He kept folding up bits of paper with his nervous fingers.

"Here is the check. I did not quite understand at first. Your man Sam is a very slick fellow and most persuasive. I had walked home from here and it is a good many miles. I was pretty tired and we got to talking about chances and I explained some of the strange facts that led me into my theory and he kept talking about the contest and just as a sort of joke I wrote out several titles . . ."

"Well, the one you wrote is the one we like."

"No, Joe, there is something wrong about it."

"We are using it, aren't we?"

"Yes, but I realize now that it was a setup. It was only a plan to put something my way. It was phony. Your whole contest was a fraud! Joe, what have you done? You have swindled a million people who believed in you. And all these years I too have believed in you as one of the straight, honest boys and now . . ."

"I see nothing wrong in this. When you tutored me in algebra you gave me the right answers and that is how I passed the examination."

"Joe, don't say that. It's not the same thing at all. There are standard problems in algebra and there was no collusion between the professor who wrote the examination paper and myself."

"No, I don't say you two got together, all I say is. you knew the answers."

"But this thing is a crooked thing. I cannot be a party to it. I must—I am forced to . . ."

"Wait a minute, Erick. Think for a second. I am an old pupil of yours. You are not going to let me down that badly. Think again. The newspapers are not printing your tale of woe because we are heavy advertisers and they will not give us bad publicity willingly. Think again. You have another proof for your theory that all chances are not equal. Think again. You did lots of things for lots of boys and now one of them has done a little thing for you."

"A little thing! A big crooked thing!"

"Yes, Erick. Put the check back in your pocket. Go back to Connecticut where you will be happy and forget all about this California nightmare . . . And your opinion of me? . . . Well, I am sorry. All the high morality . . . Yes, you sent us out of school filled with integrity, decency and prune juice! It's all a lot of old ladies' morality. The business world . . . All right, so you lie—what of it? So the deal is a little shady. So what? A lot of bids come into the office and he gives the business to his friend. What of it?"

"Joe! How can you speak like that? I would never have believed . . ."

"And I'll tell you more. When I saw you among the extras, I said to myself here is my chance to show my old teacher what I have done in the world and how success is really made. And so I put all my cards on the table and say, look Erick, look what a stinker your boy Joe has become! All right, the truth hurts. Sure it hurts. It hurts goddam hard."

"Yes, it hurts. I do not blame a man for what he has become. It's the shock that is hard. But I cannot blame him. A hungry man has a different morality than a sheltered scholar would have."

"And a successful man is again a different thing."

"Yes, he is. Good-bye, Joe, and no matter what you have become, may God bless you."

With these words he walked out of the office. But his feet were unsteady and he stopped in the hall at the drinking fountain to take a sip of water. His eyes were flooded and the paper cup shook in his hand.

Several days later Sam helped him buy a second-hand car and dispose of the old piano and other household junk. At last the little family was packed up and started on its homeward journey.

"California has been a big disappointment to me," he confided to Sam. "Yes, the climate is fair, but the people are so lousy they don't deserve a good winter. It attracts all the fakers and numerologists. Now what do numerologists know of the laws of chances? Nothing."

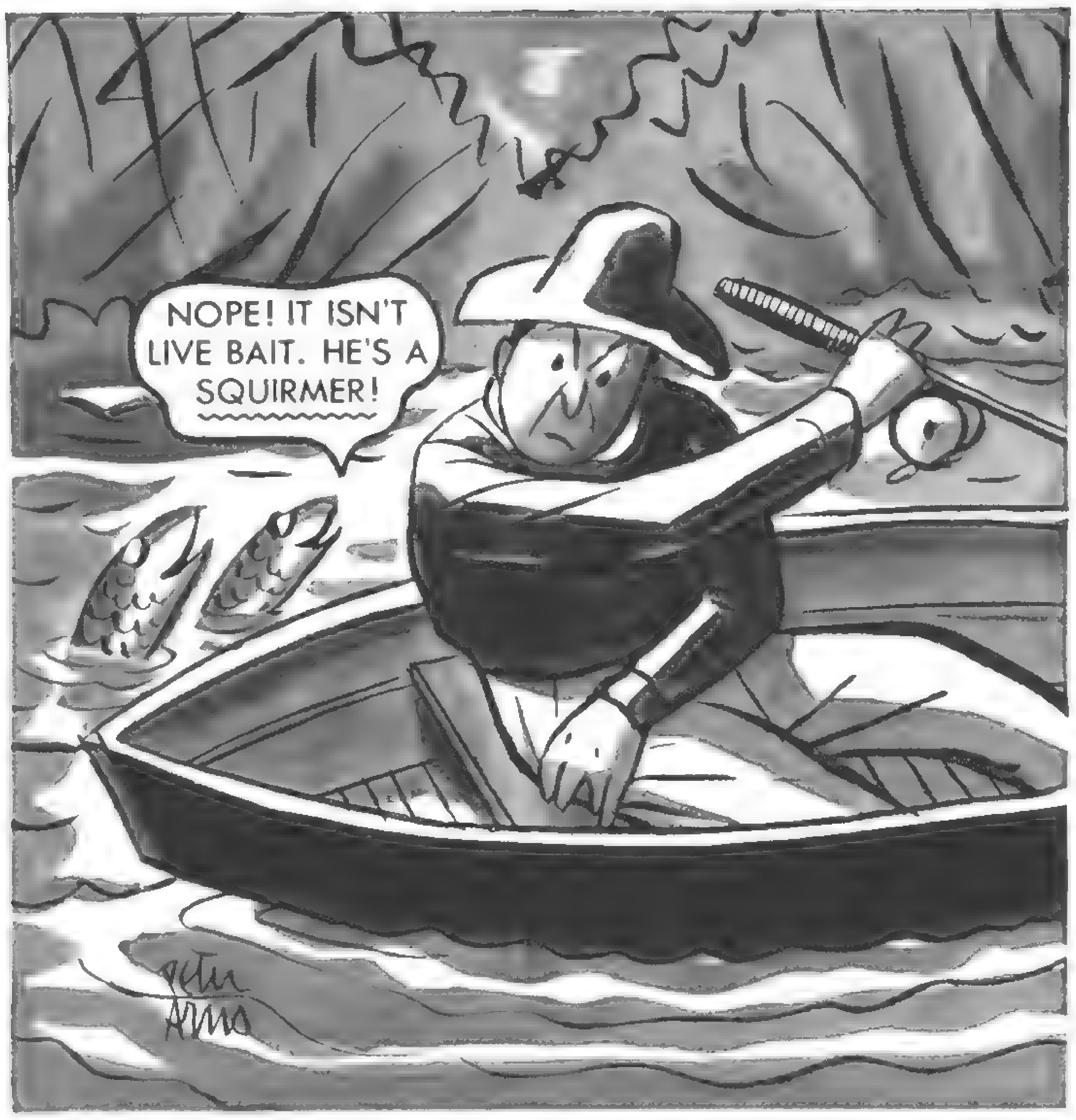
Sam reported these last words to his chief.

"I am sorry," said Zeloff, "I lost his good opinion. There was no other way. Sam, it broke my heart to have to tell him that I have become a skunk and that I live now without either integrity or honesty. There was no other way. So the contest was a little phony and a man who needed it got the check."

"Who was going to read a million letters anyway?"

"That's not the point, Sam. The point is that you have known me now for eight years and you have been on the job every day and you know that this is the only shady thing I have ever done. The million letter writers may not forgive me if they ever know, but there may be a chance that there is a God in Heaven and if there is, then I am sure He will forgive me."

"It's more than even chances, chief. According to the professor, Fate rolls a pair of loaded dice." #


NOPE! IT ISN'T LIVE BAIT. HE'S A SQUIRMER!
Peter Arno

CATCH ONTO THIS VACATION IDEA!

COOL Jockey UNDERWEAR
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Y-FRONT-PATENT of COOPERS, Inc
OPENING
Jockey UNDERWEAR
NO GAP OPENING
WEARING KEEPS IT CLOSED
SUPPORT FROM THE BELT
VARIED LENGTHS

Illustrating Jockey in the Short length. Modern two-piece underwear

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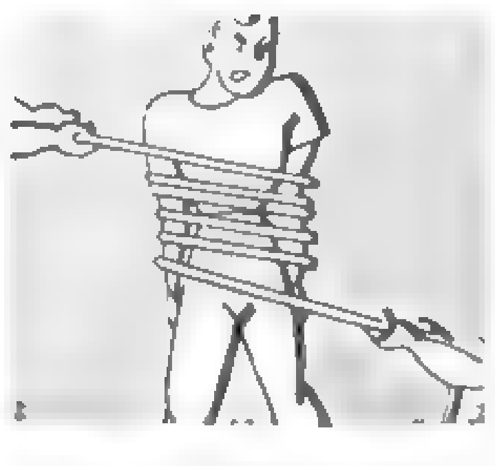
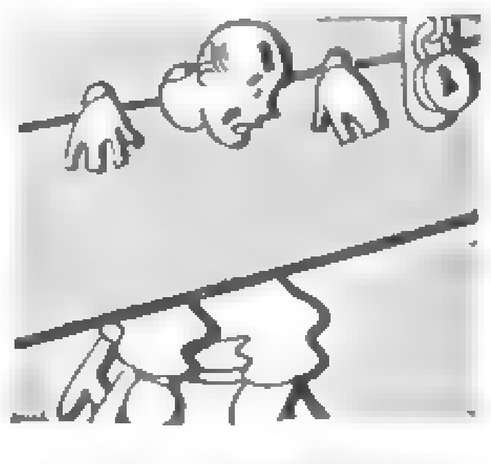
Turns the Squirm Sector into a Zone of Cool Comfort!

■ Jockey underwear points the way to new vacation comfort with its sensational, patented Y-front construction. Never bunches, creeps, or tries to strangle you. Fits almost like your own skin. Masculinized to give mild, restful support. Convenient angled opening never gaps. A revelation in coolness, too. Jockey is knitted—so your skin can breathe! Not a button to bother you! Start your wardrobe of Jockeys now. Various leg lengths in cotton, in rayon, and in linen-cotton mixtures. Contoured shirts to match. 50c up, per garment. For children, Jockey in sizes down to 6 years. Remember, it's not Jockey without the Jockey label. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

Jockey Underwear Awarded Gold Medal by Men's Apparel Quality Guild. See Exhibit in "MAN" Building, N. Y. World's Fair



■ NO BINDING —*streamlined for comfort*



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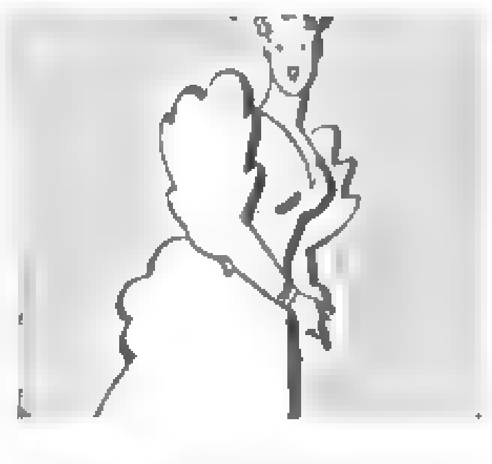
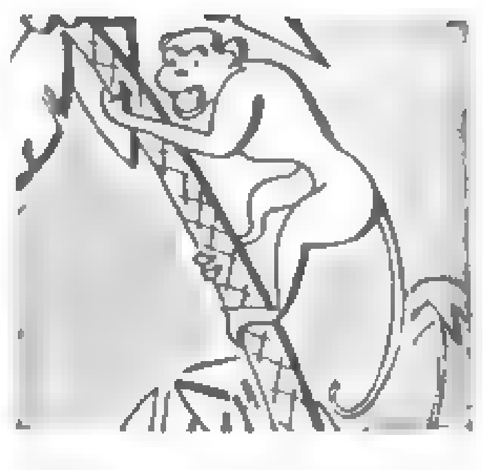


■ NO BUNCHING—*no needless bulk*



■ NO CLIMBING—*stays put all the time*

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KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

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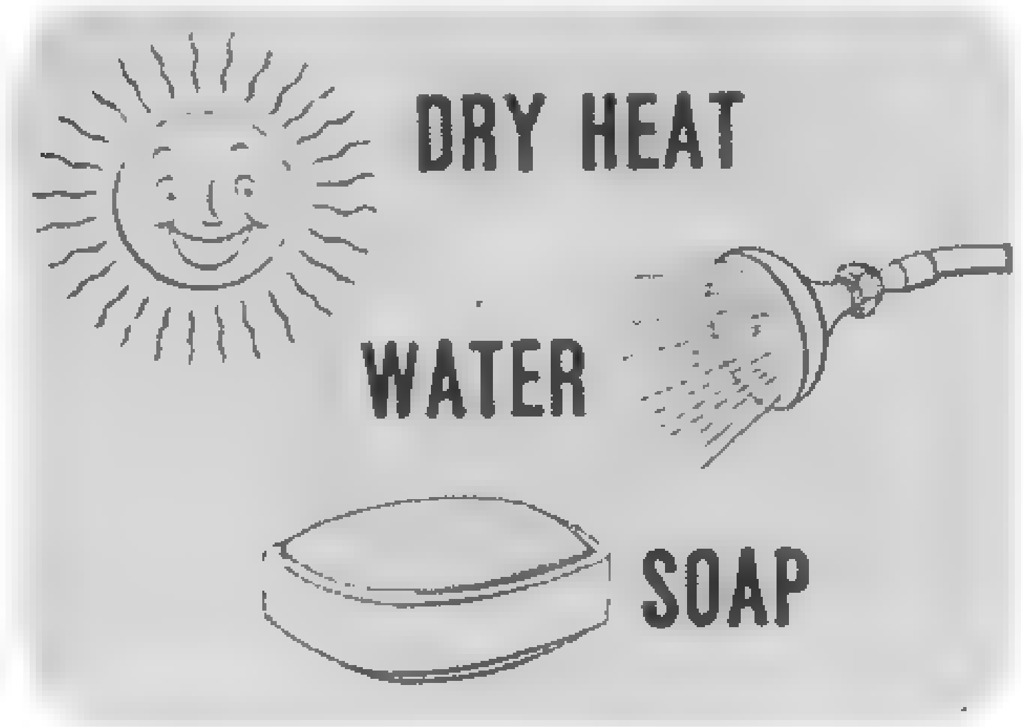
For hair at its BEST...

guard against DRY SCALP

SOFT, natural, good-looking . . . that's how the natural oils of your scalp should *normally* keep your hair. Unfortunately, hot summer sun and wind parch the scalp, rob the hair of its natural oils. Your scalp feels tight, loose dandruff scales make their telltale appearance.

Don't let "Dry Scalp" threaten the good looks of your hair. Begin now to combat this condition with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Use a few drops each morning to supplement the natural oils of the scalp. See how quickly it overcomes that dull, lifeless look . . . how quickly your hair is soft and natural-looking.

Before each shampoo it is *especially* important to use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Massage plenty on your scalp to help relieve excessive dryness. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different. It contains no drying ingredients. You can feel the difference in your scalp as well as see the difference in your hair afterwards.



They all rob your hair of natural oils. Combat "Dry Scalp" and keep hair good-looking with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC
40¢
and
70¢

A few drops supplement the natural scalp oils, keep your hair manageable and good-looking.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1939, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

DIARY OF A FAILURE

Esquire
The Magazine for Men

November 25, 1938

Dear Mr. Blackmer:

Sorry we can't use any of the cartoon ideas you were good enough to send in. No reflection on their quality, of course—it's just that they don't fit Esquire's requirements. Anyway, thanks for letting us see them. We hope you'll try us again.

Very truly yours,
L. B.
Humor Editor

(Dear Diary: Wonder if he means that—or is he just being polite? Anyway, I'll have DeLoach draw up some more roughs. JAB)

Esquire
The Magazine for Men

December 12, 1938

Gentlemen:

A couple of these nearly rang the bell. They are the "Facts of Life" and the Girl's Hotel gags. Both, however, are a bit too obscure for Esquire. At any rate, you're on the right track.

Let's see another batch soon.

Cordially,
L. B.

(Dear Diary: He *DOES* mean it! JAB)

Esquire
The Magazine for Men

January 5, 1939

Messrs. Blackmer and DeLoach:

Sorry we can't start the New Year off with good news, but there just weren't any bell-ringers in this batch.

Thanks, anyway, for sending them along.

Sincerely,
L. B.

(Dear Diary: Hmm! The one about neither wearing the pants *should* have clicked. JAB)

Esquire
The Magazine for Men

January 21, 1939

Dear Mr. Blackmer:

You haven't hit the right gag angle for Esquire yet. The enclosed miss it by quite a little.

I wish I could give you a few pointers, but this business is such that I can tell you nothing that you can't get for yourself—by studying the magazine.

Thanks for sending these along.

Cordially,
L. B.

(Dear Diary: So! He points at a subscription. Maybe he works in the circulation department now? JAB)

Esquire
The Magazine for Men

(Undated)

Dear Mr. Blackmer:

Sorry; no luck with this batch. The gal with the run in her stocking came pretty close—but that isn't quite close enough.

Thanks for sending the gags along.

(No complimentary close)
L. B.

(Dear Diary: Maybe I shouldn't have cracked that way to you about Lynn after that last reject. Now he's no longer "Cordially," "Sincerely," or "Very truly" mine. JAB)

Esquire
The Magazine for Men

March 17, 1939

Dear Mr. Blackmer:

Sorry, nothing for us this time.

L. B.

(Dear Diary: What'd I tell you? He never meant a word of it! JAB)

Moral: Never save rejection slips.

Jackson, Mich. J. A. Blackmer

AND STILL THEY COME

The problem of the polar bear offered by F. H. Rexroad in the April issue is a very simple but interesting one A person traveling due east or due west is always at the same distance from the poles of the earth. The hunter of the problem starts out from the North pole, travels five miles due south and then kills a bear which must be a polar bear. Such bears are *white*. Then after traveling eight miles due east, he is still five (5) miles from the North pole—his starting point.

A test of method and insight is a concise and clear solution of the following problem:

Each of seven (7) men enters a home and places his umbrella in an umbrella stand. When these same men leave the home, the umbrellas are so distributed that no one leaves with the same umbrella he entered. In how many different ways is such a condition possible?

Very truly yours,

Bronx, N. Y. Abraham E. Karp

WE'RE OFF AGAIN

I have noticed the complete dearth of mathematical problems in recent issues of Esquire and attribute this scarcity to the gun problem submitted by Dr. Stevens. In order to sustain the interest in these problems and also in order to secure a solution, I am submitting the following Euclidian geometry problem which I hope Mr. F. Howard Rexroad will be able to solve.

Given a circle and any two points on the circle and a second circle external to and not touching the first; to construct a third circle in the same plane as the first two through the two points of the first circle and intersecting the second circle in two points which shall be the extremities of a diameter of the second circle.

I am submitting this problem in all sincerity and hope that Mr. Rexroad will be able to solve it.

Yours very truly,
William J. Erckmann
Charleston, S. C.

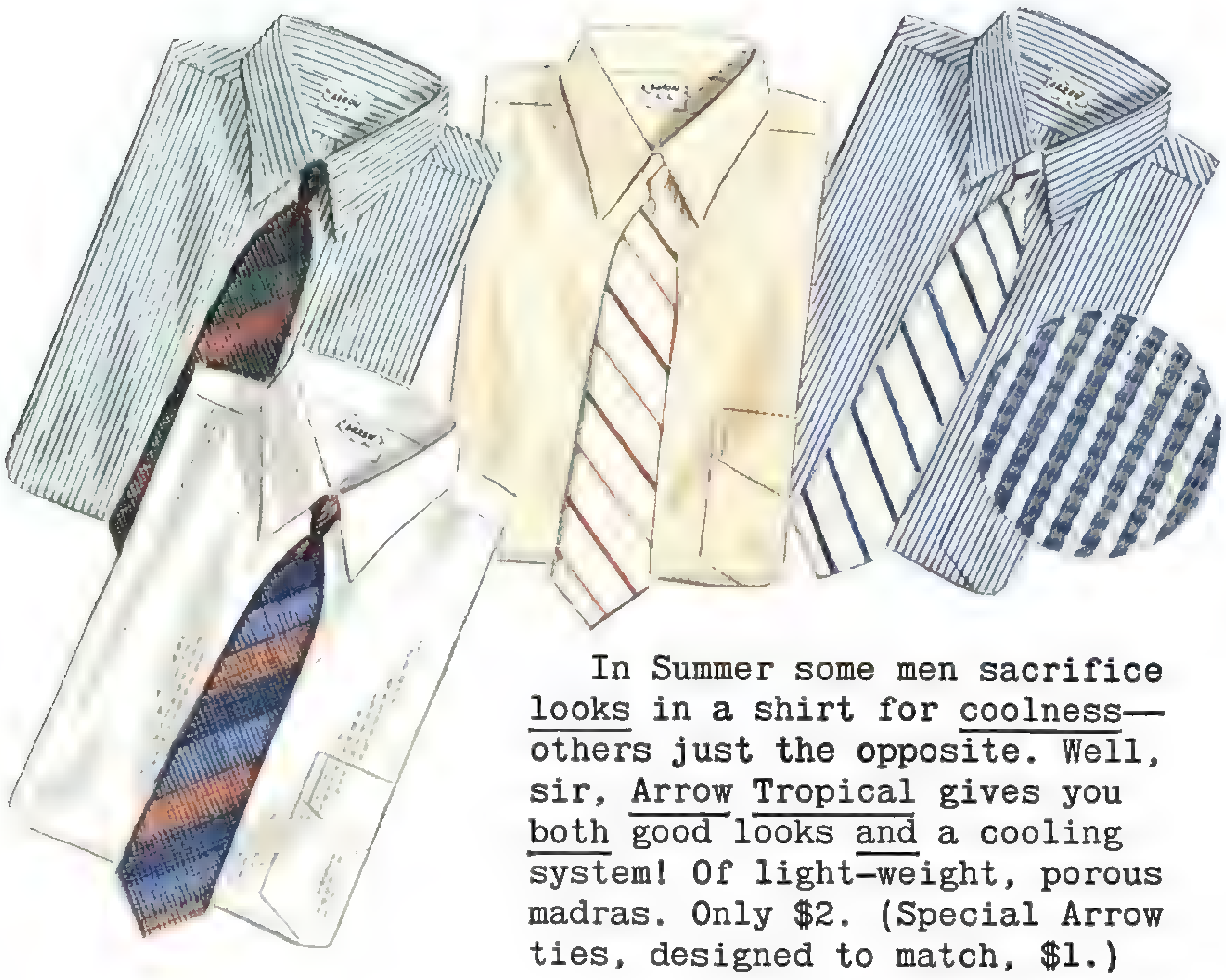
CAME CLOSE

Tag Wolfe Kaufman on the wrist and take one of his big cigars away from him as punishment. In March Esquire he has an article called *Smelling Them Out*, and his memory smells wrongly, for he calls one of the greatest theatrical hits of the stage world of modern time *Outside The Law*, when of course, it is *Within The Law*, Jane Cowl's first bid for fame. Too, as I guess he was a youngster at the time—he thinks the Becker case had something to do with ti—"Police officials involved." Lieutenant Becker was the only police official involved with the shooting of the gambler outside the old Metropole, and the case had no connection with the success of *Within The Law*, which came some time later, and had to do with a gal going to jail and afterward marrying the son of the boss who sent her to stir. Said she to the big boy: "You took away my name and gave me a number—now I'm taking your name!" The gallery gods swooned. There was no sex element in the Becker case—no woman at all, unless the gambler's wife, middle aged, whose legs never posed for the jury. The point of *Within The Law* is obvious *Outside The Law* is something different again, and Kaufman may use it some day for one of his yarns about chiseling booking agents. He is better when he sticks to modern stuff, not " 'fore de war," when I imagine he was in short pants, and if he trusts to memory, instead of turning to *Variety* files and history, can naturally do a lot of reader misleading with the old smeller. Anyone else correct him? Don't all speak at once.

New York, N. Y. John Wilson

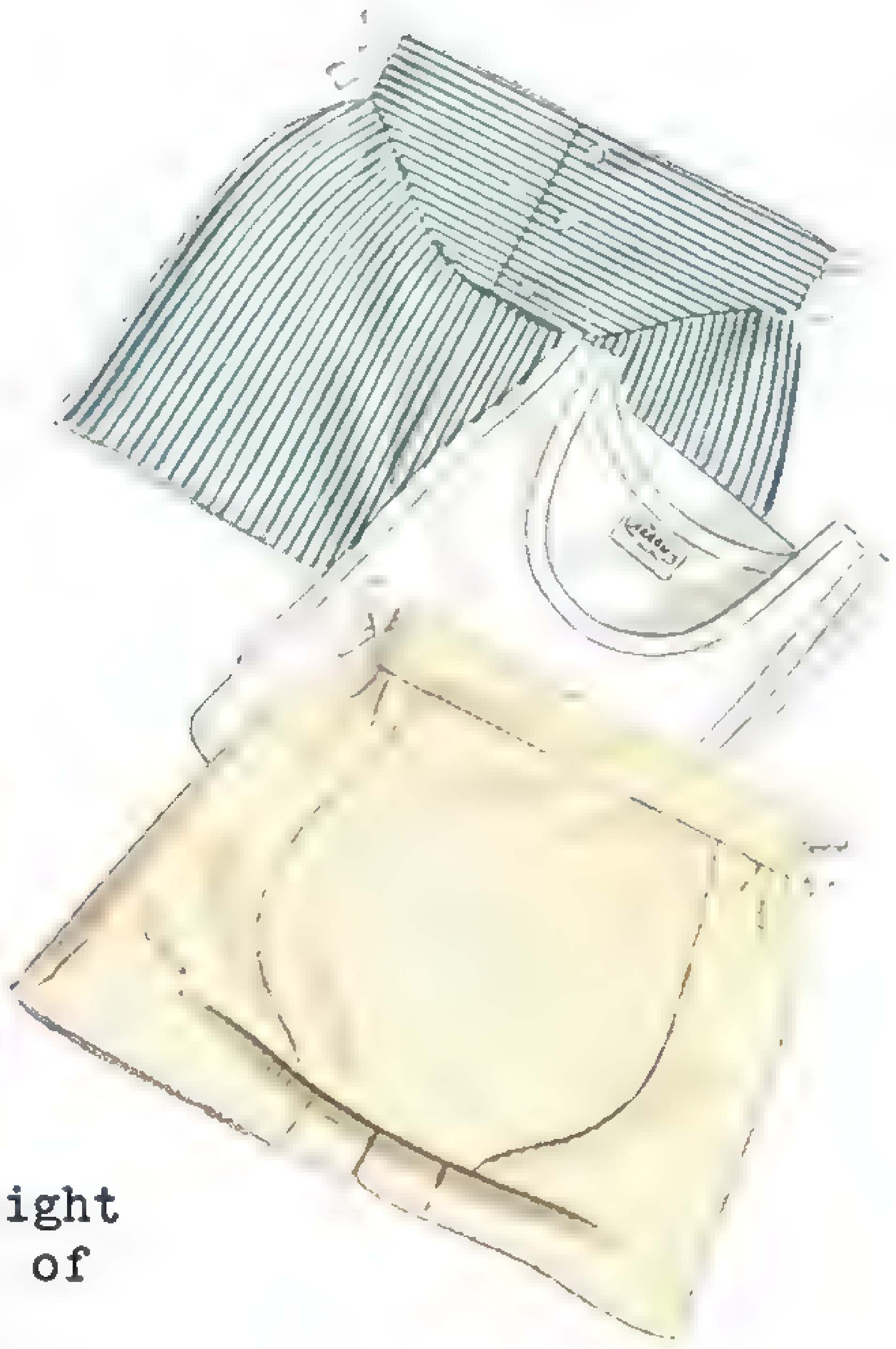
Continued on page 140

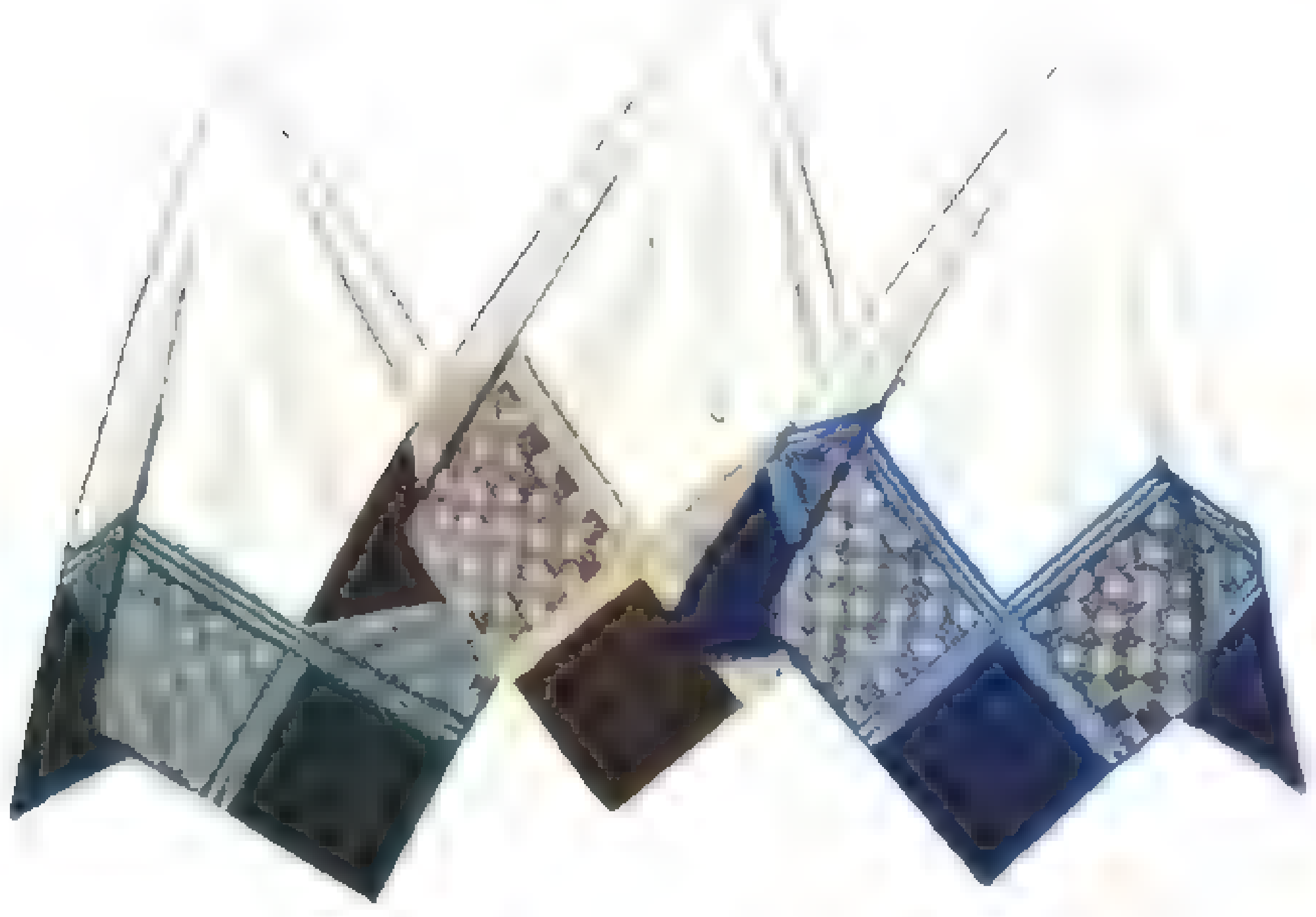
Arrow's Choice for this Month...Tropical



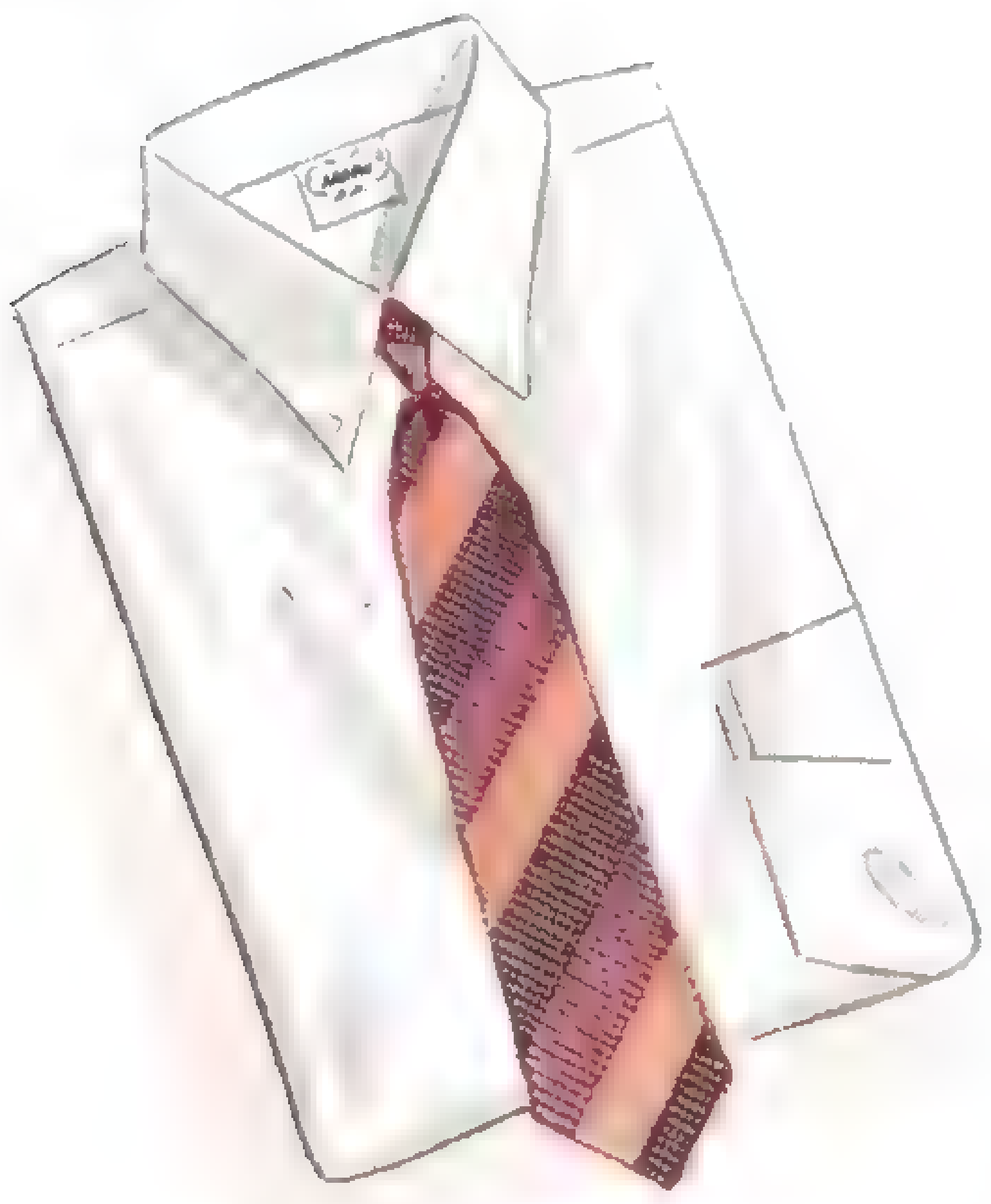
In Summer some men sacrifice looks in a shirt for coolness—others just the opposite. Well, sir, Arrow Tropical gives you both good looks and a cooling system! Of light-weight, porous madras. Only $2. (Special Arrow ties, designed to match, $1.)

Summertime is not the time for chafing, creeping shorts. Go to your Arrow man and get some Tropical Shorts (same fabric as the shirts) —they're porous, roomier, have no binding center seam. Sanforized, 65¢. Tops, 50c up.





In the pocket of your Summerweight suit show a good, healthy portion of Arrow Tropical handkerchief (just 50¢). Teams perfectly with Tropical Shirts and Ties.



If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.

ARROW SANFORIZED

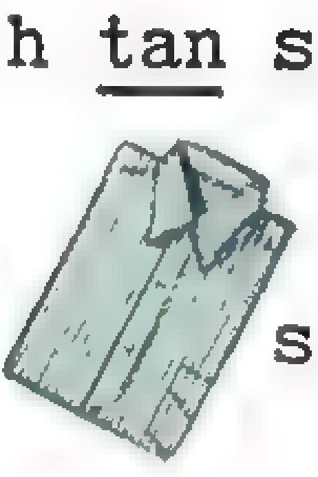
All Arrow shirts and shorts are Sanforized-Shrunk (fabric shrinkage less than 1%). Guaranteed to fit you permanently.

Best All-Around Shirt, right for sports or the office: Arrow Gordon. White oxford; plain or button-down collar. Only $2.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

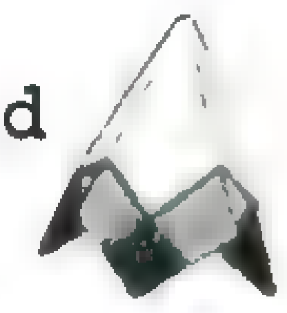
With tan suit

wear

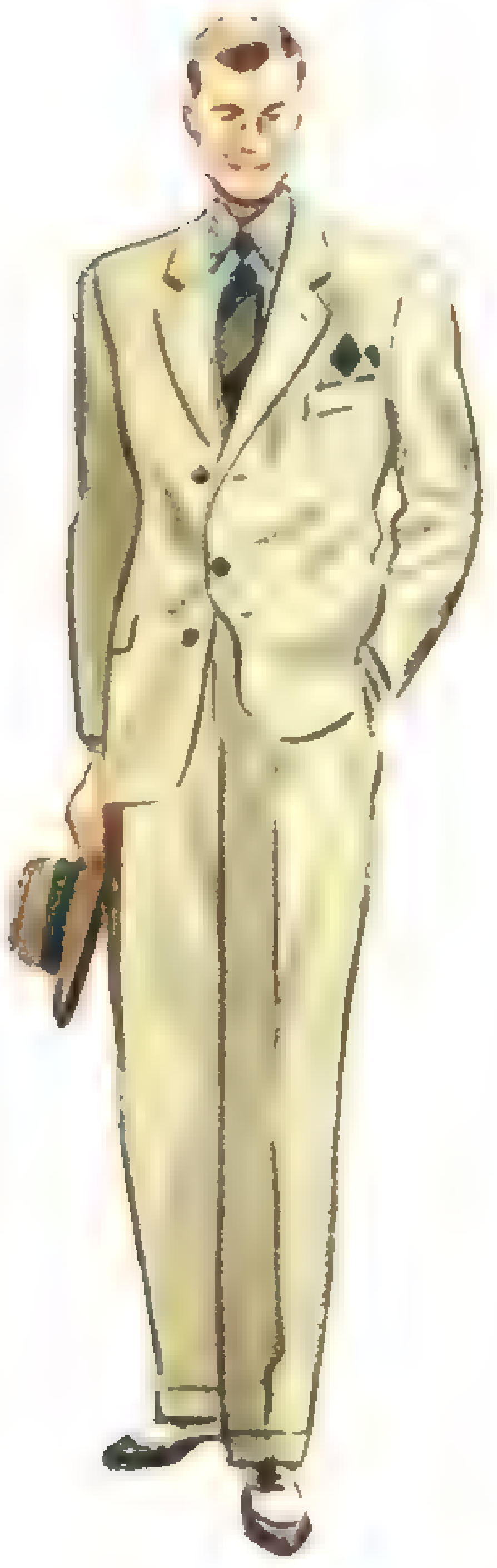


shirt,

tie, and

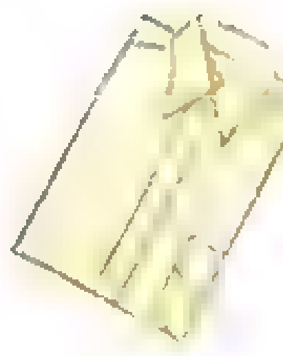


handkerchief.

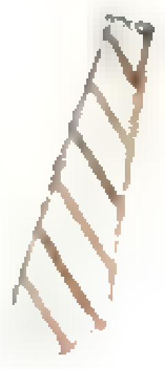


With gray outfit

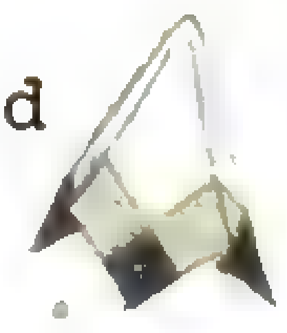
wear



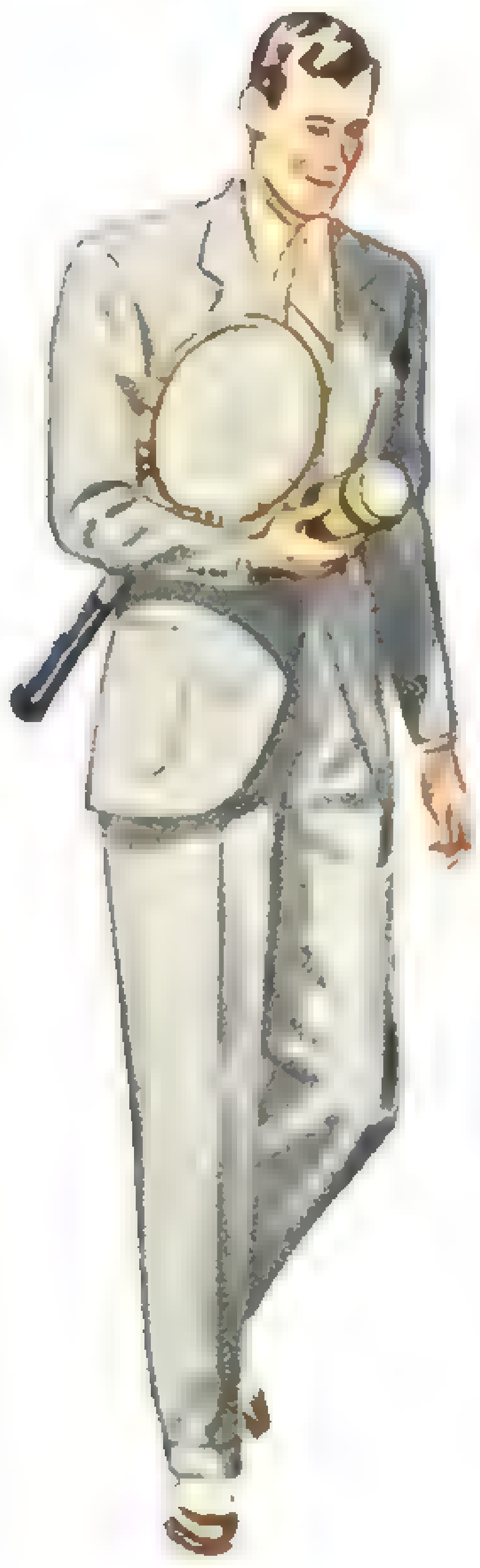
shirt,



tie, and



handkerchief.



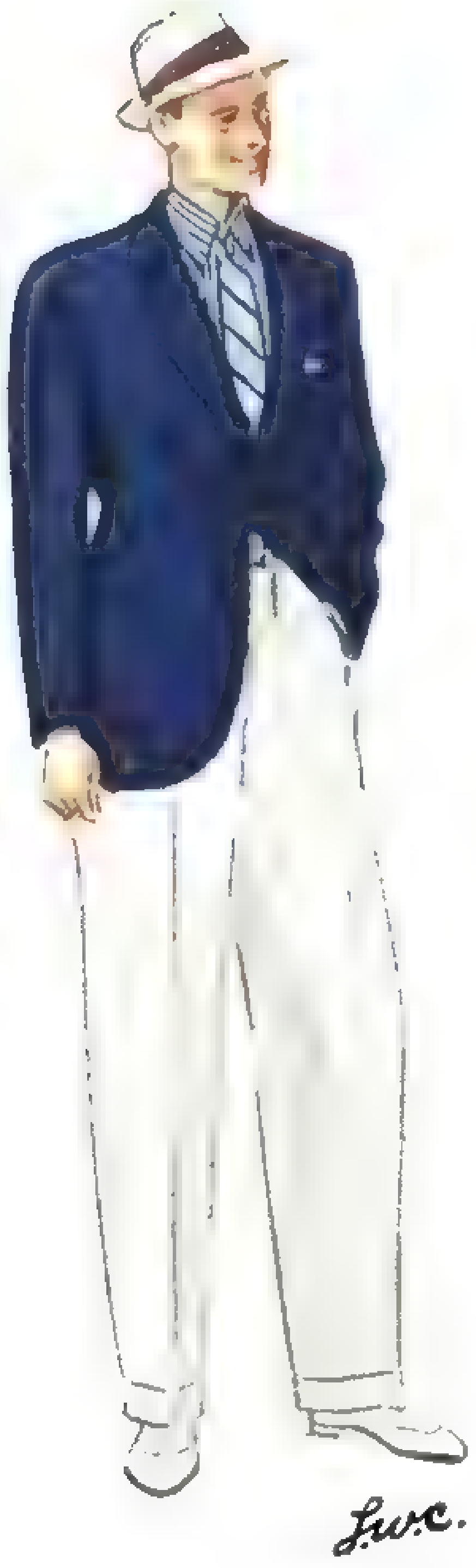
With blue jacket

wear

shirt,

tie, and

handkerchief.



The suggestions above aren't hard and fast rules. Go to your Arrow dealer —tomorrow—and work out the combinations you like best.

Note to the rising generation—hop over to an Arrow dealer and take home 3 handsome Arrow shirts for dear old Dad. Father's Day is June 18th.

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 74

not hitherto been recognized in the modern theatre. It is remarkable that the theatre should still conventionally hide it . . . namely, that many women have pleasure in the experience of sex . . . yet to acknowledge its truth in what is called the heroine of a play is almost revolutionary."

Note: Is it possible that Mr. Morgan cannot have heard of such modern plays as Stanley Houghton's *Hindle Wakes*, Korfiz Holm's *Mary's Big Heart*, Hjalmar Bergström's *Karen Borneman*, etc.?

Subsidiary note: Herewith, the revolutionary manner in which Mr. Morgan's revolutionary heroine does the revolutionary open admitting:

Brissing: "Kiss me again!"

Karen: "As much as you like."

Brissing: "And you?"

Karen: "Very well. As much as *I* like."

Brissing: "How much, Karen? Enough?"

Karen: "I suppose so."

Brissing: "Tonight? Don't turn your face away—Look at me. Answer me." (*She quietly releases herself.*)

Karen: "What *are* we?"

(*Enter Denham with tea*)

After tea, as Brissing starts to go:

Karen (*calling him back*): "Peter!"

Brissing: "What?"

Karen: "There will be no answer."

Brissing: "No answer?"

Karen: "To the question you asked. There can be no answer. There could never have been. Do you understand?"

4. "She (Karen)," proudly re-emphasizes Mr. Morgan, "says openly what has, I think, not been said in the theatre for over a hundred years and not by an honorable character since the Elizabethans — that she desires men."

Note: It is a matter for regret that Mr. Morgan has not had time to familiarize himself with various modern plays ranging from Artzybasheff's *Enemies* (1917) to Lynn Riggs' *Russet Mantle* (1936).

Subsidiary note: Herewith, the revolutionary manner in which Mr. Morgan's revolutionary character says it:

Ferrers: "You are a woman men desire. That's the danger."

Karen: "I desire men. That's the safety."

5. "For saying this," continues Mr. Morgan, "she will be reviled, but it seemed to me necessary, after watching more than two thousand plays, that so simple and, outside the theatre, so unrevolutionary a truth about women should be re-stated on the stage."

Note: Far from reviling her, critics in both England and America who have, like Mr. Morgan, watched more than two thousand plays but who, apparently unlike Mr. Morgan, have kept their ears open, have passively and leisurely accepted her as being a little bit of old-hat.

6. Mr. Morgan makes an extended ado over the novelty of his play's central theme: "singleness of mind."

He presents it as something quite as dramatically original and revolutionary as his sex concepts. By singleness of mind, to which he devotes his long prefatory essay, he means a strict and unyielding adherence to purpose and end, an absolute and undeviating integrity in determination—in short, the endeavor to march to one's goal in a straight and unswerving line, with no extrinsic interruptions or corruptive influences permitted to horn in.

Note: It must be confided to Mr. Morgan that his singleness of mind theme has long been familiar to the drama and is by way of being pretty stale stuff. Does he forget Ibsen's *Brand?* Has he never seen Githa Sowerby's *Rutherford And Son?* Or Wedekind's *Hidalla?* Or Octave Mirbeau's *Business Is Business?* Or numerous plays in the more recent theatre, ranging from John Wexley's *The Last Mile* (if ever a dramatic character was possessed of singleness of mind, John Mears is) to Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes* (compared with Regina Giddens, both Morgan's Ferrers and Karen are irresolute, vacillating dilettantes).

Let us come to the play as we directly engage it upon the stage. Having delivered himself in his prefatory essay of the remarkable opinion that the great trouble with Shakespeare was that he lacked all sense of humor, we find Mr. Morgan offering as his own idea of authentic humor such passages as these:

1. "But it do give people a turn to say their watch is slow. May think you're a liar, but they can't be that sure. It's like winkin' the eye about a man's girl. She may be an angel with knobs on, but it makes him look slippy."

2. "I can't find my tie."

"It's in the loop of your shirt."

"Where?"

"Hanging down your back."

"Damn! (*Finds it*) One of the disadvantages of a celibate life is that there are no mirrors."

3. "I decided you were a perfectly good bluestocking."

"I can assure you she's neither."

The Girl who couldn't be Kissed

EVER SINCE we competed side by side in the 1913 Better Babies Contest, I've tried in vain to win a very lovely girl named Harriett.

Last Tuesday, I staked everything on a diamond ring . . . I lost, and she told me to go jump in the lake.

But, gentlemen, on the way to end it all, I saw a new Nash in a show-window.

It was joyously long and lithe and dashing—just like Harriett. It had a gay, nonchalant air, just like Harriett. It made the blood rush to my head, my pulses beat like tom-toms (exactly the way Harriett affects me).

"*To heck with Harriett!*" I said. "I'm going to trade this ring in on a Nash!"

Well, gentlemen, that didn't solve matters, either . . . because Harriett stopped me on the street the other evening and insisted on a ride.

I nonchalantly flicked the special gearshift* and we shot out into space. I dazzled her with the zoom of Nash's hurricane of power. I twiddled the "Weather Eye"* dial —and there was the fresh, clean air of a mountain lake.

"Oh, George!" she cooed. Then, as we drifted silently down a leafy lane, she murmured, "Let's go on forever."

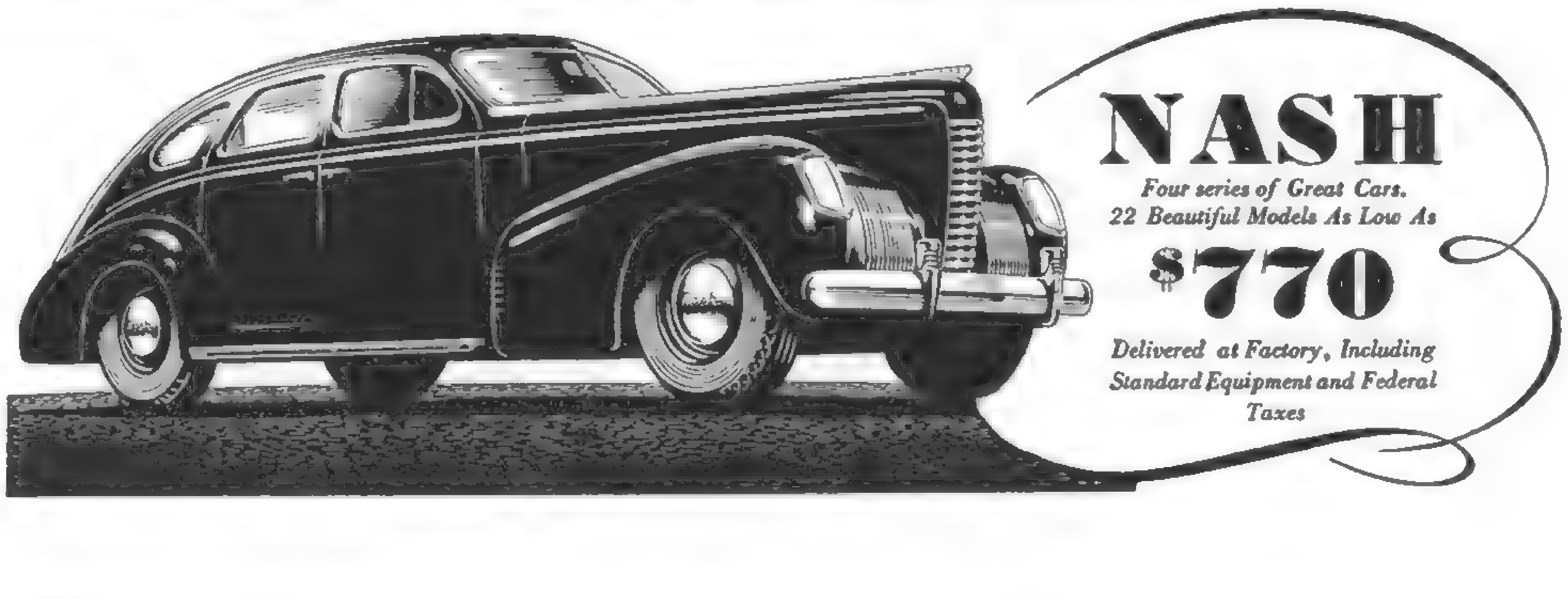
"We shall!" I said grimly. "We will *live* in our Nash, because it's like a home on the road, and it costs practically nothing to run."

"Oh, George," was all she said.

We are now somewhere in Iowa. Will someone please tell Harriett's parents not to worry? She doesn't need wraps in our "Conditioned Air" Nash, and—oh, yes, we picked up a minister at Armonk.

Why not drive this new Nash yourself? Your dealer has a model waiting—*see him today!* (*Optional Equipment—Slight Extra Cost)

Car illustrated . . . 4-Door Sedan, 117" Wheelbase . . . $840 delivered at Factory . . . Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes Included.



NASH

Four series of Great Cars. 22 Beautiful Models As Low As

$770

Delivered at Factory, Including Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes

"Neither?"

"A bluestocking—nor perfectly good."

4. "Imagine her in trousers, my dear Ferrers. In dealing with women, I have found it a useful exercise. God so made a woman that in trousers a part of her truth conspicuously appears."

5. "I should adore that. Like having a tame tiger. Or would you eat me? I should adore that too. I've always thought the lady of Riga had it both ways."

(*Laughing* "Granted a Freudian tiger."

6. "Are mathematics Freudian, Miss Selby? Until this evening, I thought they were completely sexless."

"But I thought you said, Lady Helston, you were good at them at school."

"I expect those were what Edward calls pure mathematics."

7. "You wouldn't ask a musician to learn ours (language)."

"And why not? . . . Except that most of them seem to be Poles—or mad."

8. "Damn it, sir, I made the thing. It's my child."

"A mother isn't always the best judge of her own child."

"That wasn't Solomon's opinion, sir." (*They laugh. It is a relief.*)

9. "Do you lie awake at nights wishing you could get back to the bridge table and play a hand again?"

"Why, do you?"

"I don't play bridge."

"You are an extraordinary woman!"

10. "A cigarette, sir?"

"A pipe if I may. It persuades the newspapers that, though uninspiring, one is English at heart. For the same reason, if statesmen must go to France, it's advisable for them to cut out Paris and go straight to Aix-les-Bains."

11. "It's dangerous in England to give an impression that you like the French for their own sake. It throws suspicion on your morals."

12. "I haven't a daughter, sir."

"Few men can be sure of that; and they perhaps are not to be envied."

It is, as I have remarked before, clearly apparent from Mr. Morgan's foreword and introductory essay to his play that he is firmly convinced it explores new ground in the drama. In the play itself we have this passage, along with its stage direction:

"A woman is a personal animal . . . But this particular job needs—"

"Go on, Ferrers. What does it need?"

(*Stage direction: This carries the whole emphasis of the play and is spoken very slowly, clearly, quietly.*) "I think the rarest thing in the world, sir—impersonal passion."

The theme of female impersonal passion, Mr. Morgan surely must recall, if only he will scratch his head a little, is a not unfamiliar one in the drama. What, for example, in one direction, of some of the plays treating of Joan of Arc and Florence Nightingale? Or, in another, of Rubin's *Women Go On Forever*, Barry's *The Animal Kingdom*, Barnes' and Sheldon's *Jenny*, Daviot's *The Laughing Woman*, etc.? The theme is so familiar, indeed, that by way of freshening it up a little, farce writers have had a go at it as, for example, in Pascal's *The Amorous Antic.*

While it obviously is not always fair to argue that a dramatist's hero or heroine expresses his own personal convictions, it seems reasonable to believe—in view of Mr. Morgan's prefatory confessions—that in this case both his sadistically intellectual hero and heroine do.

Let us glance at a few of their expressed convictions:

1. To the First Lord's expansion of the hero's above-quoted statement on impersonal passion: "Do you suggest, Ferrers, that women haven't the capacity for impersonal passion? No religieuses? No artists? No women of science? . . . Come," Ferrers categorically and dismissingly replies, "They may be capable of it in relation to a God they worship."

Suggested research for Mr. Morgan: George Sand (after 1831), Emily Dickinson, Jane Addams, Madame Curie, Sophie Brzeska, *et al.*

2. In reply to Ferrers' remark that he and Karen in later years, upon recalling a quarrel they have had, may remember it, "but we shan't recognize ourselves in the remembrance," Karen rejoins: "I think that must be true of murderers—they don't recognize themselves in the remembrance."

Suggested reading for Mr. Morgan: the written and published confessions of some of the world's most notorious murderers. For one example, the gleeful memoirs of Eugene Weidmann, Parisian butcher de luxe.

3. Ferrers to Karen: "Oh it *is* true that one thinks and feels and wants two things at the same time. People who write won't allow that."

Suggested reading for Mr. Morgan, sufficiently varied: Dostoevsky and Clifford Odets, Balzac and Hermann Bahr, George Eliot and George Kelly, Ouida and George M. Cohan, D. H. Lawrence and Gerhart Hauptmann, De Quincey and Owen Davis, Blasco Ibáñez and Pirandello, George Gissing and Vincent Lawrence, Robert Hichens and Brieux, *etc.*, *etc.*

But enough of all clinical criticism. What, in the end, does Mr. Morgan's momentous play—to say nothing of his momentous foreword and prefatory essay—come down to?

It comes down simply to this: a man working on a big job finds himself in love with and desirous of a woman but, feeling that any physical monkey-business would interfere with his mission, refrains from cohabitation until the job is finished.

Suggested thematically identical and momentous playgoing for Mr. Morgan: Lincoln J. Carter's 10-20-30 gallery gods' delight, *Bedford's Hope.* #

Love to DAD—
FATHER'S DAY
Joan & Bill

"Make mine a Gillette Dry Shaver" —say men who have "tried them all"!

IF DAD hankers for an electric razor . . . by all means play safe and give him the new Gillette Dry Shaver. Talk to men who have "tried 'em all" and they will tell you that this fine precision instrument is head and shoulders above the rest! And no wonder! It combines every advantage of other electric razors plus a host of new features that make it in every way worthy of the distinguished name it bears. And now you have an opportunity to test this razor in your own home without risking a cent.

Built To Exacting Standards

The Gillette Dry Shaver is shaped to nestle in your hand. Gooseneck construction enables you to shave with your arm in a natural position. The double action cutter head has a four-way beard pick-up. Even flattened bristles are sheared off close. The high-speed motor never falters. And look at the attractive all-steel case . . . with non-breakable mirror and removable wall bracket cradle! Built to exacting standards, this razor is costly to produce, yet the price is just $20.

Limited Free Trial Offer—Fill out the coupon below and present it to your Gillette dealer. If, after a week's trial, you decide to return your Gillette Dry Shaver, the dealer under the terms of this agreement, will refund the purchase price.

To Gillette Dealers:

During June and July, 1939, you are authorized to supply the bearer with a Gillette Dry Shaver for one week's free trial. If he returns the razor, you agree to refund the purchase price . . . and Gillette will give you a new Dry Shaver in exchange for the used one.

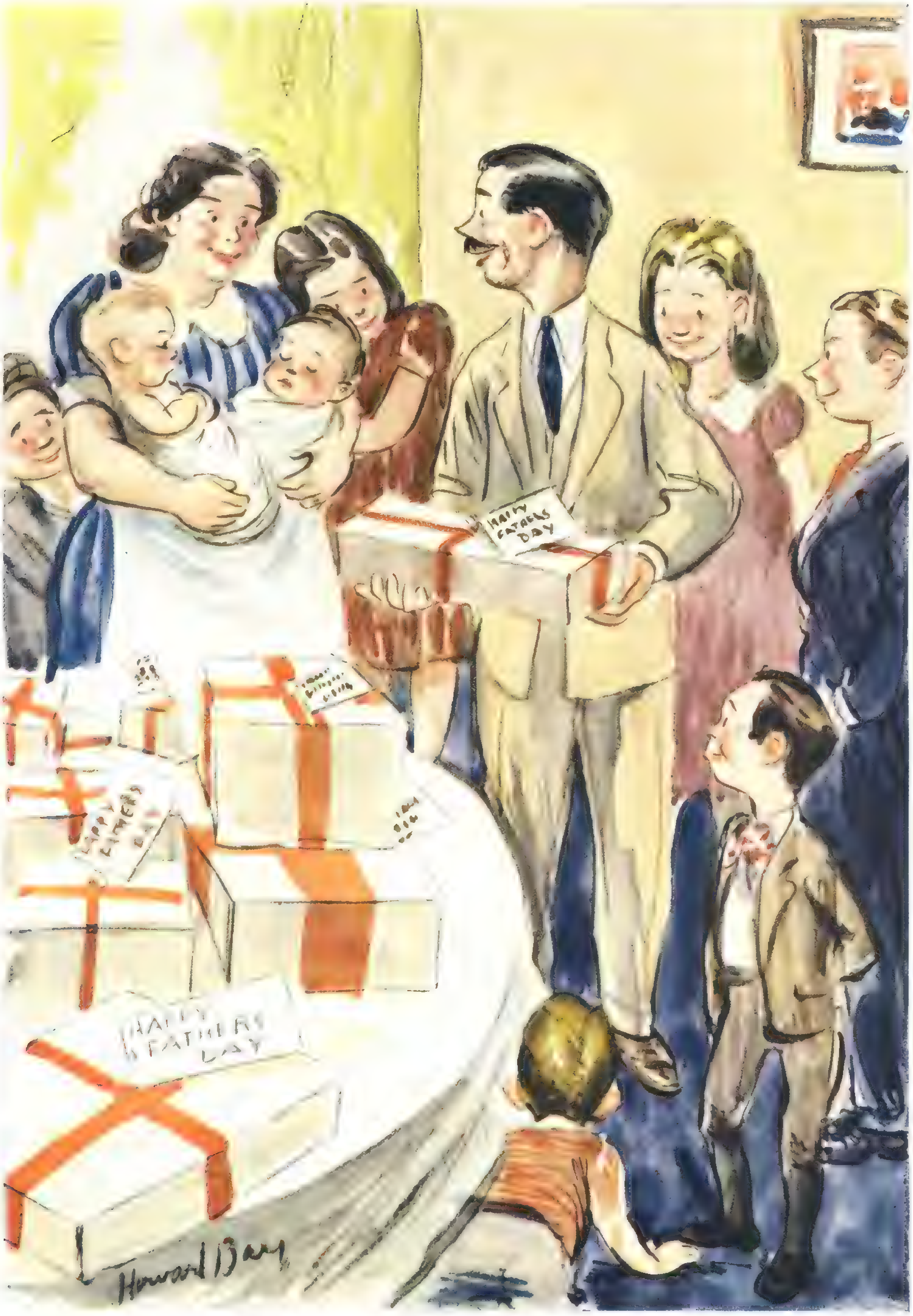
Customer's Free Trial Receipt

Customer's Signature ________________

Customer's Address ________________

Date of Purchase ________ Serial No. of Razor ________

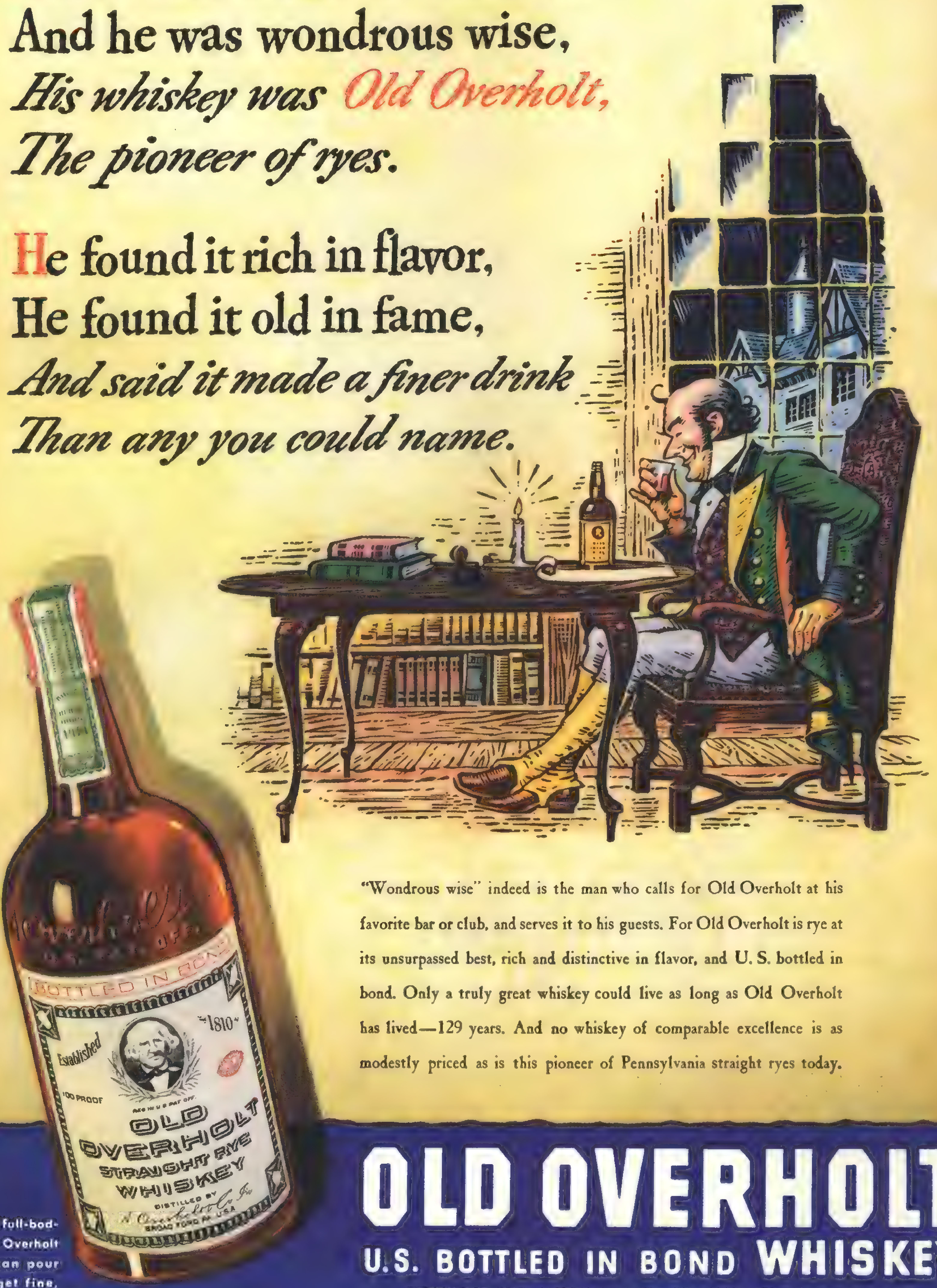
Dealer's Signature ________________


HAPPY FATHERS DAY
HAPPY FATHERS DAY
HAPPY FATHERS DAY

"Gosh, dear, what have I ever done to deserve all this?"

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise,
His whiskey was Old Overholt,
The pioneer of ryes.

He found it rich in flavor,
He found it old in fame,
And said it made a finer drink
Than any you could name.


BOTTLED IN BOND
Established
1810
100 PROOF
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
OLD OVERHOLT RYE
STRAIGHT WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
A. Overholt & Co. Inc.
BROAD FORD PA. U.S.A.

"Wondrous wise" indeed is the man who calls for Old Overholt at his favorite bar or club, and serves it to his guests. For Old Overholt is rye at its unsurpassed best, rich and distinctive in flavor, and U. S. bottled in bond. Only a truly great whiskey could live as long as Old Overholt has lived—129 years. And no whiskey of comparable excellence is as modestly priced as is this pioneer of Pennsylvania straight ryes today.

So rich and full-bodied is Old Overholt that you can pour less and get fine, full-flavored drinks.

OLD OVERHOLT

U.S. BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY

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The Censor Marches On . . . II

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be admitted into the country.

THE LAW IS FURTHER CLARIFIED

The seed planted in the *Ulysses* case bore fruit, in part at least, in the Levine case, decided by the same Circuit Court in 1936. Levine had been found guilty of posting obscene circulars advertising five obscene books. Three of the five books were specifically adverted to by the court—*Secret Museum of Anthropology*, a reproduction of photographs predominantly of nude female savages; *Crossways of Sex*, an anonymous treatise on sexual pathology; and *Black Lust*, a novel describing the adventures of an English girl captured by dervishes. The lower court had instructed the jury that there was a group of people "found in every community, the young and immature, the ignorant and those who are sensually inclined," and that it was this group that the federal obscenity statute was designed to protect. The Circuit Court held that this was error, saying:

> This . . . doctrine necessarily presupposed that the evil against which the statute is directed so much outweighs all interests of art, letters or science, that they must yield to the mere possibility that some prurient person may get a sensual gratification from reading or seeing what to most people is innocent and may be delightful or enlightening. No civilized community not fanatically puritanical would tolerate such an imposition . . . .

The court then proceeded to paraphrase its holding in the *Ulysses* case, concluding that "what counts is its (a book's) effect, not upon any particular class, but upon all those whom it is likely to reach." Because the lower court had erroneously instructed the jury as to this, and because it had incorrectly charged them that a single passage might condemn a work regardless of its merits as a whole, Levine's conviction was reversed.

Thus three highly salutary rules emerged from the Levine case: that a book said to be obscene must be judged as a whole; that its obscenity must be measured by the effect it is likely to have, not on the diseased or the immature, but on readers generally; and that the opinions of critics are admissible in evidence to show a book's significance as a work of art, and its importance to the community.

THE BOOKSELLER'S DILEMMA

It may not be amiss to pause here a moment and reflect on some of the implications of the cases we have discussed.

Halsey, the man who bore the brunt of Mr. Sumner's stubborn fight against *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, was a bookseller. The defendant in the *Reigen* case was Pesky, a clerk in a bookshop; in the *Female* case, the owner of a circulating library; in the *November* case, a small distributor of books; in the *If It Die* case, a bookseller. All these people were trying, earnestly and honestly enough, to earn a living. Their livelihood depended on selling books, not reading them; and even if they had done nothing but read twenty-four hours a day, they couldn't possibly have read all the volumes on their shelves. And yet the law placed them in the same category as the wilful author and publisher of obscene material; and if they innocently happened to sell an indecent publication (sometimes by entrapment to a decoy of Mr. Sumner), they ran the risk of a criminal conviction resulting in a fine or a jail sentence. In other words, the obscenity statute made them guarantors of the moral integrity of their wares, even though they acted in the utmost good faith.

THE "BAD BOOK" BILL

The so-called Bad Book Bill, sponsored by the National Council for Freedom from Censorship a number of years ago, was designed to remedy this situation. It placed the primary responsibility for selling obscene publications, not on the retailer, but where it belonged: on the publisher or the distributor. It provided a rational procedure in the prosecution of alleged pornography. Upon being accused of selling a salacious book, a bookseller was permitted to show that he had no knowledge of any previous court decision holding the book obscene, and that he himself was not the publisher. If he then furnished an affidavit disclosing his source of supply, together with an undertaking to assure his appearance in court as a witness, he would be let go, and the prosecution could be launched against the responsible parties. The underlying purpose of the bill was (1) to protect the innocent bookseller, (2) to fix criminal responsibility on the real offender, and (3) to stem the flow of pornography at the source.

The Bad Book Bill was no novelty in the field of law. There was legislative precedent for it in the New York Code of Criminal Procedure. The Code provides that if a jeweler unwittingly sells a falsely stamped article of gold or silver, he may escape the penalty of the law by bringing in and testifying against the person who manufactured the article. This section has been in the Code since 1909, and has always operated

I'D ADVISE "Satchet Seductif" TO LAND HIM . . . . AND PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC TO KEEP HIM!
PARFUM
Pepsodent Antiseptic

BAD BREATH IS NO JOKING MATTER!

Pepsodent Antiseptic

keeps breath sweeter long after using!

● Will your breath stand a *critical close-up?* That's something you *don't know*, unless you're told . . . and it's one of the things you *don't like* to be told.

Now it's so easy to keep your breath sweeter and fresher the PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC WAY! Take just a moment, three times a day, to gargle and rinse your mouth with this golden, tangy-tasting liquid. Just swirl it around . . . and presto! . . . enjoy a new spick-and-span freshness!

The best thing about PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is that you draw dividends from it *long after* you use it. Yes, PEPSODENT not only sweetens your breath . . . but, in addition, helps *keep it sweeter!* Buy PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC today!

No Other Leading Brand Can Match This:

1. BECAUSE OF CHLOR-THYMOL, sensational, safe Germ-Killer, Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in seconds even when diluted with 2 parts water. *No other leading brand can do this!*

2. BECAUSE OF CHLOR-THYMOL tests show these results. Gargling with Pepsodent Antiseptic diluted with 2 parts water immediately reduces the bacterial count in the mouth by as much as 97%. *No other leading brand can do this!*

3. BECAUSE OF CHLOR-THYMOL Pepsodent Antiseptic makes your money go 3 times as far. When diluted with 2 parts of water, it is as effective as other leading brands used full strength. *No other leading brand can match this!*

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC *keeps your breath sweeter for* Critical Close-ups!

salutarily. The Bad Book Bill expresses the same essential philosophy.

The bill has gone down to defeat for a number of years in the New York State Legislature, and each time the Vice Society has been the most vociferous opponent of it.

In opposing the bill, Mr. Sumner and some others resort to the "can-of-soup" argument. They point out that if a customer is made ill by the contents of a can sold to him by a retail grocer, he may sue and recover from the grocer even though the grocer had no way of knowing that the soup was spoiled. The analogy will not stand close scrutiny. For one thing, foodstuffs have always been in a class by themselves; their inspection and supervision has been always deemed to be within the scope of governmental control. Not so with books. We have a Food and Drug Act and a Food and Drug Administration; fortunately, we have no equivalent statute for books.

The analogy is false because it relates to two fundamentally different things. Whether a can of soup is edible or spoiled is a question in which neither laymen nor experts are likely to differ, but no one can say with any degree of certainty whether a publication is lawful or unlawful until a court of last resort has spoken the apocalyptic word. The soup liability of the grocer is predicated upon two theories: first, that he is at liberty to take the can down from his shelves, open it and ascertain its quality before selling it (an absurd argument); and second, the grocer may safeguard himself by dealing only with reliable manufacturers and wholesalers.

These theories, tenuous enough when applied to the grocer, disappear into thin air when applied to books. Even if a bookseller could physically read every book on his shelves, and even if he read every law case ever decided on the subject, he could not determine conclusively whether a certain book violated the law. The criteria of the crime are much too vague and uncertain, and depend upon too many variable factors. Nor can the bookseller protect himself by dealing only with responsible publishers. The publications of a reputable house (witness *Jurgen*, *Casanova's Homecoming*, *Married Love*, and *Ulysses*) are just as likely to precipitate prosecution as those of a lesser-known firm. Nor is the reputation of the author a talisman of immunity, as James Branch Cabell, Theodore Dreiser, Dr. Marie Stopes and James Joyce can testify. And D. H. Lawrence and Dr. Arthur Schnitzler, both of whom were hounded mercilessly by the censor during their lives, would nod assent in their graves.

WITHOUT JUDGE OR JURY

In 1931 a clergyman was scandalized by what he deemed a "flood of lewd, lascivious, and obscene magazines" on the newsstands. Rallying some support, he called on the Commissioner of Licenses of New York City to do something. The Commissioner was obliging. He sent out a circular letter to the owners of newsstands throughout the city, threatening them with the revocation of their licenses if they sold magazines and papers which might be "classified as lewd and obscene literature." No mention was made of the person who was to do the "classifying."

The scheme worked like a charm. The Interborough News Company withdrew three magazines at once from its fourteen hundred newsstands. Newsdealers were not disposed to kick up a row; they wanted to earn a living, not to fight court battles.

From the censor's point of view, the result was not perfect, but it was pretty good. Only magazines had been suppressed; the technique hadn't reached books. However, there were compensating factors. It had been so simple and easy. No delay, no going into court, no proof—just a little pressure on a city official, and it was done.

But not without protest. Public-spirited and enlightened elements in the community, including the National Council on Freedom from Censorship, and such well-known individuals as B. W. Huebsch, Maxwell Perkins, Robert E. Sherwood, Thatcher Hughes, Bruce Bliven, Henry Seidel Canby and Barrett H. Clark, raised their voices in condemnation. They held no brief for the magazines which had precipitated the situation, but objected strenuously to the abuse of bureaucratic power. The National Council wrote to District Attorney Crain:

> We call your attention to the fact that none of these alleged indecent magazines has been barred from the mails or taken from the express companies, though the federal laws concerning such matter are strictly enforced. Whether any of these publications violate the law is, therefore, obviously a matter open to debate—to be decided fairly only by juries.

The protest had the effect of making the Commissioner watch his step. He had sent out his "warning," and that had been enough. He had not been forced to revoke or suspend a single license; he had scored a bloodless victory.

Superficially, the episode was a trifling one. But it had gravely disturbing implications. The point was not that a handful of questionable periodicals had been summarily smothered, but that a pattern had been set which could be easily applied to the stifling of other matter.

Since it is fairly clear that the censorship of the future will resort to this summary technique, let us analyze it.

(1) The method substitutes the arbitrary act of an official for the orderly processes of law. Since licensing officials are usually political appointees, censorship over a vast portion of our reading matter is thus removed from the courts into the arena of politics. Juries and judges are, for all practical

Continued on page 111

Gee, What a Close Shave ..FEEL MY FACE!

Want to make Dad really happy? Want to see him near-to-bursting with enthusiasm? Well, the *Natural Angle* of the KNAPP SHAVER is just the ticket. Think of it—an electric shaver he can hold just as he's used to holding his blade razor—*naturally*. A shaver that *automatically* takes the correct position against his face—zips through his beard, coarse or fine, *quick*, *close*, the first time. No skin burn, no irritation, and each shave better than the last. Thousands of young men and veteran shavers, amazed at Knapp's first time performance, are writing in, praising the Knapp *Natural Angle*. Dad wants a *Shave*. Give him a Knapp.

No other shaver like a...

KNAPP *Natural Angle* SHAVER

1 *Natural Shaving Angle*—The KNAPP SHAVER is held just as the user now holds a blade razor—*naturally*. Shearing head automatically takes the correct position against the face.

2 *Two-in-One Shearing Head*—Two sizes of cutting slots in *one* shearing head. Ready instantly for coarse or fine beards. No set screw to adjust or work loose.

3 *No "Learning" Period*—A good close shave right off. As scar tissue, caused by blade shaving, disappears, skin becomes smoother, softer—Knapp Shaves get still better.

● **STANDARD MODEL**

The KNAPP *Natural Angle* SHAVER Standard Model (illustrated) black and chrome finish—$10.00. Deluxe Model, ivory finish, gold-plated head. Packed in Mark Cross all-leather case—magnifying mirror—$15.00. Both models guaranteed one year against mechanical defects.

Standard Model
(Illustrated)
$10

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$10 Knapp Shaver (Remittance enclosed) ☐

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HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

For generation after generation the glorious good taste of Old Grand-Dad has won — and held — for this great whiskey the loyalty of fine-bourbon admirers.

Today, as always, it proudly carries on as Head of the Bourbon Family.

Today, as always, you can buy no smoother, no mellower bourbon at any price.

Yet, today, this wondrous whiskey is priced low enough to come within the reach of all who relish the companionship of a truly noble bourbon.

OLD GRAND-DAD

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON

WHISKEY

100 PROOF

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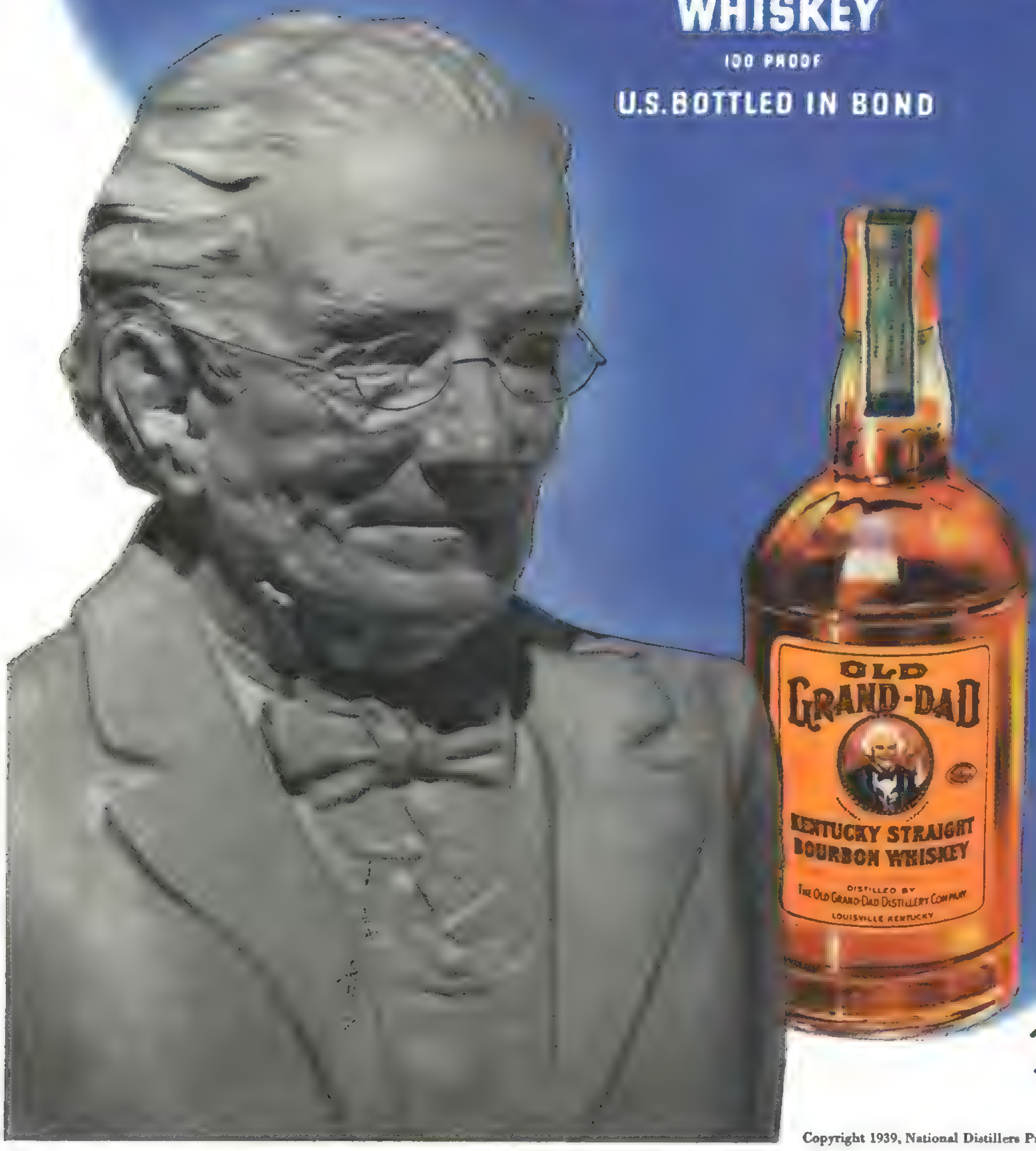
OLD
GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE KENTUCKY

Father will like
this one

Copyright 1939, National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

The Censor Marches On . . . II

Continued from pages 49-109

purposes, ousted. Bad as judicial censorship may be, political censorship is infinitely worse.

(2) It makes little difference whether or not, once the method is adopted, licenses are actually revoked. Intimidation is a potent weapon; a great deal can be done by duress. The licensing authorities in Boston succeeded in barring a production of O'Neill's *Strange Interlude* there by the mere threat of revoking the license of any theatre which housed the play.

(3) If the method is used, the licensing authorities can be made subject to pressure by officious and meddlesome outside agencies. We have learned from experience that the censor has far-reaching influence—influence derived from fear, not sympathy. There is a curious conviction prevalent among public officials that failure on their part to do the censor's bidding will bring them into disrepute as allies of corruption.

(4) The method enables the censor to shift the onus from himself to the person he attacks. More than that, the scope of his activities is overwhelmingly enlarged. Instead of proceeding against each purported offender individually, he is able to keep under his thumb, by means of ukases of his for which the authorities are the mouthpiece, thousands of newsdealers.

(5) If a license is actually revoked, it is incumbent on the newsdealer to go into court to test out the legality of the revocation. In such a proceeding the aggrieved party has to bear the expense as well as the burden of proof. His chances of success will be substantially slimmer than in a criminal prosecution wherein he would be a defendant.

(6) The method is especially insidious because of the nature of the immediate target. If the Customs Bureau places a ban on the importation of the works of Rabelais or Voltaire, public sentiment is likely to be aroused by the reputation of the books. The campaign in New York was directed against six or seven periodicals of ribald humor. Many liberal-minded persons who would have been scandalized by the suppression, let us say, of Havelock Ellis, were unmoved. Perhaps these magazines were intrinsically unworthy of solicitude. That was beside the point. The question was: Did they contravene the law? If they did, the machinery of our criminal courts was available to punish the offenders. If they did not, they were legally entitled to distribution.

(7) The method is susceptible of drastic extension. Newsstands sell other things besides magazines of dubious wit: newspapers, pamphlets, and in some cases, books. Once the censor wins, through public indifference, sanction for his procedure as against the scatological school of humor, what is there to prevent him from extending it for other purposes and along other lines? It may well outstrip the bounds intended for it by the censor. It may, for example, become a handy means for a city administration to ban from newsstands all matter tending to expose local corruption.

We are not tilting windmills. The method is already in operation in many places throughout the country. Boston is an example. There is a Censorship Committee there composed of a police commissioner, two police captains and a clerk. The Committee requires that all magazines that "may be said to be questionable" be submitted to it for consideration. The Committee then determines for itself whether or not a magazine is offensive, and proceeds to prevent distribution.

A WORLD I NEVER MADE

Francis Bertram Elgas, president of the Vice Society, said in the Society's 1935 report:

> Tastes necessarily differ, and with books that simply offend good taste and are hopelessly vulgar (and not flagrantly pornographic, obscene or immoral) we cannot in this age, when former notions of propriety and decency have so radically changed, attempt to take restraining steps which might not meet with the broader views now taken by our courts. To do so would impair our usefulness. Always we strive to be sane and sensible, broad, not narrow. Times have changed and we must change with them.

Mr. Sumner did not share Mr. Elgas' mood of sweet reason. The balm of the *Female* victory had not been enough to assuage the smart of numerous defeats. He said acidly:

> When a judge trying a case involving an alleged obscene book feels called upon to write a literary review trying to explain away the appearance of admitted obscenity and filth in the book, the question fairly arises as to whether the judge is serving the best interests of the public or the interests of a rather reprehensible type of author and publisher.

Mr. Elgas may have been willing to read the signs of the times; Mr. Sumner wasn't. After the *Female* case, he rested on his laurels for a while. Early in 1937, however, he proceeded against James T. Farrell's *A World I Never Made*, a 500-page novel depicting slum life in Chicago's South Side twenty-five years ago. He deemed eighty-one of the pages offensive.

The case came up for trial in the Magistrate's Court in New York City. Before the proceedings started, an enterprising reporter passed around a copy of the book for autographs. Mr. Sumner signed his name with the notation: "I thoroughly disapprove of this book." Mr. Carl Van Doren affixed his signature and wrote: "I thoroughly disapprove of John S. Sumner and his works."

Bernard de Voto, editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, was the first witness for the defense. He described the book as realistic. "Just what do you mean by realistic?" asked Magistrate Curran. "I mean," said de Voto, "an at-

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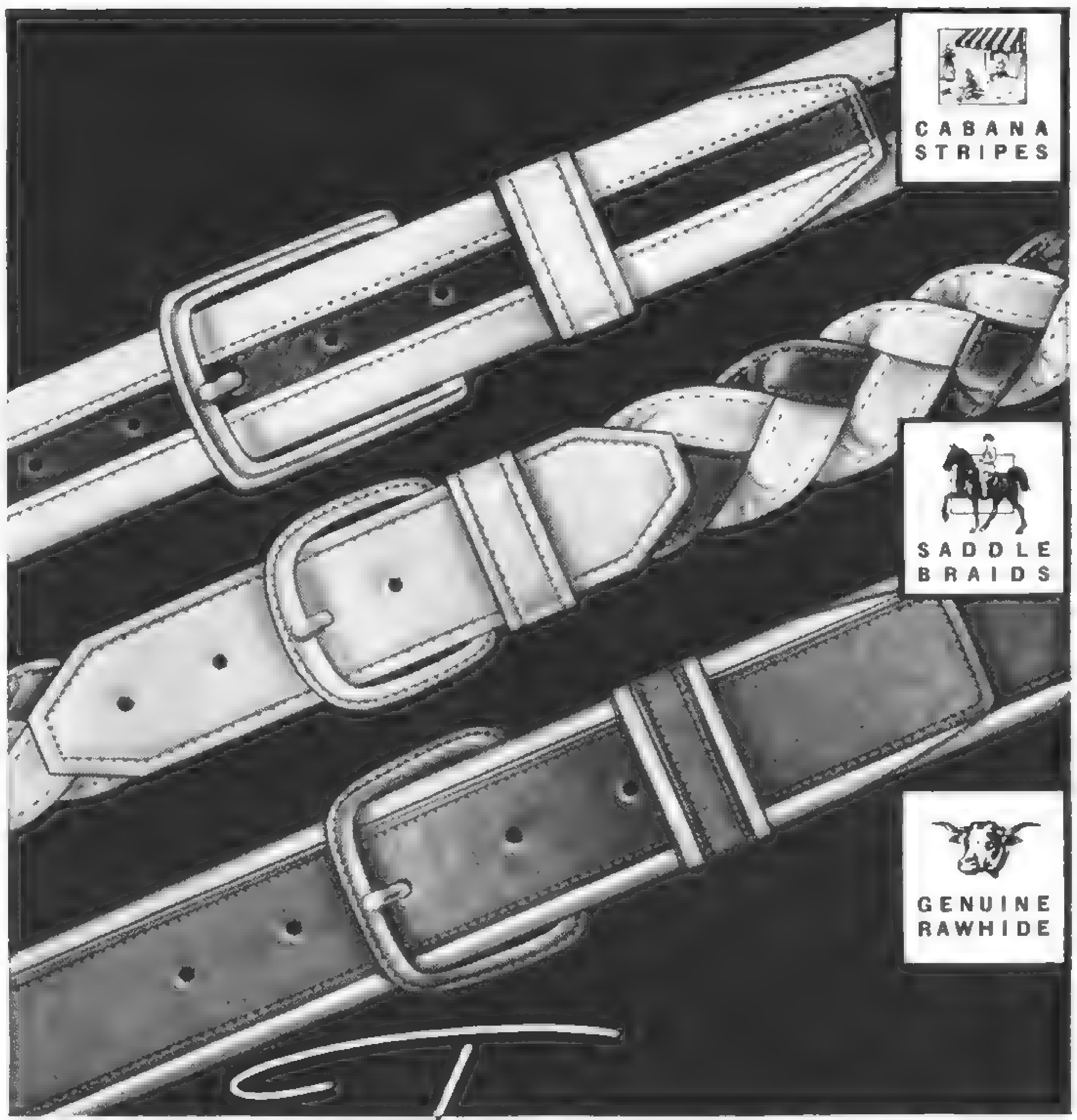

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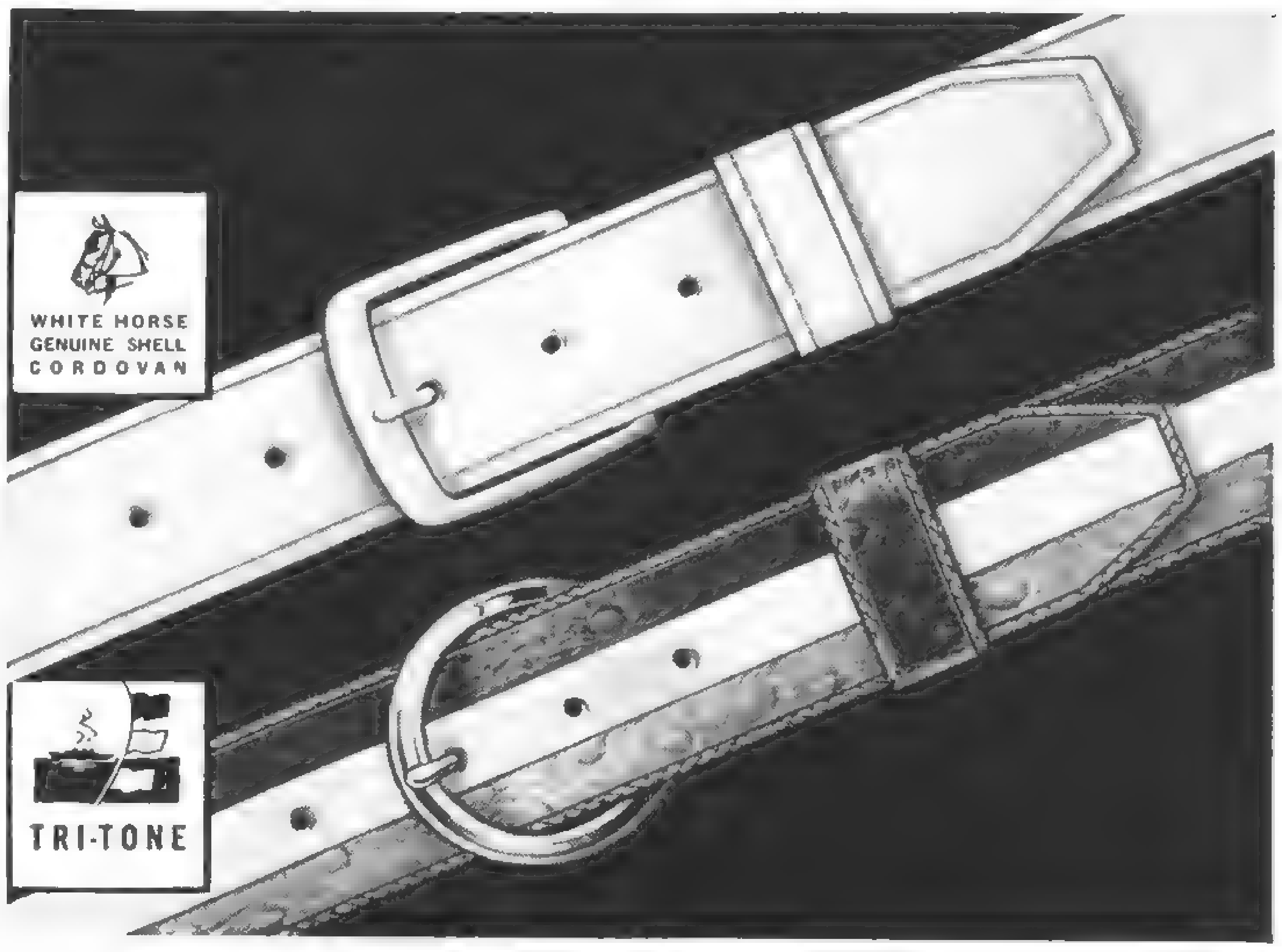
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SHEAFFER'S

The Censor Marches On . . . II

Continued from pages 49-109-111

tempt to describe the essence of human experience without heightening it in the direction of romance or fantasy." He gave his opinion that Farrell's novel was of exceptional merit, likely to be a permanent addition to literature.

Columnist Heywood Broun also testified. He observed that Farrell "went back to good old Anglo-Saxon words, he didn't invent them." Then he proceeded to deliver a disquisition on changing fashions in the use of words. He told the story of Bill Orr, an old-time reporter, who was assigned to cover the campaign against prostitution in 1910. His editors refused to let him use the word "prostitute," so he invented the phrase "members of the scarlet army."

The Magistrate shared Mr. Broun's dislike of circumlocution. He said that he had encountered "with dismay" a word in the novel with the first and last letters joined with a dash. "That's my pet abomination," he declared. "It should be either spelled out or left out. It makes the printed page look like a rail fence." He ventured to guess that Mr. Sumner had looked over Mr. Farrell's shoulder when he wrote it. After hearing the evidence he came to the conclusion that the book was not "dirt for dirt's sake," and dismissed the complaint.

He observed that "the short Anglo-Saxon words" which Mr. Sumner found offensive were "known by practically everybody."

> It seems to me [he said] that if this book is to be found lewd, lascivious, libidinous, lustful, lecherous or licentious—it appears that all such words begin with an "l" in our language—purely on the basis of certain detached words or episodes, we'll have to start in by banning Homer, parts of the Bible, a good deal of Chaucer and certainly some of Shakespeare. Also quite a little of Fielding would have to go. By the way, Fielding was a Justice of the Peace in England, and that corresponds to a Magistrate in New York City. Also, we would have to omit Wagner's Venus music, and there are certain paintings of the Flemish school which would not pass.

The judge recalled his visit to the Folies Bergère, saying: "I saw a beautiful scene in this show. It was a nude scene. Absolutely beautiful. Done in the best Parisian taste. I was sitting there looking at it and enjoying it, when a man behind me tapped my shoulder. He said: Are you an American? I said that was right. He said: Are we going to sit here and let this thing go on? I told him that I certainly was and that I was enjoying it immensely."

At the conclusion of the case Mr. Farrell pointed out how conveniently the censorship of morals could be made a precedent for the censorship of ideas. "There are few enough countries left," he said, "where a writer can strive to write seriously and frankly. I am glad that America still remains one of them." ⧺

What Place Is This?

Continued from page 52

be for quite a while, yet."

"Not for several days, not for quite a while. And the small boys, I suppose they are in bed. You think I should stay here for some time. It's very comfortable." She looked around the sunny room, anxious to please.

Mike said to kick her around a little bit, gently. He said the old man had kicked her around for forty-five years and she felt lost without a couple of verbal wallops from time to time.

"Why, yes. We decided you would stay here for a bit and I went to the extent of asking Hannah if she would come down and stay with you."

"Oh, ho, Hannah! You asked her down, eh?" Her face took on an expression of arch slyness. "You asked Hannah down, eh?"

"Yes. I hope you don't think that was stupid."

"Oh, no. I guess not. She's going to be an independent lady some day soon, isn't she?"

"Why, is she? How?"

"Oh well . . . I don't know. She'll get her hooks into something."

"Why mother!" Mark smiled. "Why for gosh sake, what a thing to say about your own sister."

"Is it? I suppose it is. And so Hannah is coming down here . . . down to this place. What is this place, son? I had an idea it was somewhere near Carnegie Hall."

"It's not so far, you know. Only about a thousand miles or so." What's a thousand miles? Why the old lady is no more screwy than I am. "This is Hull, you know, darling."

"Hull . . is it? Yes, of course. My mind doesn't seem to work just right." She put her hand to her head.

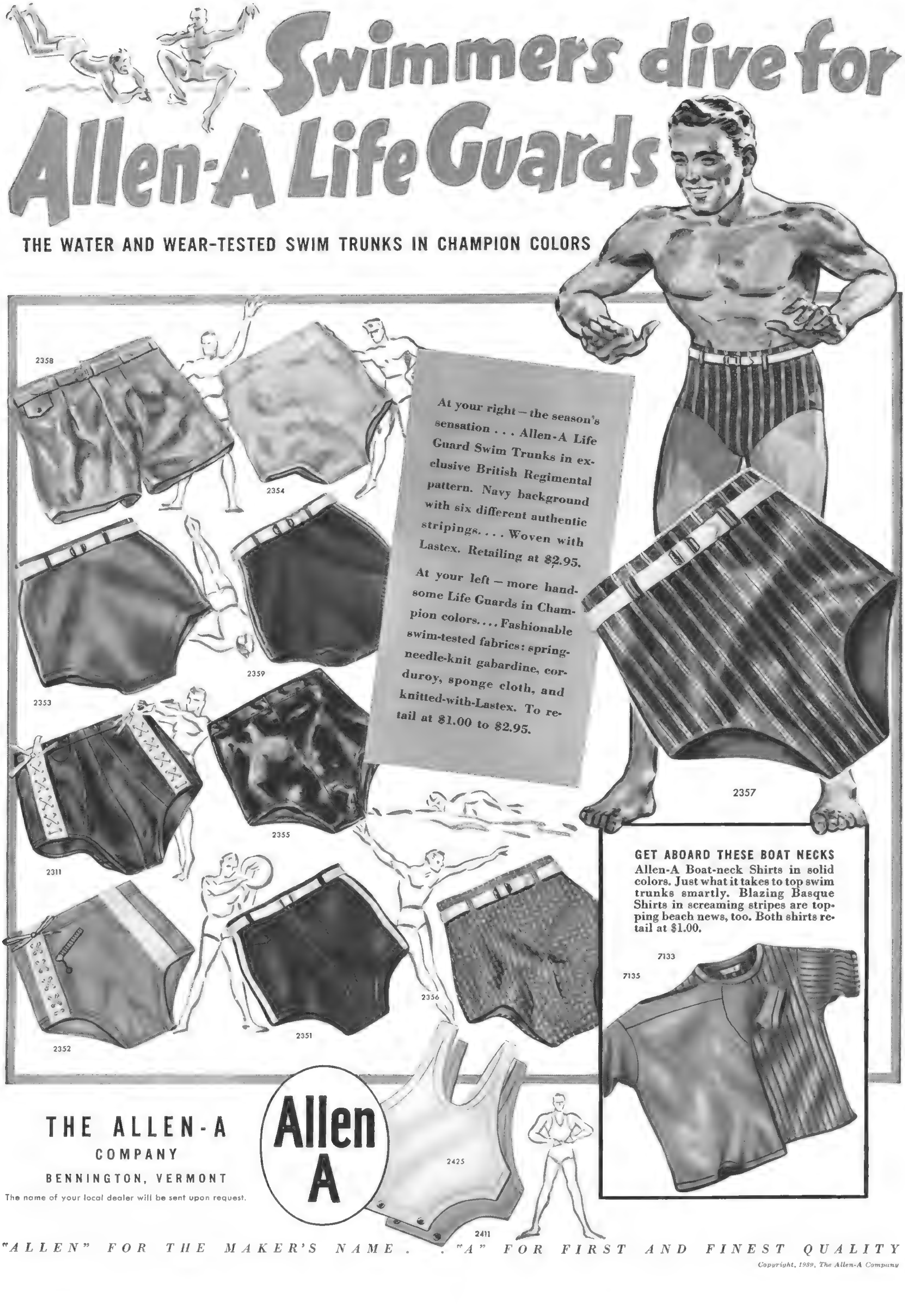
"Your mind works fine. All it needs is a rest."

"You rest me," she said and nodded her head. "When you boys are around I feel rested. I'll be all right."

Mike came brusquing in, in a way he had to conceal whatever he might feel. He was a tall, well-shaped boy with straight hair colored in streaks of red and yellow. Henry, shorter, beamier, more solid, followed. The room was now jammed with male height and thickness in the middle of which the old lady smiled and bloomed like a small gray flower among protecting rocks. The sun warmed her thin legs. She rocked out of pure well being, a little ecstatically, raising her small heels up and down.

"Well now, mother," Henry said, rubbing his bristly red mustache with his thumb and forefinger, 'we figured the best thing for you to do is to stay here with Hannah for a while and then take a trip to Ontario and see the rest of the folks and after that you can

Continued on page 114



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What Place Is This?

Continued from pages 52-112

do pretty much what you want. How would that be? You see we've all got to beat it back pretty quick or we won't have any jobs left."

The old lady stopped rocking. "Yes . . . yes . . . I suppose you must go back and you think I had better stay here in . . . in . . ."

"In Hull," Mike said.

"Yes, of course, in Hull." The old lady smiled politely. "My head does not work very well," she said. "Now there was a thing I wanted to ask you: these doctors, Doctor Harris and Doctor James (the boys looked at each other) do they have any pull or influence in the Y. W. C. A. . . . and the holes in which they keep them?"

Mark said, "Now blast it, mother you went off there, but only in the words. The idea was all right only it didn't come out in a straight line. Some of the things I say have far less meaning. It's merely a matter of resting the old bean. As far as doctors Harris and James or whatever their names are, are concerned, they haven't got anything to do with you staying here if that's the idea. We are looking after you ourselves and they are the doctors who advise us. You don't have to stay here if you don't want to, but it would be much better for a little while anyway."

The nurse came in. "Here's our lunch," she said in the peculiarly nauseating tones the victorians used toward small children. "Now if we just take our slippers off the tootsie-wootsies and hop into bed, we'll have a splendid lunch."

The old lady obediently got up and lay down on the bed.

"She has a wonderful appetite, haven't we?" said the nurse.

The young men went out and walked down the street in the sunshine carrying their trenchcoats over their arms. They walked briskly as though they were directly on their way to hold up a bank.

"Where are we now? What place is this?" Mike said.

"Don't gimme that stuff!" said Mark. "She's not a bit screwy. She's tired. She's shocked and she hates Hull like Hell. But what in Hell is she going to do? You know damn well she'll never be happy without her own things around her and some of her own blood kicking around."

"The way I look at it," Henry said, "she ought to stay put with Hannah until she gets a little better. Then we can arrange something more permanent."

"Yeah, but what about this Hannah business? You think Hannah'll be good for her?"

"Why not? Hannah's able, she's kindly. She's not more than sixty is she?"

"She sure is," Mike said. "The old man told me she was sixty-five. She's ten years younger than the old lady. The old lady always claimed to be seventy but the old man told me she's five years older than himself."

"Holy catfish! The deceptive wench."

"No, but here's what I was thinking," Mark said. "Today the old lady made a crack that reminded me of something. She said Hannah'd have her hooks into something. Before you guys were born, Hannah came to live with us and she fell for the old man like a ton of bricks. Of course he never did anything about it, but mother remembers that. Why damn it, I remember things myself: one morning at breakfast, I must have been about four, there was a red carpet and I remember Hannah and the old man staging some sort of a playful wrestling match. Hannah cried. She used to burst into tears at the table and then go into the bathroom and take long baths and nobody could get in.

"She was a pretty aunt then too, great big brown eyes and soft brown hair and a sort of effect as though she had just come out of the woods and might run back in again."

"You seem to remember her damn well," Mike said, looking sideways and grinning.

"For gosh sake," Mark said, "I was only four years old. But here's another thing, the last time I saw Hannah she was in great form. Her brown hair was snowy and she had it piled up on top of her head. We had a snifter and got to talking. There was something she wanted to get off her chest but she couldn't manage it. She blew a puff of smoke and said, 'Your mother never understood Jack.'"

"Well so what?" Mike said.

"What do you mean, so what? You know bloody well what."

"He means," Mike said in the slightly affected voice in which he always discussed matters unpleasant, "the old lady's mental state is so delicate that the recollections which will be indubitably induced if we leave her under the charge of Hannah, will be quite sufficient to deprive her of reason."

"You always put things so elegantly," Henry said, rubbing his mustache. "What he really means is that one of us should stick around or take the old lady on. Otherwise we are a bunch of lousy bums, possibly accessories before the fact to what amounts to a kind of slow murder . . . in a nice way, of course."

They were now walking past a garden where the gladioli lifted bright arterial blood on the ends of its green spears.

"I think," Mark said, "that you both exaggerate. It is our only practical course."

He noticed that they had increased their pace. He glanced back over his shoulder. There was nothing but the empty street in the sunshine and the garden. Surely there had been a garden somewhere . . . what place is this, she was always asking. It was the place of betrayal. #

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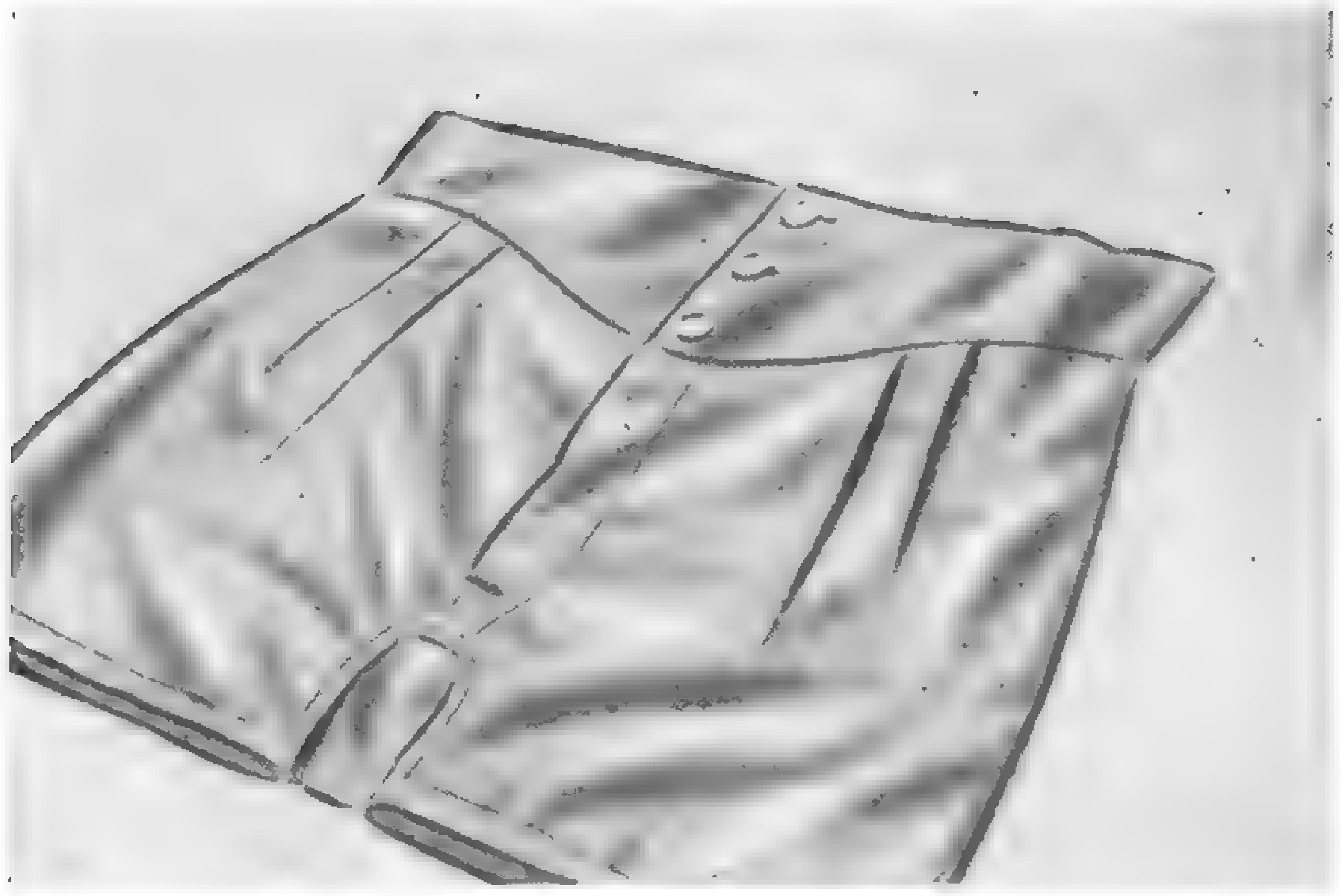

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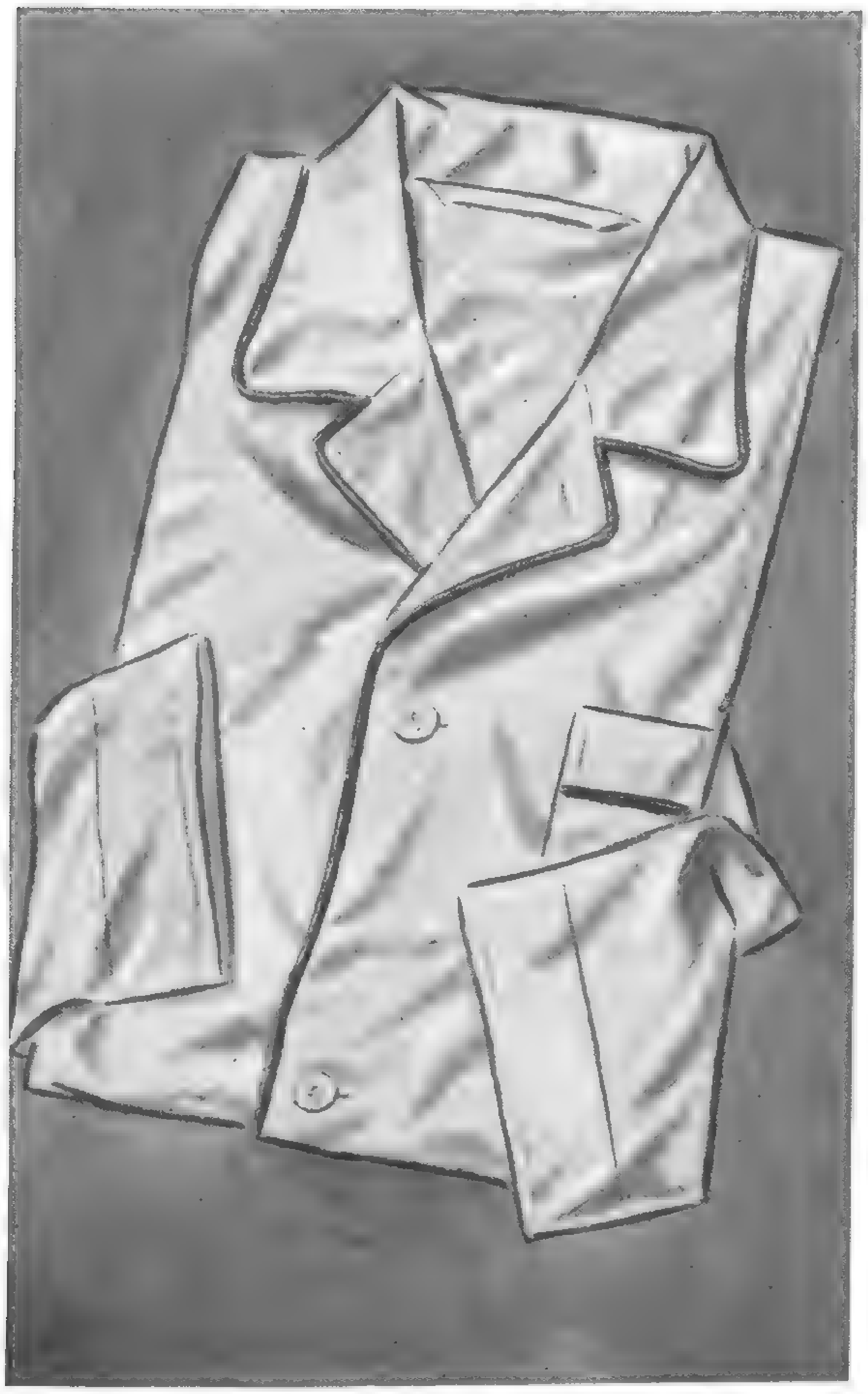

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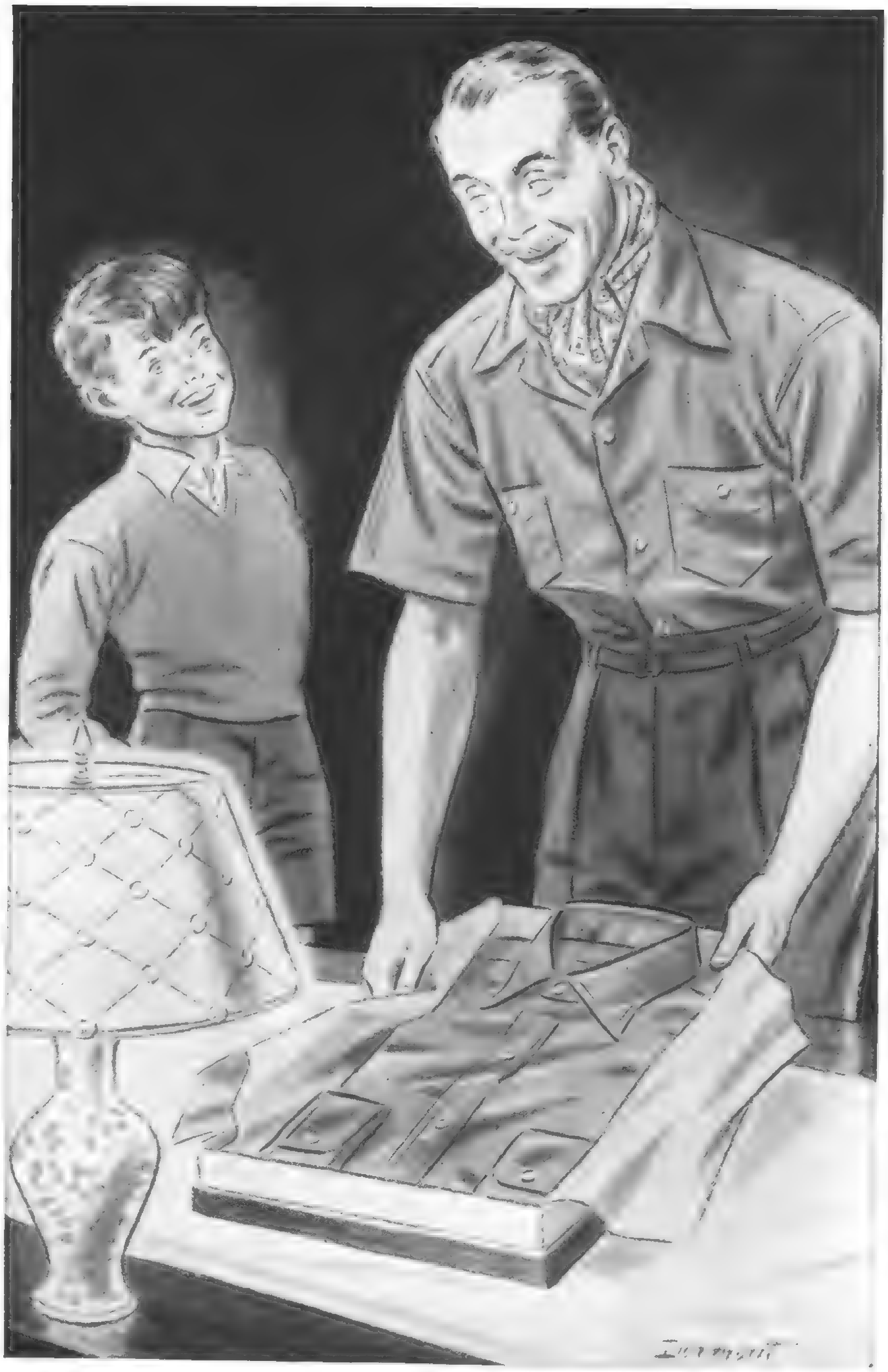

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My Cousin Bella

Continued from page 37

impotent jealousy when I noticed that Bella's eyes gleamed with a little warmer light when she looked at some one of her beaux.

I have no reason to belittle these young men. They were good-looking, intelligent, well-mannered, and elegant. But it's no use talking about it. I could not compete with the worst of them in my baggy trousers, amidst my *fillér*-worries. There was one among them, who —I don't know why—enjoyed the full approval of my aunt, Bella's mother. If this boy came to our house my aunt would flash her eyes at me. That meant that I had to leave the salon. To leave them alone. To listen through the closed door to their muffled conversation.

I had enemies all around me. If the doorbell rang, I shuddered. Who was coming? Who was going to take her away from me? With what anxiety I searched Bella's face every time she came home from one of her visits, walks, or parties, to which I could never go with her! How I followed her eyes to see in them the death-sentence: I am tired of you!

Oh, those pains would have been too excruciating even for a grown man, not only for just a child! It was no wonder that I lost as much weight as if I had just passed through some very serious sickness.

One evening, after supper, my aunt scrutinized my face worriedly:

"What is the matter with you? Are you sick? You have hardly eaten a bite!"

"Nothing! Just the usual *baccalaureate*-fright!" I said and tried to laugh. I was going to take my final examinations in the *gymnasium* within a few weeks.

My uncle hit the table with his fist:

"You're nothing but skin and bones! I'm going to take you to see Dr. Bálint in the morning. Perhaps something's wrong with your lungs. Aren't you smoking in secret?"

I looked at Bella stealthily. She was peeling her orange with an indifferent face, as if she were taking no interest in the whole conversation. I was so evil that I would have liked to see some sign of suffering on her, too. At least those dark circles under the eyes, which, as I had learned from the novels, were the certain stamp of love and sleepless nights. I must confess that it hurt me not to find her having any such symptoms. She was calm. She held the small silver fruit knife energetically in her little, brown hands. What was it to her that I had a disease which was going to kill me much more certainly and speedily than the tuberculosis they were worried about!

After five minutes of sad silence the doorbell rang. It was a young man, Dr. Peterdi, who had come up for a cup of after-dinner coffee. He was the most dangerous of them all, as far as I was concerned. Dr. Peterdi was a pleasant, merry chap, and still I could have killed him when he stroked my head, like a dog's. I understood plainly that he was flattering me, because he wanted something not only from Bella, but from all of us. From the whole family.

I couldn't stand his voice, his jokes, his neckties. I stood up and went to my room. I felt as if all my strength had ebbed away. I didn't even turn on the light. Like a sick animal, I lay down, or rather fell down, on my unmade bed. I lay like a piece of wood. Immobile, sunk in deaf pain. The only reason that I didn't jump out of the window—as I had once offered—was the fact that it would have been too complicated to open the window and climb up on the sill. I felt inordinately weak. I could hardly move my hands.

I don't know how long I lay like that. But suddenly I heard the rustling of clothes. Bella had come in to see me. She sat down on the side of my bed, and, with her light hand, on which I could still smell the scent of oranges, she stroked my face. She leaned above me. Then she kissed me.

"I know why you are like this," she whispered. "Don't worry. You are a thousand times dearer to me than all of them put together!"

Through the half-open door a faint light filtered into the room. I saw her face in this light. She looked at me tensely, as if she were searching for something in my eyes. She said seriously, tenderly, worriedly:

"I know it's very stupid of me to do what I am doing. Perhaps it's even a sin! But I don't care!" and here a passionate, almost wild expression appeared around her mouth. She pressed my hand strongly, and added:

"Tell me, will you love me like this even ten years from now?"

She kissed me again. Then she sprang to her feet and hurried away. After a moment I heard her ringing laughter outside.

* * *

The great disadvantage (or, for all I know, advantage) of our love was the fact that we could be alone only very rarely. Our house was always full of people; it was always too noisy, too hospitable. Then, we had to be on guard all the time. We both knew that if they even as much as suspected our love, they would separate us at once. Each lonely minute was priceless to us. Because we could have only minutes at our disposal. It took the sly machinations of several days to come into the possession of the celestial happiness of a quarter-hour *tête-à-tête*.

Thus, it is easy to imagine what the decision of the family tribunal meant to me, when I was informed that, after my examinations, I was to be sent home to the village for two months of summer vacation, and that Bella was coming with me! She was going to spend the summer with us. Imagine! What a summer! And we were going to

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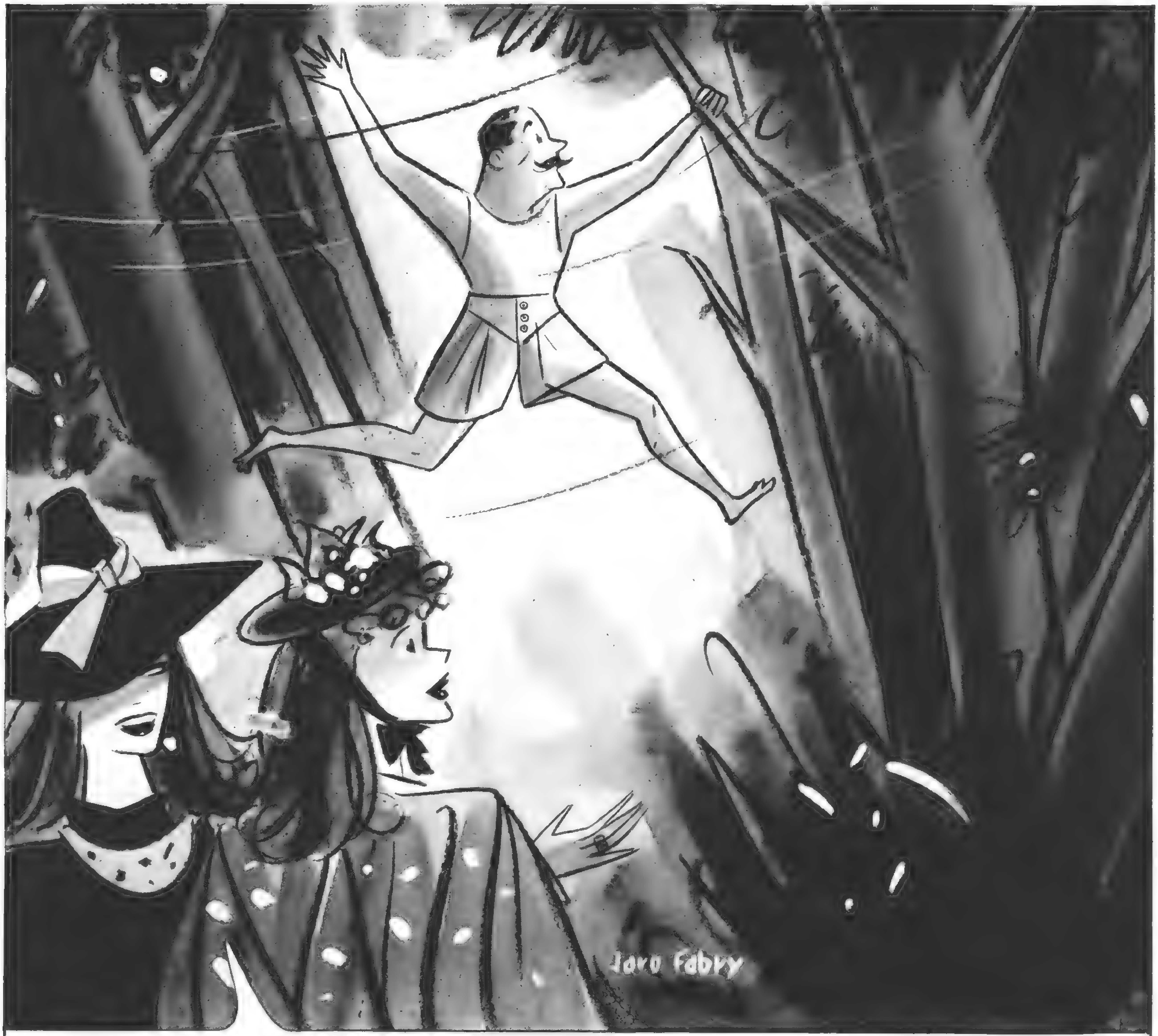

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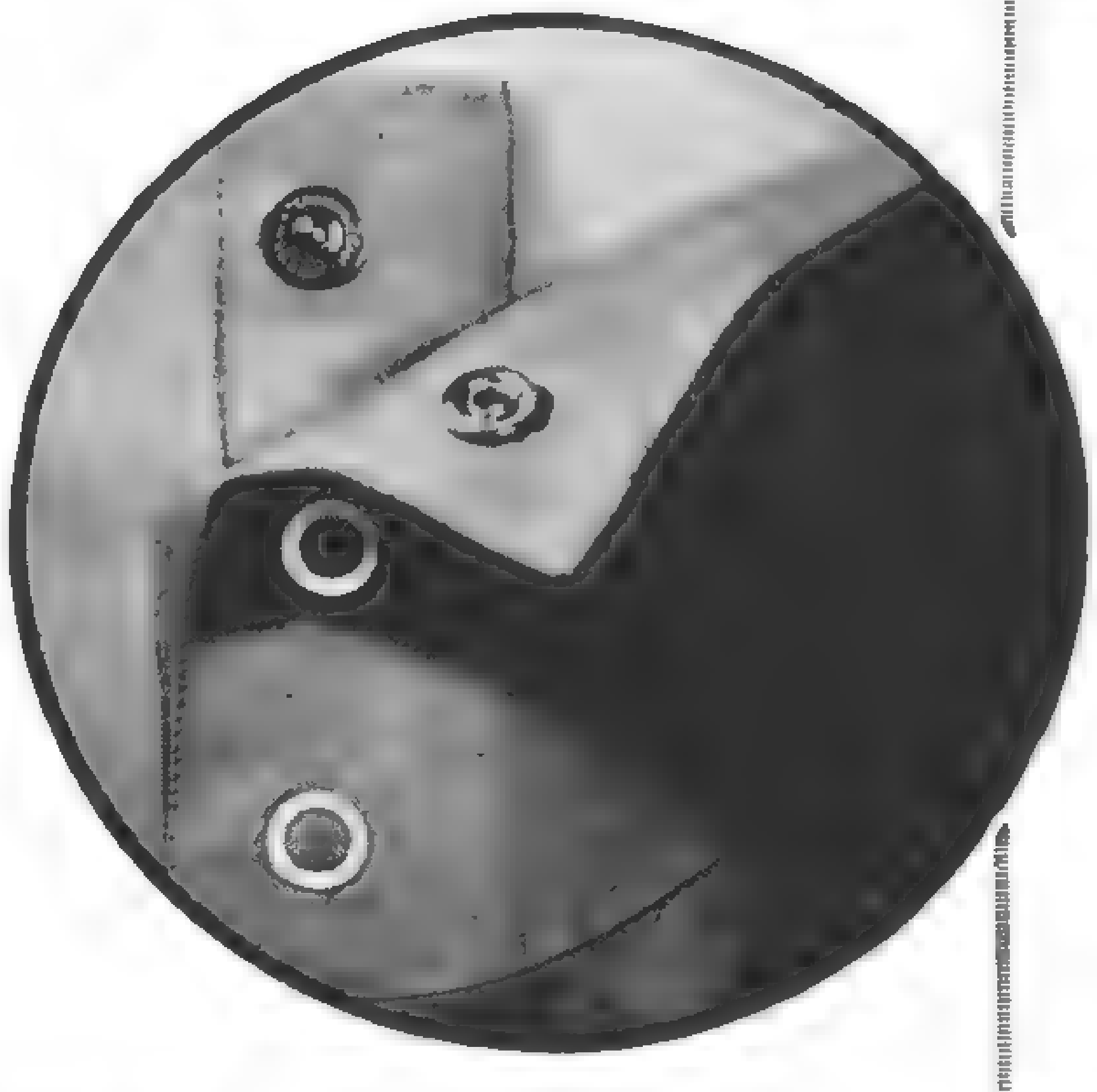

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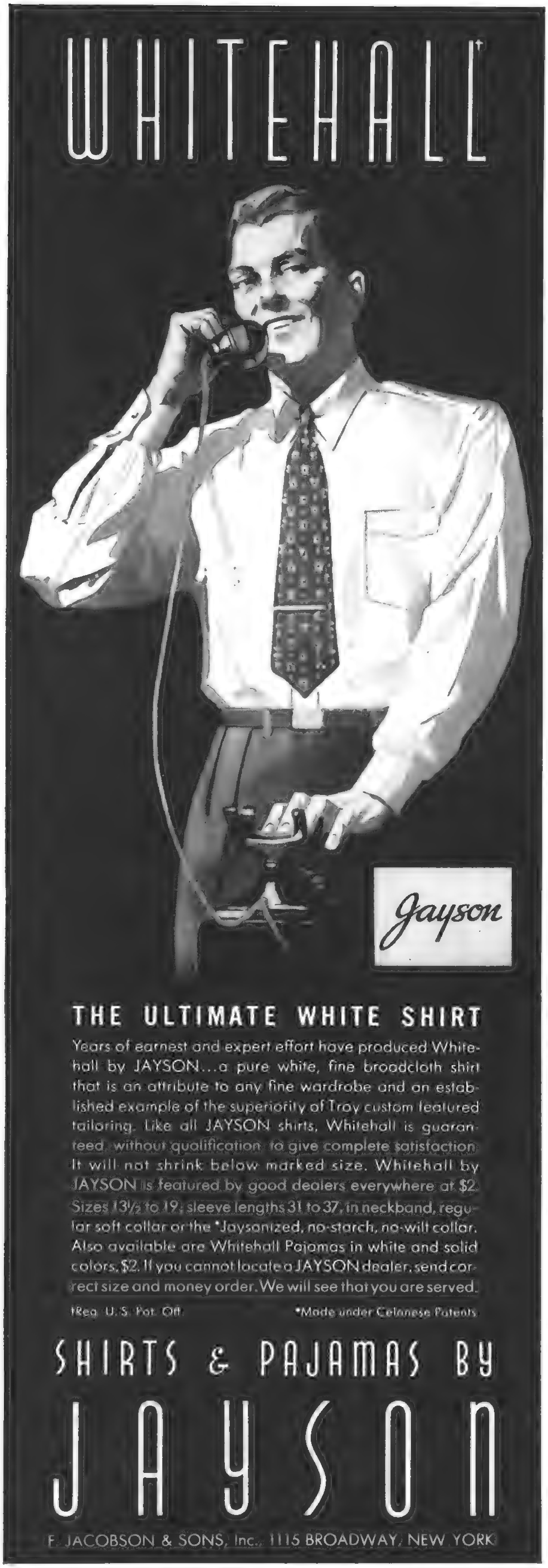

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My Cousin Bella

Continued from pages 37-116

travel together! Together. The two of us. One whole, entire night! On a slow train. Because our village had just a very small railway station, the fast trains didn't even stop there.

Bella and I never said anything concerning what our imaginations had filled that nocturnal journey with. But I could feel in her trembling voice, in her involuntary blushing, that she must have been having the same thoughts as I . . . And I—let the good Lord not consider it a sin—I was thinking of the raptures of a honeymoon trip. And I could not get out of my head one of the short stories of Paul de Cock, in which the lovers are traveling in a sleeping car, and the woman coquettishly dangles down from the upper berth her small, naked foot, to touch with it playfully the man's face.

My uncle took us to the terminal. He selected the compartment. He paid the porter who put our bags in the net.

We stood together on the platform of the car. Together we leaned out of the small, narrow window, so that our arms and shoulders touched.

My uncle was standing beside the train, on the narrow asphalt sidewalk. As the wheels began to turn slowly, he took his cigar out of his mouth, and threw us a kiss up to the window:

"Good-bye, children! Take good care of yourselves! Bella, don't swim out in the river too far!"

We waved our handkerchiefs for a long time toward my uncle's receding figure. Then, when we had rolled out from under the smoky glass roof of the station and were already rumbling on the rails of the outer suburbs, between the green and red light dots of the semaphores, we returned to our compartment.

The compartment was full. Oh, Paul de Cock, I began to suspect that this was not going to be even remotely like the trip which you had so piquantly described in your story! The passengers were crowding in the car like salted herring in their barrel. From the conversation of the people around us I found out that there had been a breeding-stock exposition in Budapest. All these provincial people were going home now from the fair.

"Well, we would pick a day like this!" I whispered angrily.

Bella laughed, but she blushed. She raised her shining gypsy eyes, and answered me, also in whispers:

"You see! Not even God wants it!"

The conductor came. I gave him our tickets, and then I took his arm, and drew him aside. I had heard that this was the thing to do in such cases:

"Please, tell me, couldn't you get us half a compartment? We are very tired and would like to rest!"

The conductor sized me up with his eyes and answered politely:

"An empty compartment? You are lucky to get seats! We are loaded with fair-going people!"

I had four crowns. Four tightly-squeezed crowns in my trouser pocket. I pushed two of them into his palm. I asked him again, almost beggingly:

"Take another look, please! I'll be grateful!"

The conductor looked at me again, saluted, and said in a deep, regretful bass:

"Maybe toward tomorrow morning. After Szolnok. But the first class is empty. Would you like to pay the difference? It would be twenty-four crowns for two persons."

God, I would have given my hope of sweet salvation for those twenty-four crowns! But I didn't have them. My face turned flaming red with shame. I looked after the conductor who was waddling away down the narrow corridor in his blue alpaca summer blouse, with his little lamp in his hand.

I searched through the train myself. It was crowded to the brim. The third class was swarming with booted peasants, kerchiefed women, sitting pell-mell, on top of each other, in the thick, bitter pipe smoke, smelling like raw bacon. In the second class burghers, women with hats, office workers, children. Some of the passengers were having supper: they ate cold chicken from napkins and greasy oil paper spread out on their knees. The car next to us was so full that even on the platform there were people sitting on top of suitcases.

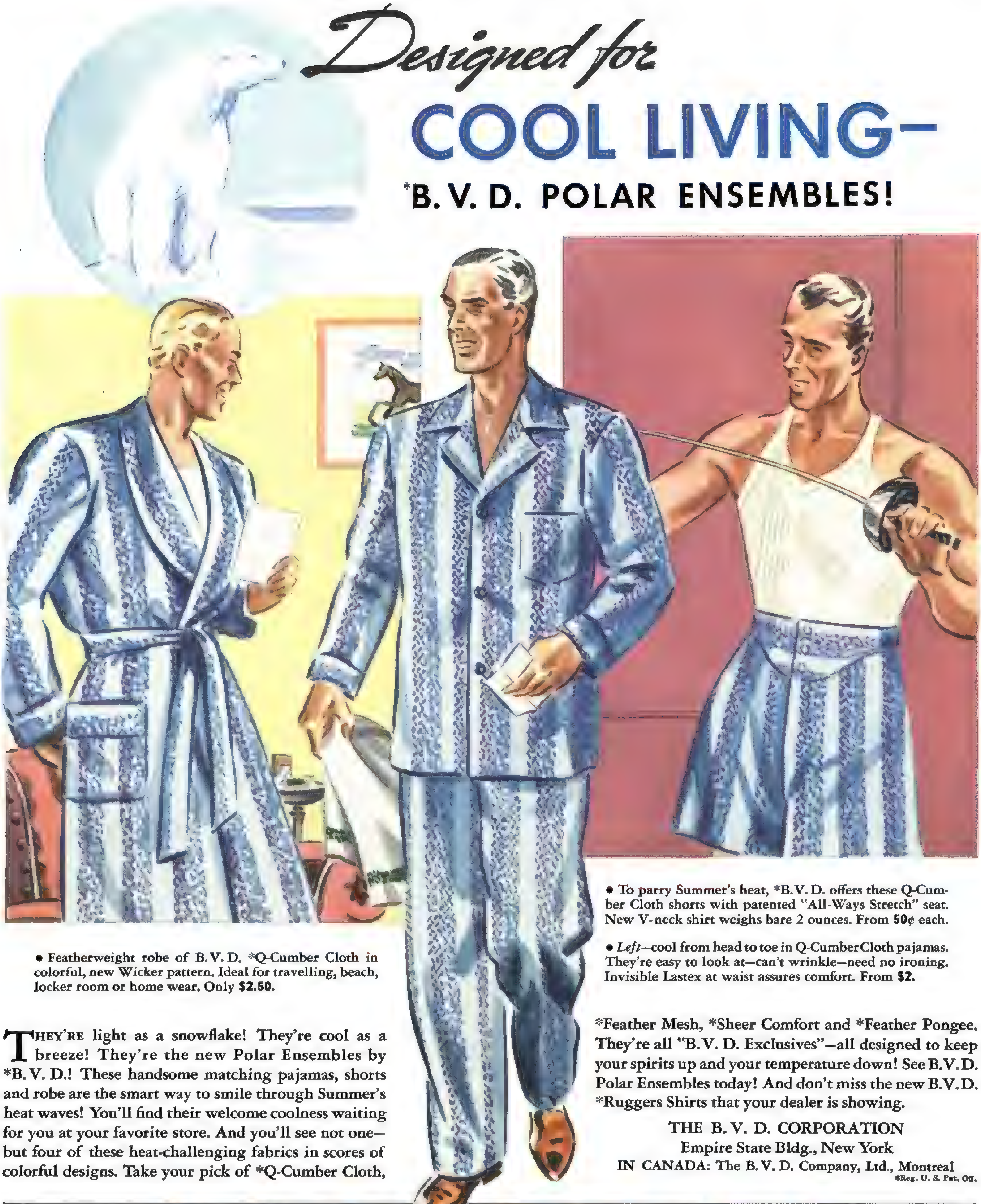
But the first class—what an unjust distribution of earthly goods this was!—yawned empty. Each compartment in the whole long car was empty. Only in the plush seat of the first section, stretching his limbs comfortably among disrupted newspaper-sheets, was a gray-gloved old gentleman, with a little black silk traveling cap on his head. I looked yearningly into the little red nest, where such brilliantly clean white lace doilies were shining on the headrests of the seats. One would just have to slip into one like that. To click the knob, pull the shade down on the light, and let down the ochre-colored blinds on the windows. . . .

All sorts of madness occurred to me. I thought of going in to the capped old gentleman, introducing myself, telling him some lie, and asking him to lend me twenty-two crowns. Then I thought of giving the conductor my topcoat and my watch in exchange for the tickets. But then I realized that any such action would have been loudly indiscreet, and that its consequences would have to be borne not only by me, but also by Bella.

I stumbled back to our compartment.

"There's no room anywhere. No matter what we do, there's none!" I reported sadly, and sat down in the worn, black leather seat beside Bella. Then I turned up the

Continued on page 120



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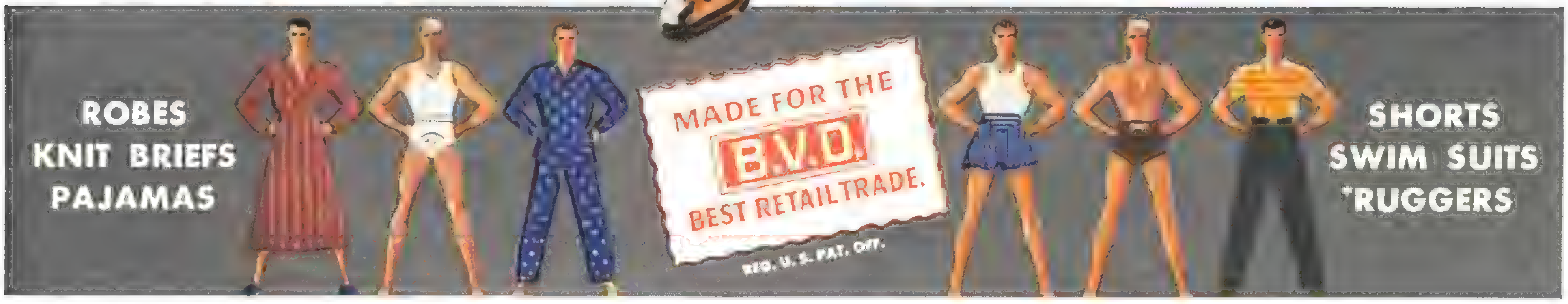


FOR THE SMARTEST PATTERNS, THE NEWEST FABRICS—SEE "B.V.D. EXCLUSIVES"!

My Cousin Bella

Continued from pages 37-116-118

armrest of the *fauteuil*, so that we might be closer to each other even by that much.

I can't remember any more, and I don't believe I knew even then, how Bella took the blow. At any rate, she seemed nervous, was constantly blushing, and didn't say a word. True, we could talk about nothing but neutral things. Our bored fellow passengers stared into our faces, were watching the words in our mouths. A white-haired, fat woman even asked us:

"You are brother and sister, aren't you? You look very much alike!"

About eleven o'clock the compartment made preparations to go to sleep. The fat woman withdrew into a corner. Two office workers, facing each other, put their feet on each other's seat, and slept like that. A commercial traveler with a pince-nez on his nose, pulled down the shade on the light, and then, leaning his face against the trembling headrest, he even spread his newspaper over his face, so that the light would not bother him.

The compartment was quivering soporifically with the rhythmic jerking of the train. There was a dull, yellow, subdued light in it. Silence, which was deepened by the susurration of the sleeping passengers. With my thirsty lips I approached Bella's mouth. She drew her head aside:

"No!" she whispered into my ear. "They might wake up!"

I conceded that she was right. I didn't force her. I respected her safety, her scruples, her reputation, greatly. My lips just brushed past her hair and forehead, just as if accidentally, as I stood up to get our plaids from the net

Bella suppressed a light little yawn. I could see the swallowed yawn undulating downward on her throat. We smiled at each other.

"You're sleepy," I said, "you must go to sleep! Here, lie down on these two seats. I'll cover my knees with the plaid; you can put your feet in my lap.

So it happened. She spread her clean little batiste handkerchief on the armrest of the seat, and put her head on it. And her slim body, curved into a treble clef, stretched over the two seats, her feet in my lap.

I watched her resting head with adoration. Her thick lashes on her closed eyes. On her dark face the bluish shadow of the little velvety down above her lips. The coral drops of her earrings in her dainty lobes. The moving of her shoulder, as she slept. In my lap I felt the sweet warmth of her feet. And carefully, under the plaid, I I gently grasped her thin ankle. Then, tenderly I unlaced her oxfords. There, in my hands I held her small, warm feet. Under the thin stockings I imagined her convex insteps, with their network of fine, blue veins. I had often seen her naked feet at Balatonföldvár, on the beach, as she walked in the sand, and the gleaming sand particles adhered to her steely heels. Suddenly her toes moved alive in my palm. She sat up, stuck her feet back into her shoes, and took them off my lap. Her face was red:

"I don't like to lie like that. It isn't comfortable. . . ."

We exchanged a few soft words, and, with our hands clutched under the plaid, our shoulders leaning against each other, we began to doze.

Well, this wasn't the kind of trip described by Paul de Cock, but still her nearness and the nocturnal silence were very sweet. Half-asleep I heard the names of the stations, as they were shouted outside whenever the train stopped. I could hear "Almás-Füzitö!" yet. Sadly I reflected on how fast time was passing. I sighed inaudibly: "Only five more hours of traveling!" Then I was submerged in sleep.

. . . I slept. I had a very queer dream. I dreamt that somebody was going to shoot me. I heard the report of the pistol, and quickly opened my eyes. There had been a loud detonation. The train jerked to a stop so violently that I bit my tongue. The window panes broke to pieces, crashing. The compartment leaned on one side, and the bags fell on our heads from the net.

All this took place within the space of a second, but I didn't need even that long to comprehend the situation: it was a train wreck!

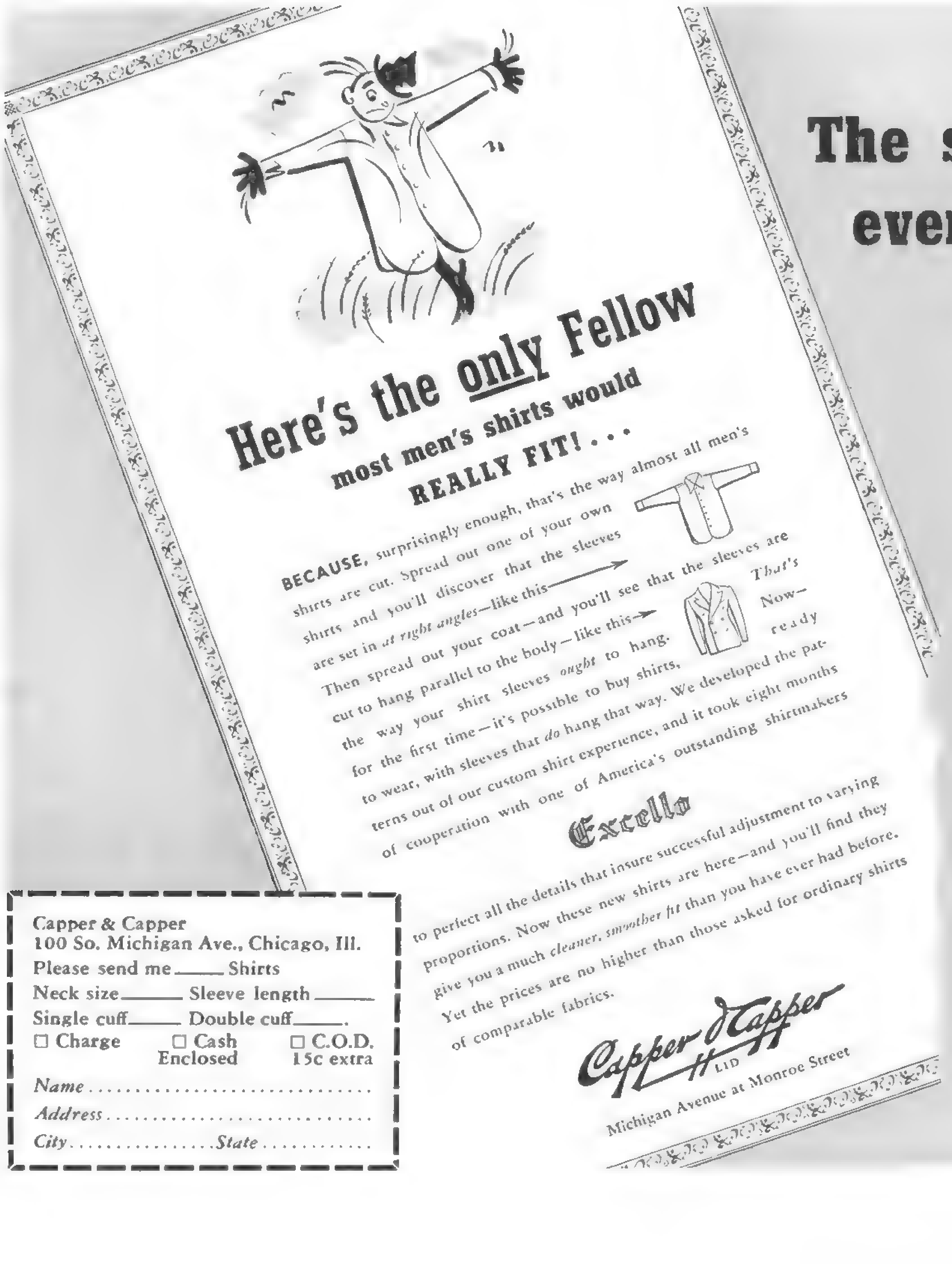
The passengers in the compartment began to scream and rush toward the exit. They were tearing and clawing one another. Bella clung to my arm speechless. My heart was beating wildly because of the sudden fright. But even so I didn't pass up the opportunity: I embraced Bella's neck, as if I wanted to defend her. I covered her face with hot kisses:

"Didn't the glass fragments hurt you, my sweet? Are you all right?"

She returned my embrace. She whispered—not into my ear, but almost into my mouth—with her warm breath:

"And you?"

We didn't even get up. Escape was not urgent for us. Death wasn't at all important. I believe that there were lovers even on the *Titanic* who died unperturbed. So we remained as we were: half-fallen on each other, embracing in



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BECAUSE, surprisingly enough, that's the way almost all men's shirts are cut. Spread out one of your own shirts and you'll discover that the sleeves are set in *at right angles*—like this→ Then spread out your coat—and you'll see that the sleeves are cut to hang parallel to the body—like this→ That's the way your shirt sleeves *ought* to hang. Now—for the first time—it's possible to buy shirts, ready to wear, with sleeves that *do* hang that way. We developed the patterns out of our custom shirt experience, and it took eight months of cooperation with one of America's outstanding shirtmakers

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The response was so electric that it more than doubled our shirt sales. Lots of men who bought one have come back for a dozen—some even more.

So we thought the whole Esquire audience—from Long Island to Indo China—ought to have a crack at these really remarkable new shirts.

Since this is white shirt time we are offering the revolutionary advantages of these new shirts in fine high lustre white broadcloth, with smart pointed collars attached, and single or double cuffs, for **$3.65 EACH** *3 for $10*

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the steep, rampant compartment.

The cowardly horde, the loveless people, had long been shrieking out in the open when it finally occurred to us to climb out through the crooked door of the wrecked car.

We saw a hopeless picture before us. Terror and despair reigned everywhere. The side of the embankment was swarming with the crowd, running hither and yon, irrationally. Searching, screamed calls could be heard in the night. The women nervously cried and wrung their hands. The men cursed. The peasants of the third class stood unruffled, their big pouches hanging from their shoulders, gaping toward the locomotive which had jumped the rails, and from whose cracked furnace the glowing embers had poured out.

We soon found out that no great damage had been done. The slow train had been switched onto the wrong tracks and it had been derailed. The mail coach had climbed the locomotive. The couplers of a few cars had been broken, and the flying glass had wounded a few people.

That was all. Trouble, delay, inconvenience, but nothing else. After the dazed hubbub of the first few minutes order was being restored. A deep, bass voice boomed in a tone of expertness, like an oracle, originating in an invisible place in the dark:

"It will be light morning by the time we get a rescue train!"

Bella and I started walking arm in arm along the tracks. Far ahead the embers which the locomotive's breast had shed, were glowing in a red light. All around us petroleum torches were flashing into the darkness. But a few hundred steps from the swarming embankment, as if it had been a different world, the great Hungarian lowlands were stretching with gentle hillocks, limitless under a star-spangled, breath-taking summer sky.

It was a breezeless, hot July night. Infinite silence, in which the crickets were singing. I gave my hand to Bella. I helped her down on the steep side of the embankment. And in the warm grass we started out toward the depths of the silent darkness. Not very far ahead we saw the black lace of a thick clump of trees against the sky. We walked in that direction. #

The Rumbold 500

Continued from page 55

his huge Narvac 500 motorcycle.

The Narvac was fast enough. Ten meters behind, Ribières gave his machine all it had, and yet couldn't catch up to the Narvac. In the Bargin woods, he was going a hundred forty. He made an entire round in nine minutes fifteen seconds, another in eight minutes forty-five. His average speed was up to a hundred three. He cursed. Twenty meters, ten, five meters in front of him, but still in front of him, went Gouriez, doubled down over his Narvac, hugging it with all his body, his little head with its huge round helmet barely sticking up above the handlebars. And he simply couldn't catch up. In the straightaways, the Rumbold gained ground. But in the turns, the Narvac scraped the pavement, angled with almost unbelievable daring, and escaped, taking twenty meters again. The chase started all over. They made one entire round of the course, wheel to wheel, bar to bar, flashed like meteors in front of the stands, with the crowd going mad.

And on the hill after the Glamard turn, Ribières passed Gouriez, taking the lead.

Glued to the machine, his teeth clenched, he rode the Rumbold like a living thing, calling upon it for every ounce of effort. The machine snorted like a horse, hot, sweating oil, leaping forward, checking suddenly at the master's touch on the brakes, trembling, and leaping forward again at a single bound. The overheated oil was a poor lubricant. Every few minutes, Ribières worked the auxiliary pump, mounted on the bars. In a black cloud, the Rumbold would revive. But then she began to knock. He had to slow down, losing part of his lead. To make up for that, he took the three kilometers between the woods and la Chapelle at full speed, flying over the jagged road so fast that he didn't notice the bumps. He wanted to look back for Gouriez, but that meant losing a second. He was in the S turn of la Chapelle, going eighty. He didn't want to brake it.

He made the first turn, with the Rumbold bent to the right, so low that his footrests scraped the road. He pulled her up violently, and threw her to the left. She went over to the very edge of the ditch, biting the grass, almost throwing him, but by doubling with superhuman effort, he was able to get her up on the road again. At that instant, as he was bending her to the right to shoot into the straightaway, there was a single, terrific wrench, and the Rumbold zigzagged, the front wheel vibrating violently. The wheel nearly sprang out of his hands, swinging back and forth, while the maddened machine whirled through a series of S-turns, at terrifying speed. Ribières hung on by his knees. He thought he felt himself hurled into the air, felt death engulfing him . . . He never knew how he came to find himself seated, a second later, with his hands on the bars, still going at ninety down the straightaway.

Only when he felt the sweat all over him did he realize how frightened he had been. He tested his brake—nothing wrong there. He glanced at his front wheel—the tire was still full up. The machine was not to blame. It was his own fault. He had tried to come out of the turn too fast.

The Narvac passed him on the

Continued on page 123

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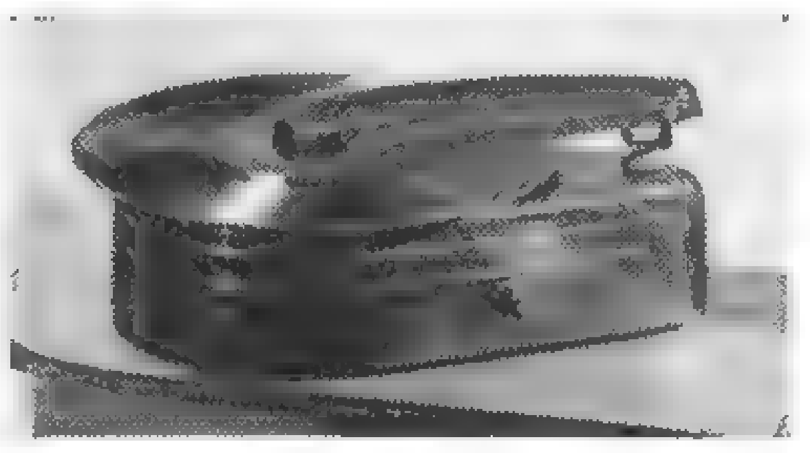

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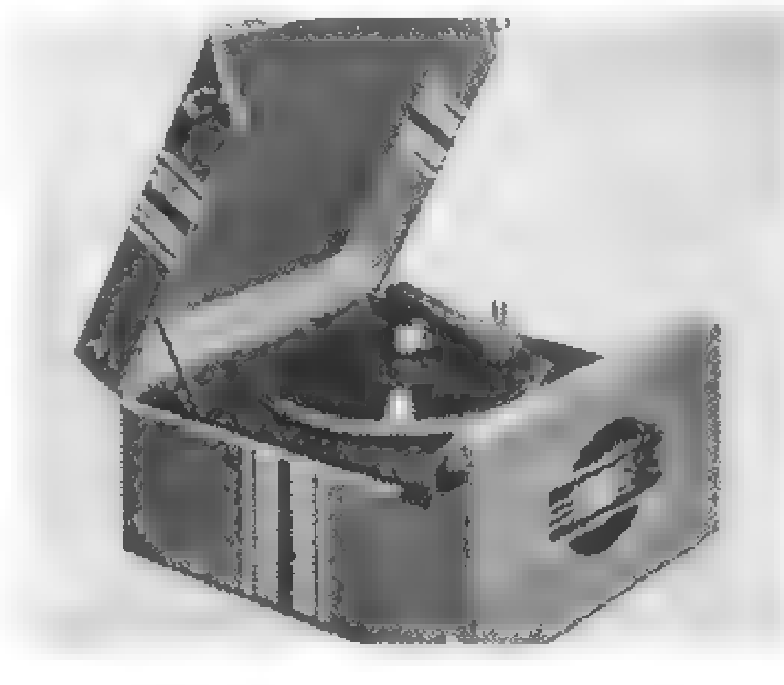

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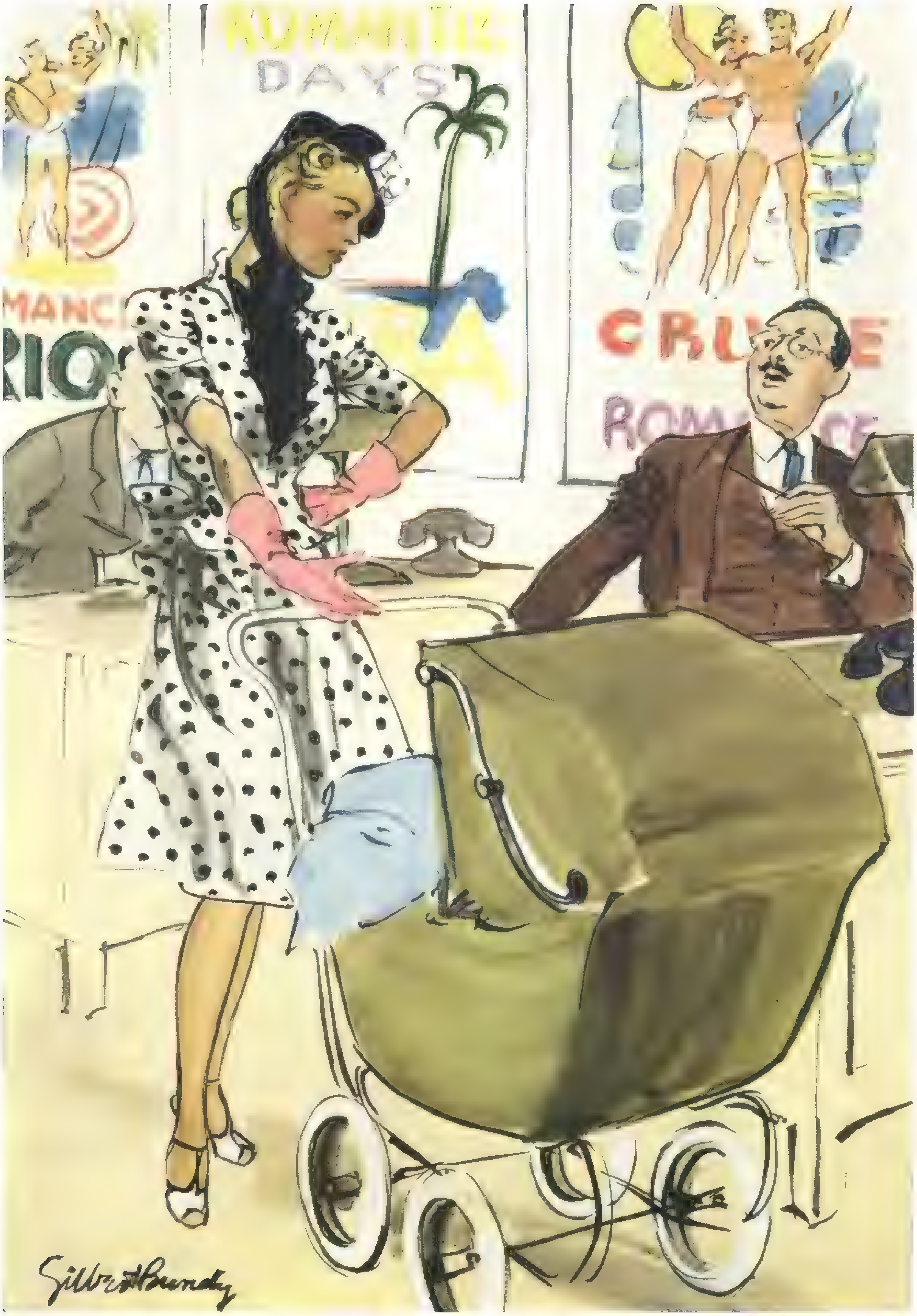
ROMANTIC
DAYS
MANC
RIO
CRU E
ROM CE
Gilbert Bundy

"I admit we emphasized the romantic angle of the cruise, Miss Skinner—but we cannot assume any responsibility"

The Rumbold 500

Continued from pages 55-121

next curve. Something stronger than his own will forced Ribières to brake and slow down for the turn.

He went after Gouriez again. Passed him on the hill, held his lead all the way to the turn at la Chapelle. Then the same reflex seized him, forced him to slow down. The Narvac passed him once more.

He was furious. Now he knew what fear was like, that power, stronger than one's self, that took over one's being, canceled will, took direct charge of one's very muscles. He could command himself, reason with himself—but fear held his hands.

Before the S-turn, in spite of himself, he re-lived that horrible lurch of the handlebars, that ramming kick of the Rumbold. And he braked her. In the straightaway he made up his loss, tailed Gouriez, only to lose another hundred meters on the next turn.

Starting the last round, they passed the stands once more knee to knee, glued, wedded to their machines, shot ahead like parallel bullets, going at a hundred and fifty kilometers an hour. Gradually, the Rumbold sneaked a wheel ahead, a length ahead, five meters, ten meters . . . And once more, at the Glamard turn, Gouriez caught up and took over the lead. Ribières ran in his track. The two engines, like stubby monsters, devoured the hill, their growls shaking the sky; they flew down the other side, over the bridge, through the woods. The loudspeakers kept up incessantly:

"Gouriez still in the lead. Ribières, ten meters."

"Narvac and Rumbold wheel to wheel . . ."

"They're taking the turn at la Chapelle . . ."

"The Rumbold loses a length."

Ribières saw the space between himself and Gouriez widening. The reckless fool was taking the curve without braking. His machine swung down kissing the road, graceful, oblique, like the sweep of a wing. There was only the flattening of the front wheel to show the terrific pressure of centrifugal force. Five meters behind, Ribières saw that front wheel pressed to the verge of explosion. In his arms, he still felt that sudden, savage revolt of his own machine. It was impossible to get away with what Gouriez was doing there. He'd spill. He'd have to spill. Now—now—he was spilling! With all his being, Ribières wanted, hoped for, demanded that crash.

A stallion leap, a series of S-turns . . . Gouriez flung into the air, the bucking machine running wild, bars broken, slamming into a tree . . . Then a huge spurt of flame.

Ribières was past it all, flying toward the stands. He broke the tape just as the ambulance started out.

Champagne, flowers, handshakes, cheers, interviews . . . Ribières let himself be dragged toward his quarters, in the midst of a joyous tumult in which he simply could not take part. One thought submerged everything else in his being. The memory of those few seconds at the S-turn.

"Glad you won?"

"Where is your next race?"

"Who are you riding for next?"

He answered mechanically. The form of Gouriez doubled over his machine, bending in the turn, the sudden leap of the motorcycle, the body hurled into the air, that spurt of flame—all this rose before him with such intense clarity that his very muscles contracted, in horror at himself, in shame. "I wanted that! I hoped for it! I willed it!"

He had to show his face to the cameras. It was drawn, tight. He could barely pull up his lips for a smile.

"Back to town, now! You're due to broadcast."

He was pushed into a car. The huge limousine nosed its way through the crowd. Now they were on the road to the city. There were reporters in the car, they kept asking him questions, taking notes.

"What about Gouriez?" Ribières suddenly asked.

No one knew. He had been taken to the Claude-Bernard Hospital. That was all anyone could tell.

Just how much am I to blame? Ribières kept asking himself. Just how much am I responsible? I wished that crash on him, I wished it with everything in me. I hated him, that moment. If he hadn't crashed, I'd still hate him, I'd carry that hate . . . It took that accident to make me realize my thoughts, my wish, were criminal. If it were not for the accident, I'd never have known.

Now he had the strange, terrible feeling of being personally responsible, guilty of the accident. It was as if a wish so strong, so savage as he had felt must have forced itself upon destiny, pushed fate over the borderline of hesitation.

If he dies, he asked himself, can I ever feel peace again?

The car stopped. They were in the France-Radio station.

"I want to telephone," Ribières said.

He got the Claude-Bernard Hospital.

"Gouriez? Yes, he's here," an interne answered. "Nothing serious. No. A broken rib, contusions, nothing serious."

"Thanks, thanks," Ribières said.

He hung up, and turned toward the reporters. He was beaming.

They dragged him to the microphone. "Hurry up. They're waiting. Are you satisfied now?"

"Yep. Satisfied. God! I thought he was dead!"

"Well—that wouldn't have been your fault—"

"I know it. I know it." Then he added something that none of them understood. "But I never would have forgiven myself." #

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What Men Don't Like About Women

Continued from page 43

reveal that she borrowed it from a man. If a woman says she likes a book, the chances are that all she means is that she saw a picture of the author and likes the shape of his mouth or the cut of his mustache . . . Women are especially deficient as critics of political and economic books, for they are by biology, training and instinct extremely conservative animals. They would rather let well enough alone. They seldom dream of social Utopia. The only dream that really makes sense to them is that in which all men, writers, composers, politicians, gangsters, dictators, and street cleaners adore them.

WOMEN AUTHORS AS REPULSIVE BEINGS

a. Why is it that so many women authors are unkempt, with ink on their fingertips, creases in their necks, and dirt behind their ears? Is the art of writing so unnatural to them that it drives out even their native vanity of person? And why do they wear such outlandish clothes, hats, and shoes?

b. And why do so many of them become converts to Bahaism and offer themselves up as assistants to Gandhi and start movements for the reform of the calendar? Does the necessary solitude of the writing craft do something to their minds? Women authors are an unpleasant sight in the eyes of man. In all probability they would make better companions, and in all likelihood there is more real bounce to them, than in the mink-covered, perfumy things, but . . . well, you know, peanuts and popcorn seem to make for more gaiety than a piece of good steak. ⧺

Finny Battlers of Isle Royale

Continued from page 57

garden hackle, lowered the hook into the water again. And like a flash of shadow out of deeper shadow a second trout came lancing out of the black hole to take my dare.

I landed him in the same way and with the same kind of a tussle. And after him another, and after that a fourth. I took six in all, standing there behind the spruce tree, none under eight inches, none over ten. My catch for the morning was thirteen. The rest of the party did as well, and we ate three meals of trout, straight, with nothing but coffee and bread and jam for trimmings.

The other trout fishing trip I remember on Isle Royale, Dick Lahti and Ejnar Uddenberg and I made, three or four years later. We carried a boat—no canoe was available—over a portage that came a long way from deserving the title of a trail, from Siskiwit Bay on the south shore of the island into Lake Siskiwit, one blistering hot July afternoon.

We camped for the night on Ryan island, up in the northeast end of Siskiwit, and the next morning we searched out a tiny nameless creek that came down from the backbone of Isle Royale.

The lower pools had no trout save a few fingerlings three or four inches long. But about a mile above Lake Siskiwit we found trout fishing in the most incredible kind of water I have ever seen.

The creek up there was a succession of miniature rapids, rock chutes and tiny pools. And when I say tiny I speak with conservatism. They were no more than a dozen feet long and half as wide, those deep holes between log jams and rock barriers. At the foot and head of each of them you could literally step across the stream. The pools were maybe three feet deep at the most, and half-covered with a tangle of ancient, moss-covered logs.

Nowhere on any trout stream have I ever seen such a tangle of brush and cover as guarded the banks of that little creek. Fire had run there, long summers ago. Raspberry thickets grew shoulder high and a screen of spruce and alder and fir shut the sun away from the pools.

The dark water was cool and clear, and the trout were as hungry as wolves and as untutored as fool hens. We caught what we wanted for lunch, the three of us, and enough to take back to our camp on Caribou island that night, from two or three pools. I've never seen the little stream since. But it's fixed in my memory, and I'm going back one of these days. It's a hard trip, but it's worth it to take even two or three good trout from one of those log-shaded, Tom Thumb pools.

It's when it comes to pike fishing that the Isle Royale park really has something to offer. If you're a devoted follower of the great northern pike the wild lakes of that big island can give you what you've been looking for all your life.

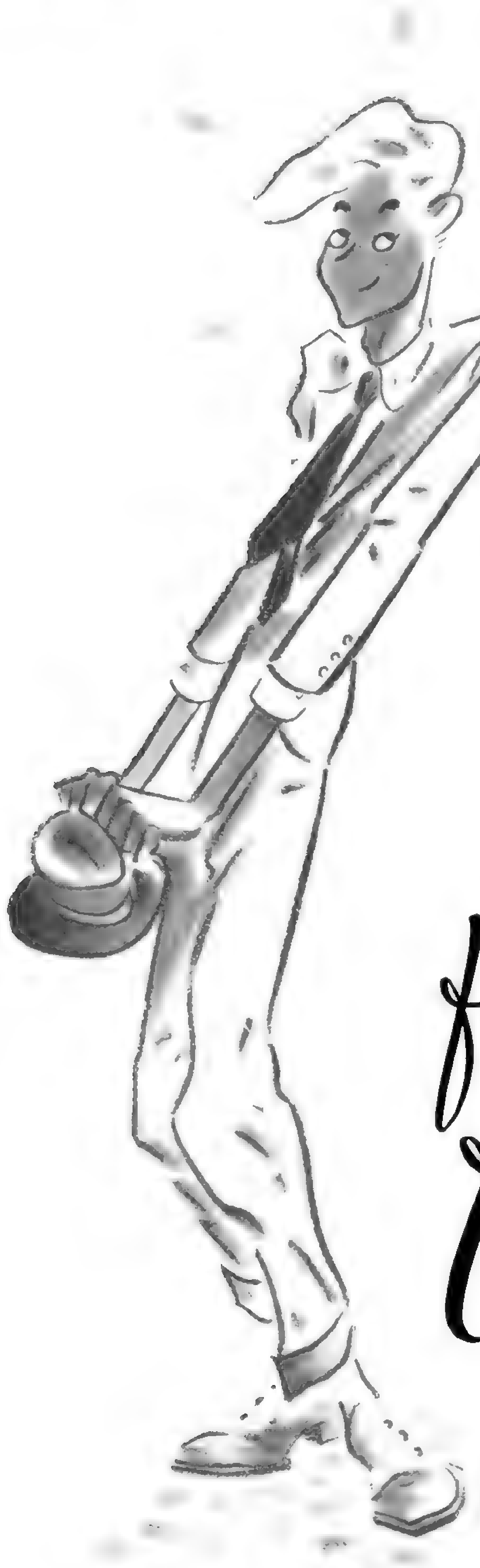
There are more than thirty inland lakes cradled among the long rocky ridges of Isle Royale. They vary greatly in size. Some are no more than shallow, muskeg-bordered ponds, not shown on maps of the island. The largest of the thirty is Lake Siskiwit, seven miles long and dotted with half a dozen lovely green islands.

In many of those inland lakes, pike await the angler in astonishing abundance.

We went in to one of the pike lakes last August. It's maybe a mile long and a quarter-mile wide. The maps don't show it and it has no name. But it has northern pike, and the pike have an appetite to write home about.

Somewhere in the northern wilderness there may be a sheet of water with a thicker fringe of brush and trees and fallen logs around the shore, and a messier

Continued on page 126



faint heart ne'er won fair visitor!

WORSHIPPING New York's Fair visitors from afar may have its romantic aspects. Selling them is an entirely different matter. What it takes is the same Johnny-on-the-spot advertising courtship that is required to sell the New York market.

That's why enterprising manufacturers and retailers seeking extra sales in New York are placing their advertising in The Sun, New York's great point-of-sale newspaper. For over 95% of The Sun's circulation is concentrated right in the New York trading area.

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*Trade Mark Applied for by SHULTON, Inc., Dept. E, Rockefeller Center, 630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

Finny Battlers of Isle Royale

Continued from pages 57-124

collection of snags and deadheads cluttering up the shallow water where you have to haul a fish in for landing. There may be, but I doubt it. Three of us fished. We carried neither net nor gaff and each pike was a separate adventure. It was easy enough to catch them. It was getting 'em ashore that presented the problem.

We picked little holes in the thickets, with room enough overhead to swing a bait rod. Part of the time we cleared, part of the time we hung our wobbling spoons up in the branches. Whenever we succeeded in laying 'em out beyond the snarl of deadheads, forty or fifty feet offshore, something was pretty likely to happen. And then the fun began.

We'd coax our pike in, piloting him between a submerged birch top and the forks of an old spruce that had lain on bottom for fifty years. We'd persuade him to steer clear of tangles, more or less, and finally we'd have him in shoal water right at our feet, in a little open pocket maybe two yards across. And there we'd go the last round, toe to toe, swapping punches.

The pike would come barrel-rolling to the top, go slashing toward an underwater brush heap. We'd turn him and the line would sing through the water as he cut an arc toward the thicket of lily pads on the other side of the pocket.

Part of the time the hooks held and we won. Part of the time something let go and the decision went to the pike. Whenever one rolled belly up, in a final gesture of surrender, we led him in within arm's reach, went down on our knees in a few inches of water or leaned precariously from a dry log, grabbed him around the gills and hauled him out.

When we could find a convenient dead treetop that overhung the water we crawled out on that, balanced in a fork and did our casting from the ringside. There were fewer deadheads and weed beds that way, but it was no easy trick to lean down from a wobbly trunk a yard above the water and geezle onto a pike, even after the last bit of scrap was beaten out of him.

All the same, it was mighty good fishing. We took what pike we wanted for supper aboard our cruiser—lying at anchor in Amygdaloid channel—and quit. Maybe you'll gain a fairer idea of the primitive abundance of pike in that little lake if I tell you that two years ago this summer two fishermen carried a light boat in and took sixty-eight pike in one afternoon.

Of course they didn't know what to do with them after they caught them. They tried to sell them or give them away and couldn't find takers. Happily, the rangers of the park service will mean an end to depredations of that kind by fish hogs. Not even the unfished lakes of the far northern wilderness can endure that brand of hammering.

The good pike lakes of Isle Royale are legion. There's Richie and Siskiwit, Chickenbone and LeSage, just to name a few. And if you're too lazy to travel inland across the ridges for your pike fishing, plenty of the island's harbors can help you out. Brady cove, for example, and Duncans bay and Five-Finger bay and Chippewa harbor and a few more. In the inner end of those long narrow bays the cold clear water of Lake Superior gives way to conditions more to a pike's liking. The water is warmer, there are weed beds and a clay or sand bottom—and grade A pike fishing.

Some of the Isle Royale lakes offer walleyes as well as northerns. I'm told that Chickenbone, at the upper end of Chickenbone river near the north shore of the island, is one of the best walleye lakes in the new park.

I'd like to cite first-person evidence on this, but I can't. I should be able to, for that matter. I walked all the way across Isle Royale, a few summers back, and took my wife along, mainly because the two of us wanted to try the walleye fishing in Chickenbone and LeSage.

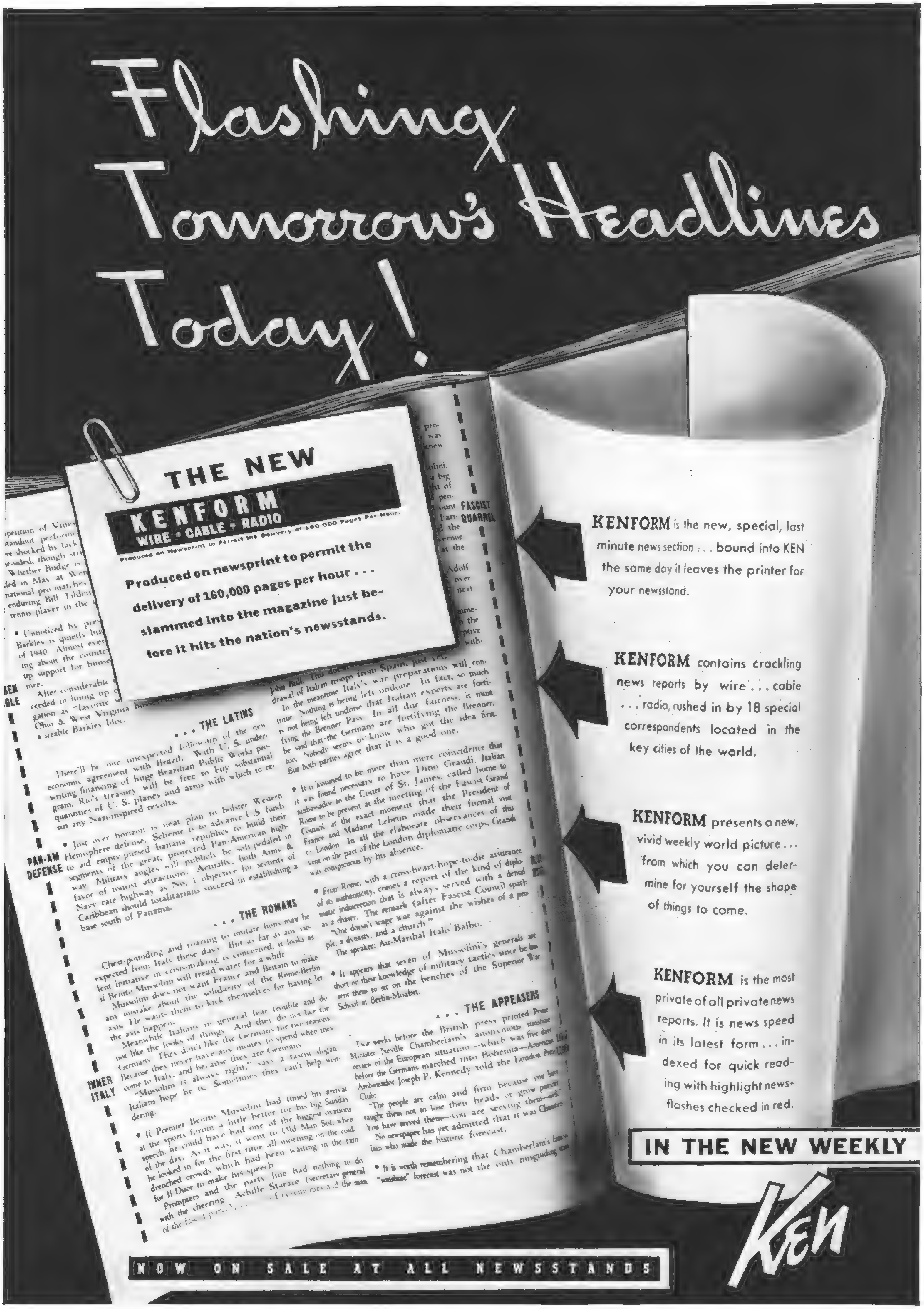
We left our cruiser at the head of McCargoes Cove late in the afternoon, carrying a pneumatic rubber boat that we dubbed the Doughnut, light packs and no blankets. We arranged to meet the boat in Chippewa harbor, directly opposite McCargoes on the south shore of the island the following afternoon.

We made camp that evening on the high, half-bare ridges along the north shore of Chickenbone, and I don't believe we've ever built a supper fire in a prettier spot. Coyotes sang from the second ridge behind the lake while we fried bacon, and there was never a time while we were awake from then till morning that we failed to hear the mournful wailing of brush wolves somewhere in the island wilderness. A pair of loons greeted the moonrise from midlake in front of our camp, a cow moose walked through our front yard at dawn the next morning on her way for a dip and a lily pad breakfast, and a choir of hermit thrushes sang a never-to-be-forgotten, silver-throated symphony in the near-by thickets before we stirred out of our tiny balsam lean-to.

The trip was a success in every way, in fact, except for the fishing. We'd have walleyes for breakfast, we decided. We shook rods and reels out of the bottom of the packsack, assembled the tackle, blew up the Doughnut and settled down to choosing a good walleye bait. But we couldn't find any bait.

In making up a light outfit the afternoon before I had unwittingly left out a small box of carefully selected plugs and pork chunks

Continued at top of page 128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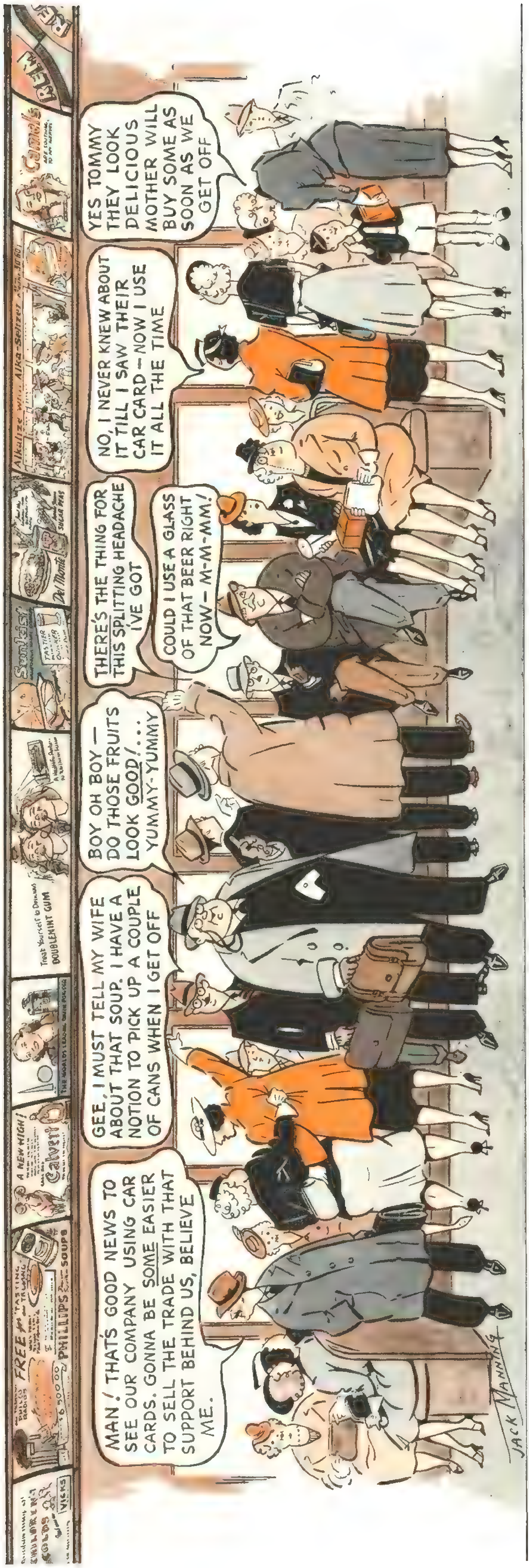
MAN! THAT'S GOOD NEWS TO SEE OUR COMPANY USING CAR CARDS. GONNA BE SOME EASIER TO SELL THE TRADE WITH THAT SUPPORT BEHIND US, BELIEVE ME.
GEE, I MUST TELL MY WIFE ABOUT THAT SOUP. I HAVE A NOTION TO PICK UP A COUPLE OF CANS WHEN I GET OFF
BOY OH BOY — DO THOSE FRUITS LOOK GOOD!... YUMMY-YUMMY
THERE'S THE THING FOR THIS SPLITTING HEADACHE I'VE GOT
COULD I USE A GLASS OF THAT BEER RIGHT NOW — M-M-MM!
NO, I NEVER KNEW ABOUT IT TILL I SAW THEIR CAR CARD — NOW I USE IT ALL THE TIME
YES TOMMY THEY LOOK DELICIOUS MOTHER WILL BUY SOME AS SOON AS WE GET OFF
JACK MANNING
PHILLIPS SOUPS
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DOUBLEMINT GUM
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Wrigley Building—CHICAGO • STREET RAILWAYS ADVERTISING CO., 745 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK • Monadnock Bldg.—SAN FRANCISCO

Finny Battlers of Isle Royale

Continued from pages 57-124-126

and spinners and whatnot. We hadn't so much as a single fishhook with us.

That's how it happens that I can't testify personally about the walleye fishing in that chain of lakes that lies between McCargoes and Chippewa harbor.

One other brand of fishing the Isle Royale national park will offer you to your complete satisfaction. That's trolling for lake trout on the reefs of Lake Superior, just beyond the harbor mouths of the island.

The lakers come into shoal water around Isle Royale, and the trolling differs materially from that in vogue out of mainland ports around the Great Lakes. At Petoskey and Traverse City and Charlevoix on northern Lake Michigan, for example, and at Munising and other ports on the south shore of Superior, the trout stay deep and the troller has to go down to get 'em. A heavy surf rod and a line of copper wire or other metal is the standard rig out of those ports.

But not on Isle Royale. The lakers are regularly taken in twelve to thirty feet of water, and an ordinary bait rod and silk casting line turn the trick neatly. It's not uncommon to take a good string of trout by cruising back and forth across a saw-tooth reef, getting strike after strike in water so shoal and clear that the big boulders on the bottom loom up clearly in the green depths.

On the light tackle a lake trout has a decent chance to give a good account of himself, and the sport is fast as well as productive. In one morning last August, Arnold Johnson's little trolling boat, out of Rock Harbor, accounted for twenty-eight trout running three to four pounds apiece. They don't average large, but they're hungry and game. And for that matter, ten- and twelve-pounders are not uncommon, and that's a pretty fair laker in any water. And, having the vast reservoir of all Lake Superior to draw upon for a supply, an angler can take a lusty catch with a clear conscience, especially since lake trout are regularly taken by the ton in the nets of commercial fishermen on the Great Lakes.

There are half a dozen or more good lake trout locations around the new park. There is Washington harbor at the west end, and Todd Cove and McCargoes on the north side. Blakes point and Gull rocks at the east end offer top flight fishing, and the long chain of reefs along Siskiwit bay, midway of the south shore of the island, is among the best.

From almost any point in the Isle Royale park you will be within easy striking distance of good lake trout grounds, and it's a safe bet that trolling for lakers will be one of the foremost attractions of the island for future visitors.

So far as I know, no one has ever gone after these lakers with flyrod in early spring or fall, when they move up on the reefs and feed near the top. Flyrod fishing for "gray" trout—the same fish under another name—shows mighty good results on many an inland lake in the Canadian bush at the right seasons of year. I know of no reason why it won't work just as well on the Isle Royale reefs. Fact is, I've a date up there in the infant national park one of these days when May comes round again. I'm going to find out.

And if the lakers should let me down, there are always the brook trout of the little wild creeks, and the wolf-hungry pike in a half dozen lakes that haven't seen the dip of a paddle blade in many a long summer.

The Trial at Gulkana

Continued from page 34

the verdict of this here court?'

They nodded their approval, whereupon McDan adds, "Justice shall now be carried out."

Then he gives instructions to several of the men to go to the cottonwood and build a husky platform ten feet high and also told Timothy to fetch a rope.

In the meantime, Hulk and I walked slowly down to the cottonwood. I asked Hulk what he thought of the trial. All he said was, "it was great."

Well, I didn't like the looks of the situation at all, but I couldn't see anything I could do about it, so we just sat there and watched them put up the platform. But we didn't have long to wait when Sheriff McDan says, "All right, Hulk, get up on that platform. Everything's in order."

Hulk gets up there and the Sheriff ties the rope around Hulk's neck.

"Jump!" shouts the Sheriff in Hulk's ear in a loud and commanding voice.

Hulk jumped and dropped unhurt to the ground. His bullet head slipped right through the loop. I always thought that his head was smaller than his neck.

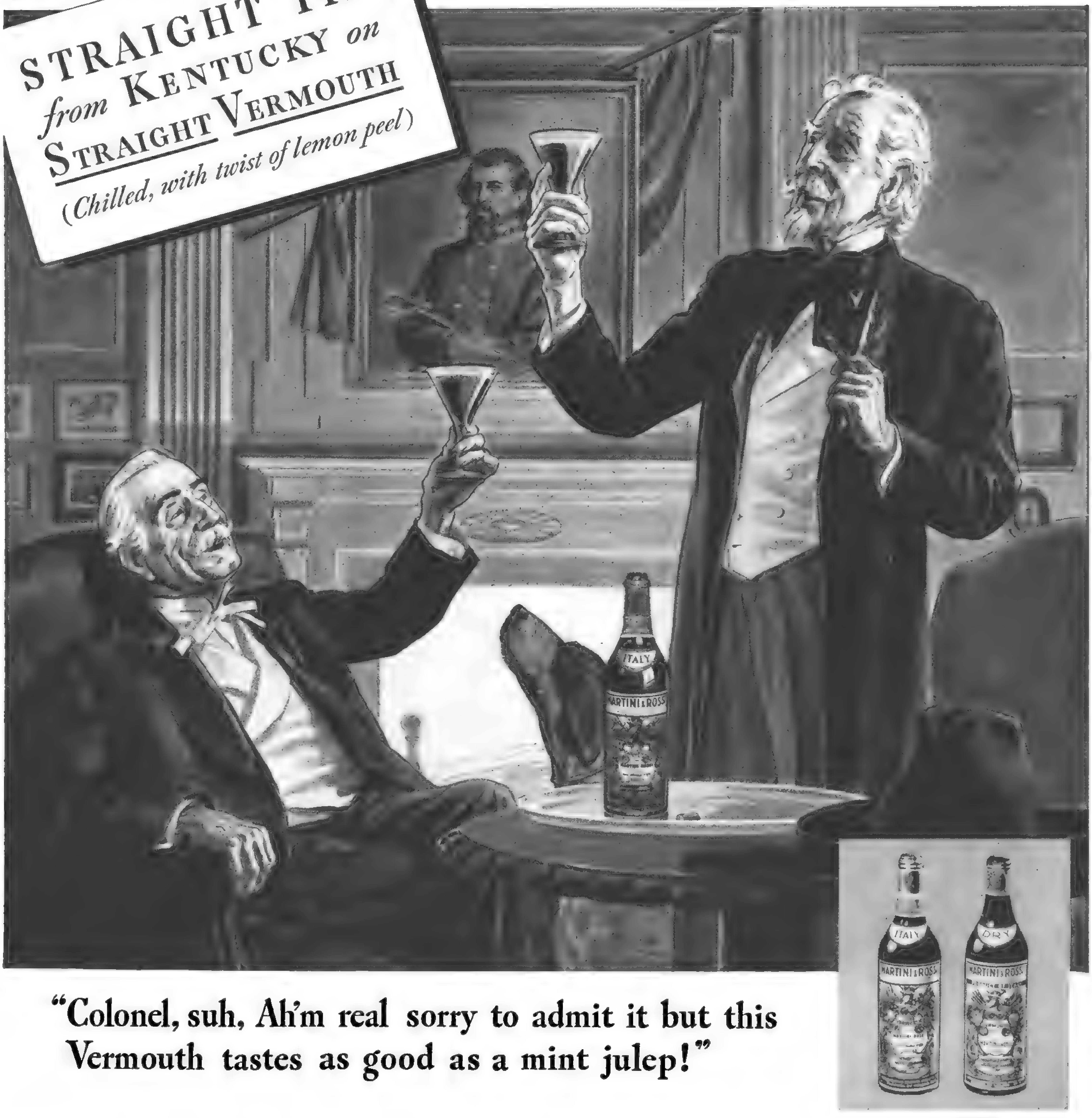
"Get up here again, Hulk," says the Sheriff. "I'll tie it so's it won't slip this time."

McDan throws a few wicked-looking half hitches around Hulk's neck and hollers, "Jump again!"

Hulk jumped halfway to the ground when his drop was stopped momentarily, then the rope snapped. Unfortunately for me they had enough rope to double it. Again they went through the same procedure, excepting this time when Hulk jumped the limb broke, hitting Sheriff McDan a glancing blow on the head as it fell. Sheriff McDan roared, "From now on, if any person fails to die after the third hanging, he shall be considered legally dead!"

STRAIGHT TIP *from* KENTUCKY *on* STRAIGHT VERMOUTH

(Chilled, with twist of lemon peel)



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"Colonel, suh, Ah'm real sorry to admit it but this Vermouth tastes as good as a mint julep!"

Of course this is heresy and Colonel Anderson will certainly lose his Commission tomorrow. But vermouth, the spiced wine, *is* delicious. You know it in cocktails—but try vermouth straight, for variety. It has a subtle, rich, bitter-sweet flavor. You can almost taste the sunshine of Italy which ripened the grapes. Try it straight (and chilled) and you'll understand why vermouth has become one of the great drinks of the world—so international and universal that serving and enjoying it is a surer sign you've been abroad than the labels on your luggage. Enjoy it straight, with soda, in cocktails—before meals, during meals, after meals—vermouth is very versatile. Of course we mean Martini & Rossi vermouth, world's standard for generations.

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3. Be conservative—have vermouth and soda. Mixed like a highball, using vermouth instead of whiskey.

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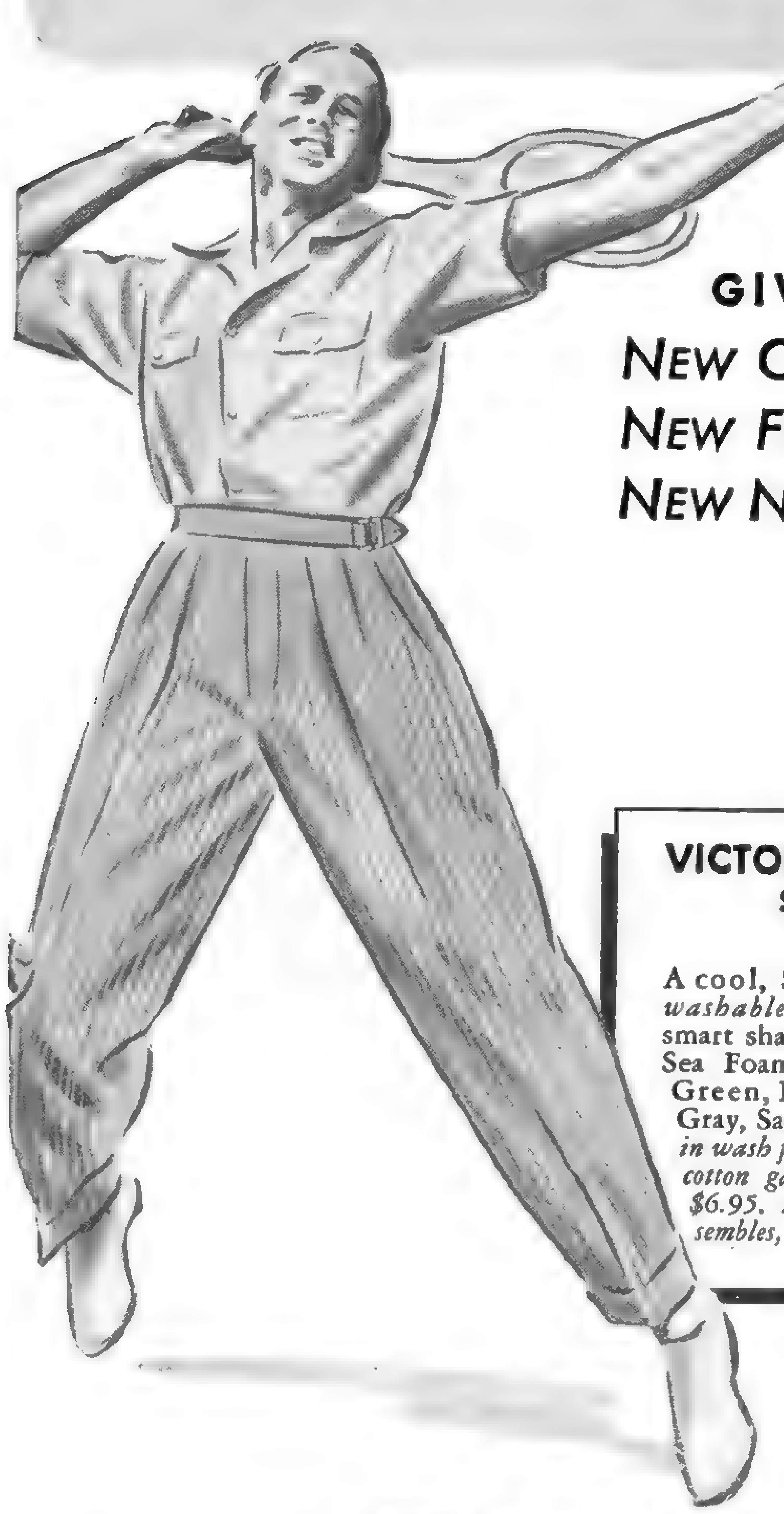

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Christmas Greetings

Continued from page 46

midsummer—which means that practically as soon as he gets it he'll have to start correcting the spelling and the grammar and deleting the foul language—or he can let the piece hang around in his office until it is time to stick it in the December issue.

In the latter case it is the editor who gets *his* place cluttered up, and dust gets on it just the same. Moreover, if he buys the piece promptly and has it hanging around, there is always a certain temptation to re-read it from time to time—just to reassure himself that he didn't make a mistake in purchasing it. The more you read a manuscript—I don't care *what* it is—the worse it looks. Bad feeling on both sides would be bound to develop from this procedure.

I have now proved conclusively that a Christmas piece should be written around Christmas time and published in midsummer, but I have taken quite a while in the proof. Justifiably, I think, because the thesis isn't one you can lay down in a sentence or two and convince people who haven't given the matter thought. But an argument in favor of a midsummer Christmas article is not, obviously, the same thing as the article itself, and so, in conclusion, I have one more thing to say: I sincerely hope that the editor of Esquire gets hold of such an article. ⧺

The Breaking of the Horse

Continued from page 51

rider may be unseated even if the horse's intentions are completely honorable.

Two years ago in Hungary, I undertook to school three half-breed horses belonging to a friend, although the exercise ground was quite small. I had an odd feeling about it from the very beginning, but a strong sense of duty and friendship kept me to my task. Besides, every morning at six o'clock, the pretty, barefooted girls on their way to the fields, stopped to admire my performance—or so I thought.

One morning my mount stumbled and we were both hurled to the ground in an instant. The fall must have looked terrible from where the girls were standing because I heard a chorus of feminine screams soaring up toward the clear Hungarian sky. However, I wasn't hurt a bit since the horse scrambled up without kicking me, and galloped away to the stables. After arranging my tie and getting some of the mud out of my eyes, I ruefully walked off in the direction of the stables to get my horse back and mount him again. One of the girls—a little blonde with a bronze tan and a naïve smile—stepped up to me and remarked quite so gaily:

"We all hoped to wear our black bandannas tomorrow for your funeral." . . . Cheerful people, these Hungarians.

But I only spoke about "good" horses up to now. Let us see what happens in the case of the recalcitrant ones; or how apparently untamable horses may be so trained as to render them docile.

During the last century, an American, by the name of Rarey, cleaned up two hundred thousand dollars in England within a few months' time by showing the British public—at the price of ten guineas each—how to charm wild horses.

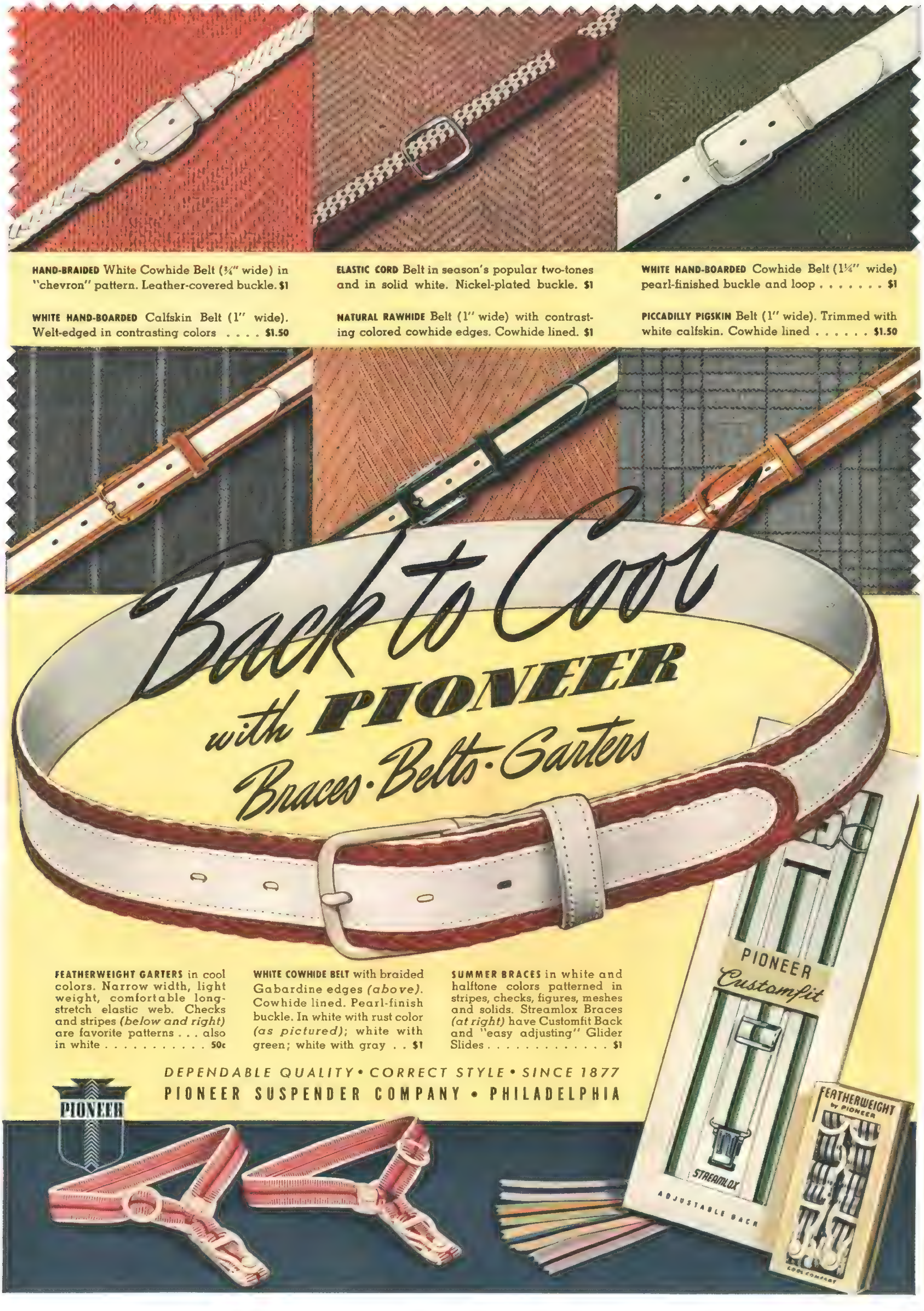
The two thousand-odd subscribers were all solemnly sworn in by Mr. Rarey not to divulge the secret. News traveled slowly in those days and the good Britishers were utterly unaware that Rarey had already published his horse-charming method in America in a 25-cent pamphlet, so they kept their "secret" with true Anglo-Saxon tight-lippedness.

Rarey's equipment consisted merely of a hay wagon and a couple of straps. He would hide under the wagon and as soon as the horse came up to it to feed, he would quickly strap up the animal's foreleg. The beast couldn't kick him while he was protected by the wagon, and once the leg was strapped, Rarey was completely safe since a horse cannot kick on three legs.

After the horse was tired out by hopping around with one leg bound, Rarey carefully buckled a surcingle on the creature and then allowed some more hopping to fatigue it entirely. A second leg-strap was then attached to the horse's other leg, and the animal was forced to its knees. Soon it was completely exhausted and lay down on its side. This was the moment when side-whiskered Mr. Rarey triumphantly placed his foot on the "wild" horse's belly and saluted the wildly applauding audience.

Curiously enough, the Rarey method still exists, for want of a better and more modern one. But nowadays the ungovernable, fighting horse is not grounded; and before the leg straps are adjusted he is handled for days with an eight-foot pole, with a padded end, until he ceases to resent being touched by it.

The pole should carry some delicacy to the horse's mouth, and when he starts to eat the carrot or bread, his nose should be gently rubbed with the pad. Later his neck and forelegs should also be caressed in this way. It will not be long before he will make friends with the feeding wand and after a few more days he will tolerate the human touch so that the leg straps may be adjusted. As a final step, the horse must be shown that the world is not against him, and must be deluded into the belief that after all, human beings are not so bad. ⧺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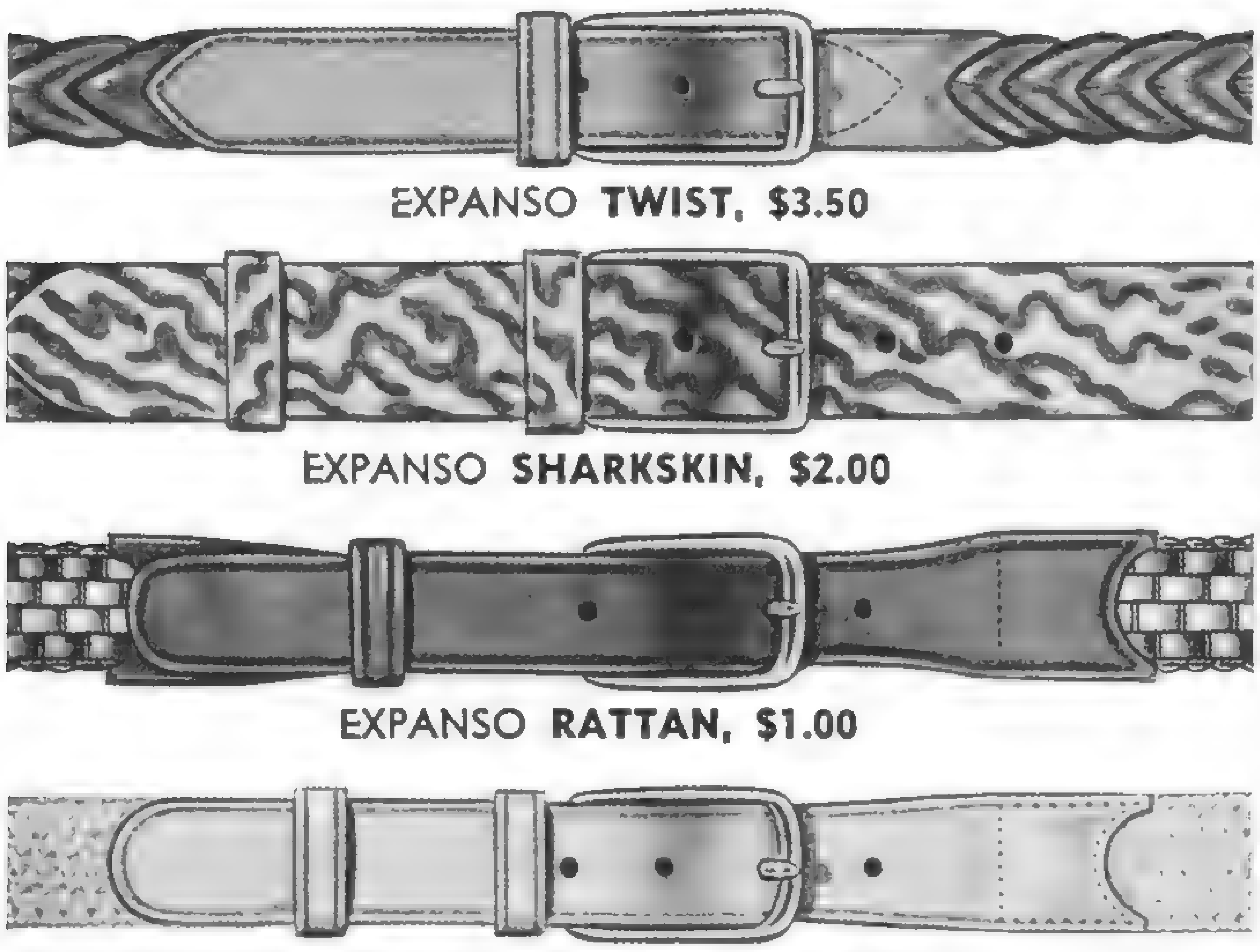

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FATHER'S DAY
JUNE 18

Pygie Takes a Wife

Continued from page 70

humdrum. It was all so horrible!

But just as his hopes were at their lowest, he had a flicker of encouragement. He saw another bachelor, like himself returned to the rookery for the first time as an adult. This other bachelor had an air of private scorn in which Pygie saw something sophisticated and congenial. Like Pygie, he headed more or less directly for the screes at the foot of the cliffs. Apparently it was his intention to find a vantage point from which to regard and disapprove of penguin nature at his leisure.

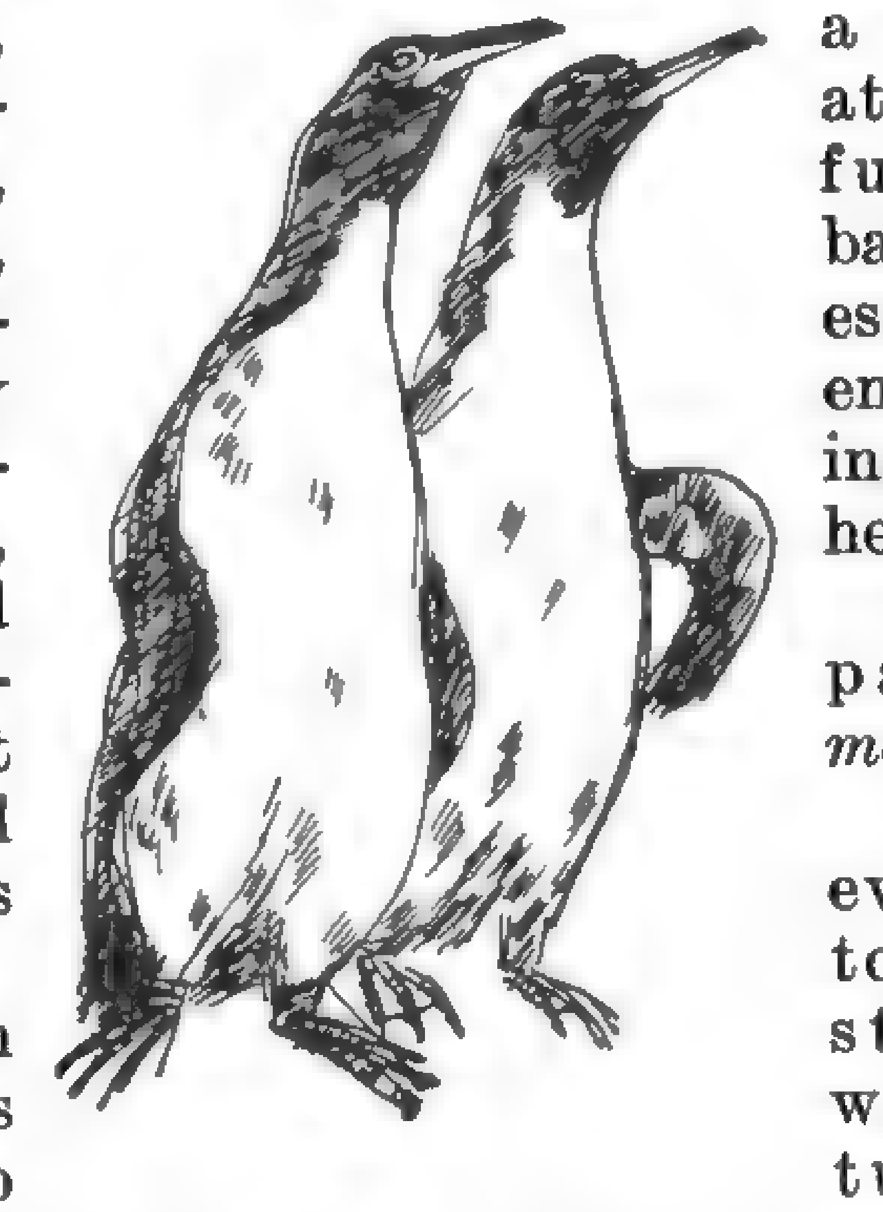
Pygie moved forward hopefully. At worst he might have company. At best he might have an audience. But it was possible that the two of them might constitute the beginning of an intellectual set. Which would be delightful! He greeted the newcomer warmly.

The other penguin scornfully hunched himself up, half-closed his eyes, and seemed to fall instantly asleep.

Pygie was taken aback, but he waddled companionably close and ruffled his feathers, hunched himself up, and apparently napped philosophically, too. Actually, he waited for the other to awake so that a conversation might begin.

The business of the rookery went on. With almost a million penguins on the beach, there were half a million family arrangements to be arrived at, half a million nests to be built, a good many more than half a million fights to be fought, and many times that number of family quarrels.

The result was a high soprano clamor that rose to the heavens, and through it the other penguin dozed while Pygie napped beside him, and the debutante hen penguin looked glamorous but lonely. The rest of the nation courted, married, built nests, stole pebbles from each other, chastised thieves, attempted minor flirtations and drastically punished philanderers, slept, woke, fought, dreamed dreams and undoubtedly told lies about them, and in general behaved like citizens of a metropolis.



The other penguin woke. He opened his eyes. Pygie also opened his. The newcomer stretched his flippers extravagantly, yawning as if the top of his head would come off. Pygie yawned no less magnificently. They straightened out their plumage together.

Then Pygie addressed the other in the man-of-the-world tone appropriate to one sophisticate addressing another. He said something, probably, about a younger intellectual set.

The other penguin regarded him with one eye only; a scornful, yellow-irised eye. He made a curiously deep-toned growling noise, suggestive of irritation. He glanced about him on the ground, ignoring Pygie. Then he picked up a pebble from an almost-obliterated last year's nest. He waddled abruptly toward the debutante, carrying the pebble in his beak. His intentions were unmistakable and honorable, but completely vulgar in the absence of any courtship.

Pygie blinked at him in disgusted amazement. Then in indignant amazement. Then in unreasoning, hot-headed fury. This other penguin had insulted Pygie. He had ignored him! More, he was in the act of making a proposal of marriage to the little debutante, whom Pygie had seen first.

Pygie bristled. He suddenly found himself uttering a squawk which was not at all sophisticated, but very angry indeed. It was threatening. It was menacing. It astounded even Pygie by its blood-curdling quality. Then he found himself waddling savagely after the interloper.

He bumped him. They squared off instantly, beaks agape and flippers raised. Pygie uttered other noises, more blood-curdling than the first. But a scornful flipper came around in a sweeping blow that knocked Pygie's head sidewise and made him see stars.

With a squawk of purest rage, he joined battle in earnest. He was too angry to think of sophistication now. He waddled furiously in. His flippers flailed blow after blow after blow. He pecked and pecked and swore mightily—his swearing gaining in fluency with practice—and he pounded and pounded and pecked and pecked. Always he thrust forward furiously.

He was receiving blows, too. Later on, he might generously concede that he took a pounding too. But at the moment he was full of a vast rage based on injured self-esteem, while his enemy was merely fighting for the favor of a hen.

There was no comparison in their *morale.*

The end was inevitable. The other toppled and Pygie stood above him, whaling him virtuously while he squawked insults. At long last his enemy managed to toboggan away on his breast feathers, pushing himself wearily with his feet. And Pygie stood still and squawked other insults.

He was out of breath, and very sore, and he felt a bitter loneliness and need of appreciation.

The little debutante hen penguin looked at him with bright and melting eyes. She saw him only as a terrible warrior; a magnificent specimen of his race. She saw only his less-admirable qualities. Pygie smoothed his battle-ruffled feathers and thought bitterly upon the irony of fate.

She did look as if she wanted to speak to him, though. He waddled a little closer, hardening his heart against cajolery.

But she did not speak. She gazed brightly off into the distance again as if thinking of something else. Pygie waddled still closer. She continued to pretend obliviousness, alike of Pygie and the rudimentary nest beneath her. But she was, after all, a young penguin. Perhaps it was unconventional, but—. Presently, as Pygie regarded her sternly, she turned her head to see what he was doing. And then she could no longer pretend indifference. Rather recklessly, she conversed with him in soft squawks—and suddenly withdrew into a regretful reserve and gazed into the distance again. But this time there was sadness in her air. It was as if she reminded him, after all, they were only acquaintances.

Pygie felt a strange loneliness at being again ignored. A horrible loneliness. Then he saw the equivalent of a tear in her eye. She was lonely too!

With a feeling of tremendous nobility, Pygie waddled away two feet and picked up a pebble in his beak. He returned, and with a graceful bow laid it before her.

Inside of five minutes he was hard at work bringing more pebbles as fast as he could find them, to complete the nest the little debutante had coyly begun. And Pygie began to think complacently of himself as one of the younger married set. #

Mr. Doodling's Flash

Continued from page 69

this first try, three Henry Fords, two Neville Chamberlains, two A. J. Cronins, three G. B. Shaws, two Hervey Allens, four A. Einsteins.

After that came the real grind; hard work, certainly, but it had mostly to do with mere organizing. I went to see a lawyer—by the way, did you know we have three assorted Felix Frankfurters in our concern?—and now I have it black on white: there is no law against writing and selling articles under one's genuine and real name.

First, I raised $15,000, in the family. I engaged three smart young fellows. Some of us took over America, the others, Europe. Systematically, we studied all directories, here, and in Paris, in Amsterdam, in London, everywhere. There were dozens of Hitlers, Roosevelts, Stalins, Trotzkys, Bonnets, and all the other names you must know in this business. Then we put them through a process of elimination; people like that must have the right Christian names, too, you know. That's the toughest problem of all, let me tell you. Altogether, we found seven Mussolinis, but not one of them was a Benito. Last week we signed a contract with a Mr. Giacomo Mussolini, of Buenos Aires. His wife is expecting a baby; they have strong hopes it will be a boy. So we took an option: if it turns out to be a male, he has to call it Benito. We've already paid $500 for that option. But, maybe, after seventeen years, no one will want his articles any more. What do you think?" Mr. Doodling looked worried.

"But a business man with any imagination at all," he continued, "has to consider future chances and must take some risks. We have invested $6,300 in similar contracts, concerning names of unborn babies. Oh, where was I? Yes, the three agents and myself then got into personal contact with these people. Our offers were very decent, and most of the people were enthusiastic, of course. Consider, please; little artisans, white collar workers, waiters, policemen—and here comes somebody and offers four weeks' pay for one article! And wants more! And then he even helps you plenty in writing them!

There were a few catastrophes, of course. For instance, we found a genuine James Joyce, after a long search. But everyone in his part of town knew that he was an illiterate. Now he's learning to read and write, at our expense, of course, and he seems to be turning out all right.

Still another disaster: one day one of my agents cables from England that he has found an Anthony Eden. Excitedly I cable back to pay the man $150 for an article against Roosevelt. And what happens? He was the real Anthony Eden. He kicked my agent out. I did the same thing, of course.

Your time is valuable, my friend, and so is mine; otherwise I could sit here and tell you for hours about the adventures one has in this business. There is, for instance, the story about that fellow in Nebraska whose name is Somerset Maugham, the lucky dog! But all the money in the world wouldn't induce him to write a short story. He says that short stories are against his moral and esthetic principles. He wants to write correspondence courses in bookkeeping. And what can I do with a correspondence course in bookkeeping, by Somerset Maugham? Good God, the time I wasted trying to convince that fellow!"

I said: "And how is your business organized now, Mr. Doodling?"

"Well, it's very simple. We sell literary articles—that's all. Our contributors get their remunerations, and we get our commissions. The proportion is three to one, in our favor, of course. The editors get a legal document with every article they buy from us; it certifies that the real name of the author is such and such. We insist upon reciprocity, of course; the buyers have to be just as dependable as we are. They are under contract, for instance, not to claim

Continued on page 135

Rue de la Paix . . . exclusive 'airy-weight' cloth . . . trubenized collar and band . . . suave new colors . . . . $2 up

La Playa' Ensembles "in and outer" shirts, matching slax, talon fastener fly, endless variety in fabrics, colors $3.95 up

Finir de Velour . . . rich, suede-appearing cloth in Continental inspired patterns. Trubenized collar and band . . . . $1.65 up

La Playa' slub-woven sport shirt with short or long sleeves $1.65 up

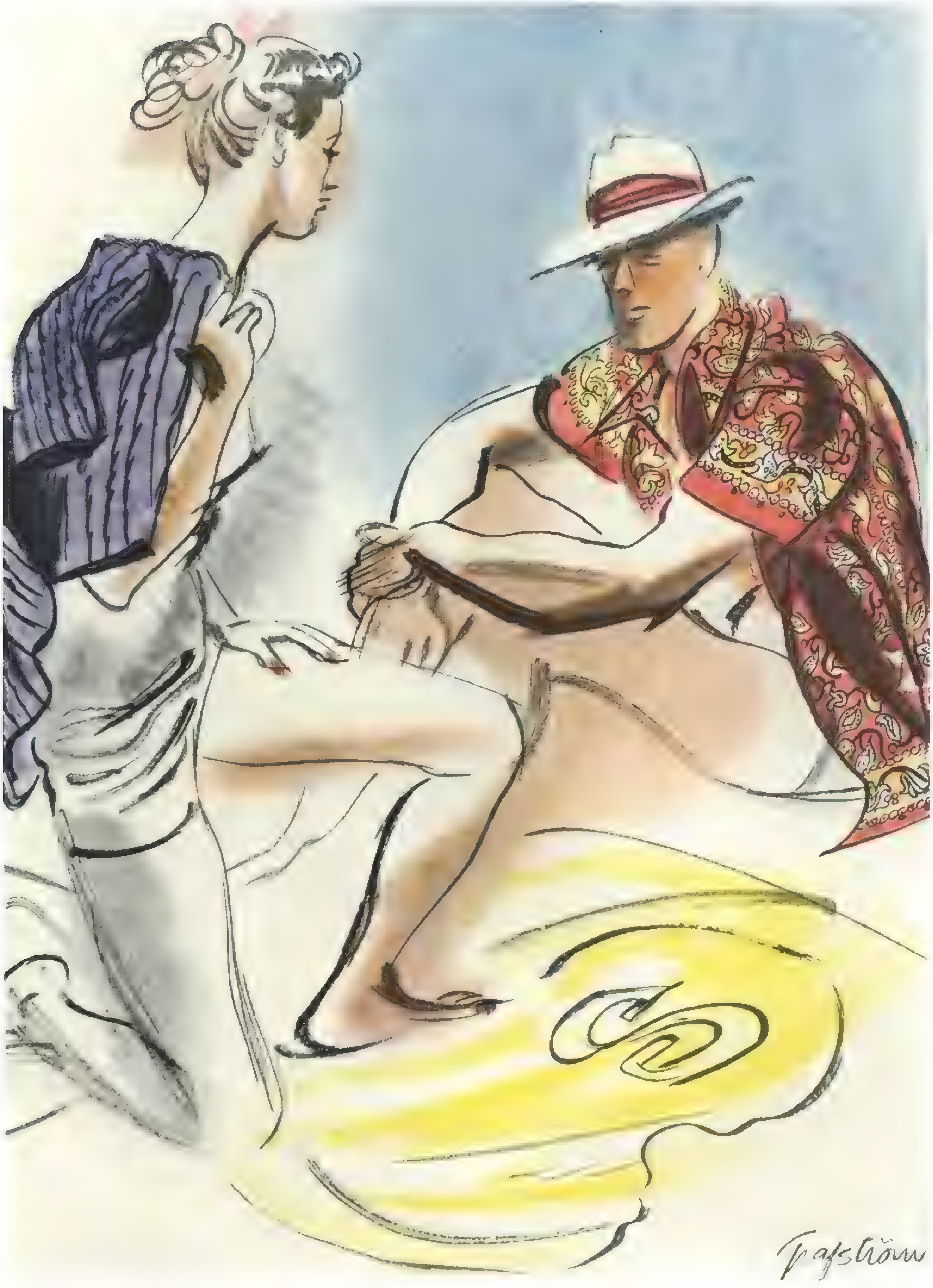
La Playa' Sport Shirt, lustrous quality. Worn in or out, short, long sleeves. $1.65 up

Test-pruf White shirt, collar outlives shirt! $1.65 up

La Playa' Sport Coat, collorless style. Bengaline, Hopsacking soft pile fabrics. $3-$7.50

La Playa' Sport Coat in "camel soft" fabric, Hopsacking and others . . . . $3 to $7.50

P.S. Marlboro Sport Shirts can be worn with or without tie . . . at home, in office or on front porch. If there's no dealer near by, write: Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.



Yes, bandannas . . .

BEACH fashions have been going native for several years now, but this season they aren't merely going—they've already gone native, and with a mild bang. The handwriting on the wall was especially bold and colorful in the aboriginal beach costumes observed last winter at such fashion centers as Palm Beach, the West Indies and West Coast resorts. The newest comer among the native-inspired beach accoutrements is this bandanna beach shirt in an almost paper weight cotton, made in the open front style with short sleeves and sport collar. Its decorative qualities speak for themselves, but it is also a handy gadget for nullifying nature's sunray toasting process, and it composes well with colorful slacks or shorts to make up a smart all-around beach outfit. Ingeniously devised of three large hand blocked cotton bandanna handkerchiefs, this particular shirt is in red cotton with yellow, black and white Paisley effect. For honest-to-goodness swimming, lightweight trunks of gabardine in plain white are about as efficient as any, and the contrast of the white fabric against a well-tanned skin is a rather artistic touch in itself. The floppy Jippi Jappa hat with puggree band is another native fashion that has wended its way to the beach. The sun-shielding properties that make it a practical accessory for general resort wear make it ideal for beach wear.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Mr. Doodling's Flash

Continued from pages 69-133

that Mr. Martin Dies, the author of *Why I Became a Communist*, is the chairman of the well-known committee. Anyhow, that would be a lie! It's just a Mr. Martin Dies, modestly and simply. That's all. Always stick to the truth! That's our most sacred business rule."

Interrupting Mr. Doodling again, "But that can only work once," I said. "The first joke by G. B. Shaw that didn't come from G. B. Shaw will bring an immediate protest from G. B. Shaw, after it has been published. And then you wouldn't find any more buyers for your own Shaw."

"That just shows that you don't know the quality of our goods," said Mr. Doodling and smiled patiently. "Our G. B. Shaw jokes are really first class, and the other Mr. G. B. Shaw, in London, will carefully avoid calling particular attention to the fact that such an excellent joke did not originate with him. Otherwise, the public might get wise and turn from one G. B. Shaw to the other one. No, my friend, believe me, I made a special study of Writer's Psychology, before I took a chance with the invested money of our stockholders."

"Maybe so, but I am sure that the real Mr. Gallup, the Director of the American Institute of Public Opinion, will state most emphatically that he is not the author of this attack against statistics," I countered, trying to save the last shreds of my skepticism.

"So what! Every Mr. Gallup has the right to his own opinion about statistics. The protest of the one Mr. Gallup will attract the attention of only 8.3 per cent of those people who have read the amusing article by the other Mr. Gallup. Mr. Gallup's Institute of Public Opinion has furnished me with scientific and exact statistics on that score. Our main attraction, Sir, is this: our articles are more amusing than the old stuff. When there are no protests, the public will read our things with naïve pleasure. But when there are protests, the public will read further articles with a sort of malicious joy and with twice the interest. Every advertisement of this sort will give me great pleasure."

"Mr. Doodling, please, Mr. Goebbels is still waiting." The secretary was there again.

"If he doesn't like it, he can go! I know two more gentlemen by that name; they'd be very glad to get his job!" Mr. Doodling was quite angry; he didn't like his interviews to be interrupted.

"Don't think," he continued, "that I'm going to retire after this promising start. There are colossal possibilities in this undertaking of ours. I'm going to have a sort of mail-order house. Six weeks from now I shall be in a position to offer my first assortment to Hollywood: actors with the certified, genuine names of John Barrymore, Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, Eddie Cantor, Sonja Henie, Shirley Temple, and a few others. All these people are now being trained at our expense, and some of them are doing very nicely already. You understand: no one in the world can legally restrain an actor whose name is John Barrymore from appearing in a film as John Barrymore. The business man who first grasps this significant fact can make money with it. As it happens I am that business man." And Mr. Doodling smiled modestly.

"We are now preparing to open a new department: Sports," he continued. "Within three months, I'll be able to supply a boxer whose name has been, really and truly, Jack Dempsey, since he was born; also a baseball player, whose guaranteed name is Babe Ruth. I can hint only at a few other plans in this direction; there are quite a few sensational things among them. Our musical department has already ordered a few compositions from Mr. Richard Strauss, a former janitor in Prague; and some from Mr. Claude Debussy, until a short time ago a mechanic in Marseilles. These two gentlemen are still enjoying the study of their new art, and both promise to do well. I had a cable from Dublin, yesterday; my agent there has a Charles Lindbergh on hand. Could become a fine thing, what do you think?"

"What do I think, Mr. Doodling?" I said. "What do I think? I believe you're the smartest man of this age! But have you considered the danger that lies within this idea for yourself?"

"Which is . . .?"

"You have invested $150,000 to make the A. T. Doodling concern an institution. Suppose that some day a gentleman whose name happens to be A. T. Doodling, starts a business of the same kind?"

"You are a clever young man, my friend; I'd better take down your address," Mr. Doodling replied and shook my hand, because we were standing near the door already. "When I first thought of that, about half a year ago, naturally, I got scared. But I soon figured out that the chances of finding another man in the world whose name would be exactly like mine are only 1 to 2,000,000,000. All our advertising, all our stationery, all our correspondence and contracts, are signed with both my full Christian names, spelled out. And, luckily, since my birth, my name has been, and still is—see, here, legally certified—Artaxerxes Theophrastus Doodling. My grandfather was a Greek, Sir. Very happy to know you, Sir!"

After leaving the office of Mr. Artaxerxes Theophrastus Doodling, I immediately went to see my broker. I instructed him to buy up all the stock of Names, Inc., he could get hold of. I'm sorry, Ladies and Gentlemen, but you're too late. ⧺

These reversible belts turn two faces to the world!
HANS FLATO

Inside out . . . or outside in . . . it's always *right*side out . . . with a Hickok Reversible Belt! Gives you two changes . . . at one price. For instance: it's a colored fabric—reverse it—it's white leather! And either side you turn . . . is a turn for the better! Double smartness . . . right—in style . . . Hickok Reversible Belts. *$1 up.*

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"..AND PLEASE MAKE THE KIDS GIVE ME
PAJAMAS WITH GRIPPERS*
REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE
FOR FATHER'S DAY"

- These new pajamas with GRIPPERS are the stuff of which dreams are made! No more buttons to break, tear off, or pull out—no more fishing for draw-strings that slip out of sight. GRIPPERS are so *durable* they actually outlast the pajamas!

And talk about *convenience!* GRIPPERS are easier to open and close . . . and much neater in the bargain!

Why not put an end to Father's "sheep counting" nights—to Mother's "button-mending" days! Ask for pajamas with GRIPPERS today! Remember: GRIPPERS are completely laundry-proof. They're guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein.

FOR YOUR PROTECTION. Don't confuse GRIPPERS with ordinary fasteners. Be sure the fastener on the pajamas you buy are stamped plainly GRIPPERS. That means they've been thoroughly tested and proved on pajamas. Available in leading brands of pajamas in stores from coast to coast. Ask for them by name.

**The laundry proof snap-fastener that ends button bother*

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein

SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY WATERBURY CONNECTICUT

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 82

other brand—although my *N. Y. Times* this morning mentions "rural prosperity resulting from collective farming." He is busy poking the dog's nose into its own vomit. He has no remedy—and also no hesitation in dwelling on the ineffectuality of such remedies as are being tried. The Beals mind is not a profound mind. It is the mind of a Savonarola who shows us our sins in detail, and tells us, in a style that needs improvement, that we shall burn for them.

* * *

Elliot Paul's new novel about a strike in a one-company town says that we need not less but more of the Wagner Labor Relations Act. *The Stars and Stripes Forever* (Random House, $2.50)—no book critic can avoid pointing this out—is the story of life and death in an American town.

This book doesn't reach the heights of *The Life and Death of A Spanish Town*, which was a "natural." But it's a first-rate novel, suffused with a humane, good-neighborly quality. It's "propaganda" in the sense that it's in favor of *people*.

* * *

The novels of Dorothy Canfield and Josephine Herbst are worth your time. Miss Canfield's *Seasoned Timber* (Harcourt Brace, $2.50) is, like Elliot Paul's book, the study of a town—a Vermont college town. When a rich old trustee dies, leaving the Academy a million dollars on condition that henceforth the school exclude Jews, the fat is in the fire, the bug is in the soup. As there are only three or four Jews in the Academy, the question is solely one of principle. Timothy Hulme, professor and principal, an active mind who reasons endlessly about everything from love to Hitler, will resign rather than accept such money, even though the school is financially in need. Miss Canfield makes an absorbing story of it.

Josephine Herbst's fighting novel, *Rope of Gold* (Harcourt Brace, $2.50), is all over the place. Farmers, intellectuals, capitalists, white-collar workers are fighting the social and economic battle, each according to his lights. In her harsh, brusque style, Miss Herbst seems equally able to reveal the inside and the outside of her characters. And that she can make people live, you'll agree, after making the acquaintance of the Chances, Victoria and Jonathan.

* * *

The eightieth or eighty-first book that H. G. Wells has produced is called *The Holy Terror* (Simon & Schuster, $2.75). It recounts, through too many pages and with too much of that glib international super-sociology which seems to be Wells's Last Phase, how Rud (the "Stink") Whitlow, a nasty, ill-tempered young lout, became World Dictator. The earlier pages are the most readable, the best being probably those that describe the battles of Rud's gang with Lord Bohun's Purple Shirts. There, at least, is story and action. For the rest, Wells rehashes his well-known ideas about government, organization, the press, education. An awful lot of it is tedious stuff, full of mannerism that it is probably too late now to hope Wells will outgrow. There are, too, many flashes of eloquence, many pithy sentences:

"Since then, nothing in Camford [substitute name of your own college] except a few dreaming spires had pointed anywhere."

"Nowhere in the world, Rud reflected, was journalism anything but a malignant and wanton power."

Rud speaking: "We'll own every *real* thing; we, the common men. We'll have the whole of the human output in the market. Earn what you will and buy what you like, we'll say, but don't try to use your money to get power over your fellow creatures."

"It's high time the world stopped being a gaming saloon with the common man's needs and comfort in the kitty."

H. G. Wells has done a whale of a lot to enlighten a couple of generations of young and young-old people about the wrongs of the world, its stupidities, and what might be done on a world scale to set things right. He has been the voluble man from Mars, to whom the application of reason to human affairs is a planetary adventure. But many students who have grown up in his school are wishing that the Master would return to his earlier mood of Kipps and Mr. Polly and Tono-Bungay. In his latest period he is only muddying the waters that once he made so clear.

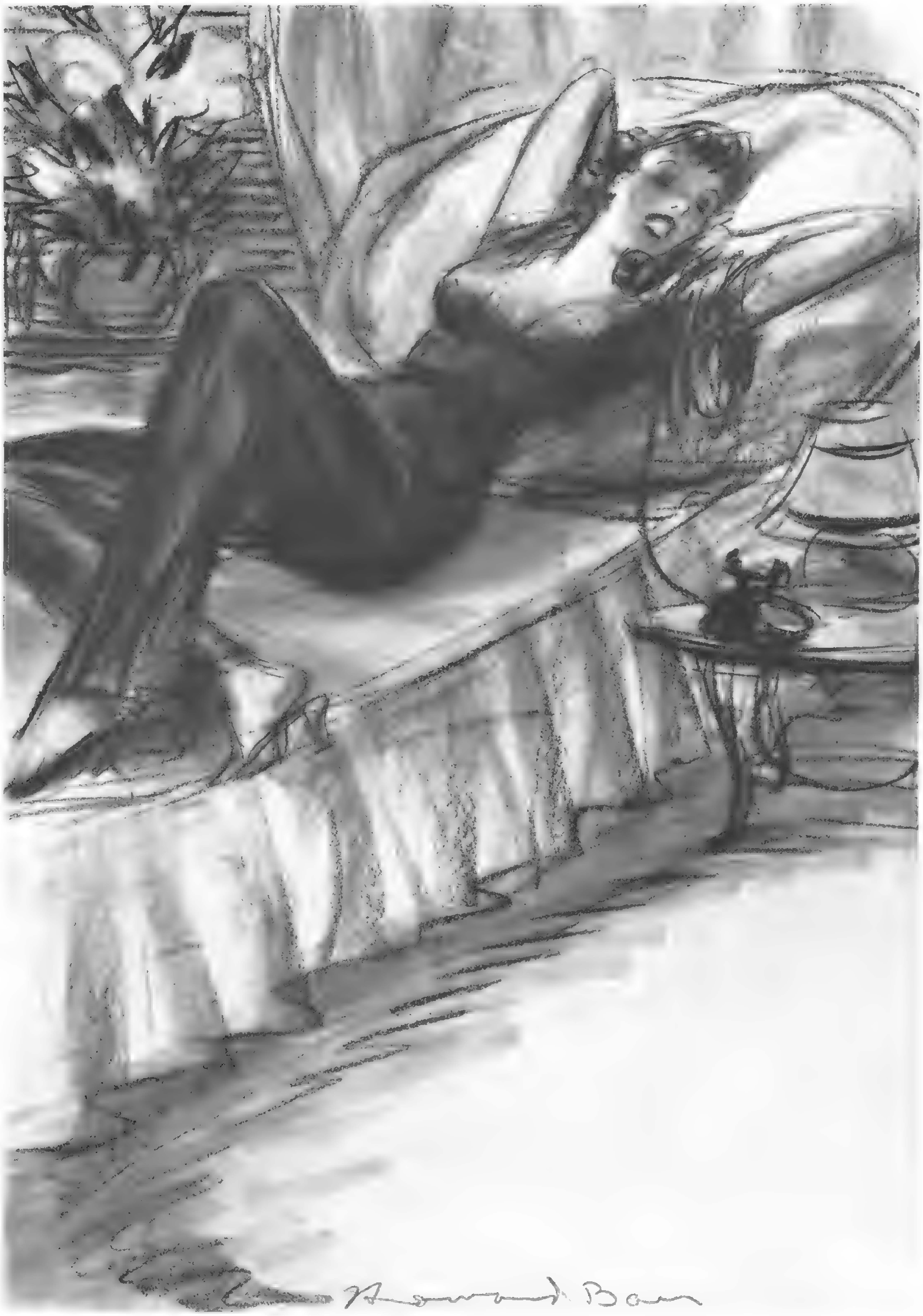
* * *

Rud Whitlow, the brat who grew to be the Common Sense Dictator and then began to go mad in his god-like aloneness, was bumped off by his physician. *The Strange Death of Adolph Hitler* (anonymous, Macaulay, $2.50) will no longer be news by the time this is printed. If we are to believe this twisted tale, Adolph was done away with by a poisoned omelet just before the putsch into Sudetenland. The guy who now has the world by its tail is only his double. It is he who authors this book anonymously.

So what? This new fellow seems to be doing even better than the old house painter.

The Crime Dept. contains three important books. The first of them is Star Reporter Nat Ferber's autobiography, *I Found Out* (Dial, $3). I hope you crack this book, because it is the very human story of a swell newspaperman who found out about a lot of things you and I ought not to forget. Maybe that's putting too serious an edge on it for June and July. The other reason for your reading this is that it's fascinating, from Ferber's first short-pants assign-

Continued on page 138


Howard Baer

"If you'll come up, Mr. Dutton, I feel sure we can settle it out of court"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 82-136

ment when the *Slocum* went down with 1,021 lives, to the finale: "Hearst—the Portrait of a 'Patsy.'"

Courtney Ryley Cooper is becoming pretty well steeped in crime. In advertising his third crime book, *Designs in Scarlet* (Little Brown, $2.75), the publishers say that to collect the evidence, Mr. Cooper punished himself by spending months wading in the slime of civilization. But they add that the slime isn't all in the sewers—it flows "along the main highways, on bright-lighted streets, past schools and churches."

The revelations are ghastly. They make sensational reading, these stories of prostitutes, dope peddlers, obscene picture hawkers, perverts, murderers, pimps, child-snaggers. Cooper has it all down cold; the job, done often, but needing to be kept up to date, was never done more thoroughly. But John Doe, the good old 100% taxpaying, church-going American citizen won't do anything about it. He can't. He doesn't even dare face the fact that crime is part of the fabric of his civilization, and not just an abnormal growth. Lincoln Steffens showed that in his *Autobiography* years ago, and not only has it made no dent in John Doe's thinking—it hasn't even affected the viewpoint of serious writers on crime.

Hickman Powell gives somewhat the same story in *Ninety Times Guilty* (Harcourt Brace, $2.50). His job is the retelling of "America's most spectacular criminal prosecution"—the Lucky Luciano case, so brilliantly and successfully prosecuted by Thomas Dewey. It is a rollicking case study of the underworld, the saga of New York's Public Enemy No. 1, and gun-moll Nancy Presser, Gashouse Lil, Jennie the Factory, the veteran madam, Frisco Jean, Cokey Flo and Crazy Moe, Jo-Jo, Ralph the Pimp, and many another endearing character from the American Scene. Powell's Cast of Characters has an interesting line: "Various prostitutes, madams, pimps, gunmen, dope peddlers, racketeers, and *lawyers*." (Italics mine, if you don't mind.)

* * *

Coming down into the home stretch of this review, I'd like to give elbow room to a couple of books that might, if you're broad-minded, be listed as optimistic. Oswald Garrison Villard's autobiography, *Fighting Years* (Harcourt Brace, $3.75) is a detailed, and to students of American affairs, enlightening history not only of a battling editor and public man but of a period. Villard, one-time editor of the *New York Evening Post* and of the *Nation*, was always in there swinging. There were times when he couldn't hit 'em out of the infield, times when he fanned ignominiously. But he was always up there, sometimes ahead of his name on the batting order, hoping to hit the next pitch out of the lot. This reviewer thinks that Villard has often fought hardest in the less important causes, coming up bushed when there was a really big game on. But with so many confirmed bench-warmers among the liberals, a trophy of some kind goes to Oswald Garrison Villard, whose ferocious pacifism is probably due for a jolt in the coming War to Pickle Fascism.

Another live wire among the liberals is Arthur Garfield Hays, than whom none has fought harder for those glorious civil liberties which are in the Constitution but hardly anywhere else where political or economic or social power cracks down. Hays' *Democracy Works* (Random House, $3) is at its best when it is actual, anecdotal, narrative, and at its worst when the author philosophizes, trying to prove his title. For whatever Democracy does, it certainly has never worked more poorly, or against greater opposition, or more hazardously. But when Hays, who has traded lusty blows in many a libertarian struggle, talks about labor battles, Mrs. Dilling, the D.A.R., Hearst, Girdler, John Strachey, he is something more than readable.

BRIEFER MENTION:

Feudal Island, by Desmond Holdridge (Harcourt Brace, $2.50). Holdridge stirred a gentle breeze with his *Escape to the Tropics*. The present book is better in every way. It has, added to the romantic appeal of the Faraway, an idea and good analysis. Holdridge lived on that unheard-of island, Marajox, in the mouth of the Amazon, which is as large as Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island together. A sort of middle ages hangs on there.

What to See and Do in Mexico, by George W. Seaton (Prentice-Hall, $3.50). First-rate guide, with nine detailed itineraries and other suggested ones, history, geography, statistics, and photographs.

How to Think Straight, by Robert H. Thouless, (Simon & Schuster, $2). "This book tells you how to spot crooked reasoning in what you read and hear. Through case histories and questionnaires it also reveals the true secret of effective self-expression." Amen to the publishers' blurb! This is the best book I know on logic for the man-in-the-street. In view of all the pressures and propaganda to which we are subjected (yes, I'm in the street, too) it ought to be made, some way, compulsory study.

Champagne Days of San Francisco, by Evelyn Wells (Appleton-Century, $3). Light, anecdotal social history of Frisco in the more colorful days.

The Thibaults, by Roger Martin du Gard (Viking, $3). The Nobel Prize novelist's long and leisurely study of a family and a civilization is a masterpiece in any language. I am not reviewing it at length because I come to it late and out of breath. Besides, I've only got as far as page 481, with exactly 390 pages more to go. I like these novels that take their time and put everything in—particularly when the storyteller is a keen man who sees everything that goes on.

The Family Reunion, by T. S. Eliot (Harcourt Brace, $1.50). No. 1 Anglo-Saxon poet produces "a verse play with a contemporary setting." Some eloquent passages, but general impression is one of incongruity. The "contemporary setting" seems to be a blind for Greek tragedy. Still, not to be missed by the poetry-minded.

Marginal Land, by Horace Kramer (Lippincott, $2.50). Author bit off more than he could chew, in this yarn of city-bred youth who, warned that he can't live in the city, goes to build his life on the prairie. Kramer's rough, uneducated people talk literary language, destroying story illusion. Second fault: frequent and stereotyped philosophical dissertations. Additional half-fault: sentimentality. But author knows the land, the marginal land, and the problems of people on it.

Guns of Burgoyne, by Bruce Lancaster (Stokes, $2.50). Longish romantic novel like Mason's *Three Harbours* and deserving as wide a reading, being full of characters, incident, suspense, color, and honest history little known. Our Revolution from point of view of Hessians, those poor Germans who were shanghaied into the service because King George had too few soldiers to turn the trick. Painless way of learning history, and a story that will engage your emotions all the way.

The Age of the Fish, by Odon von Horvath (Dial, $2), makes Erika Mann's *School for Barbarians* come alive. Nazi system of education is bringing some awful brats to adulthood. Story is told by school teacher who hates the system, but is caught like rat in a trap. A nervous, highly compressed, terse novelette by a great writer recently killed in an accident.

Dossie Bell is Dead, by Jack Boone (Stokes, $2.50), is better than *Tobacco Road*. Scene, western Tennessee. When Dossie, the woman Luster Holder is living with, dies, things get complicated. The whole story takes place in a day, and it's done with great skill and economy and in a style you can call Elizabethan. This Boone fellow should be encouraged.

For Ever Wilt Thou Love, by Ludwig Lewisohn (Dial, $2). It's subtitled "An American Love Story," and advance reports as I dash to press indicate that eight thousand advance copies were printed five days after the story hit the shops. Why? Architect who is in the money tells wife and friends, over dinner table, about latest extramarital affair that inspired him. Finishes about 3 a.m. when place is closing up. Architect's wife gets a moral out of it, as who wouldn't? O.K. if you are a Lewisohn fan, which I'm not . . . Dr. Lewisohn's *The Story of American Literature* is out as a Modern Library Giant for $1.25.

Katharine Cornell's *I Wanted to be an Actress* (Random House, $3) isn't quite an autobiography. She spoke it to Ruth Woodbury Sedgwick, and it reads hurried, superficial, chatty, as if the great actress had given it a few minutes between rehearsals. It's little more than chronological record interspersed with big names, interesting anecdotes:

"Tacoma—no legitimate production had been there for a generation, and until they got used to us we felt like a troupe of traveling snakes. People would call up and say: 'What is the picture about? Real actors?—you mean, they're alive?'"

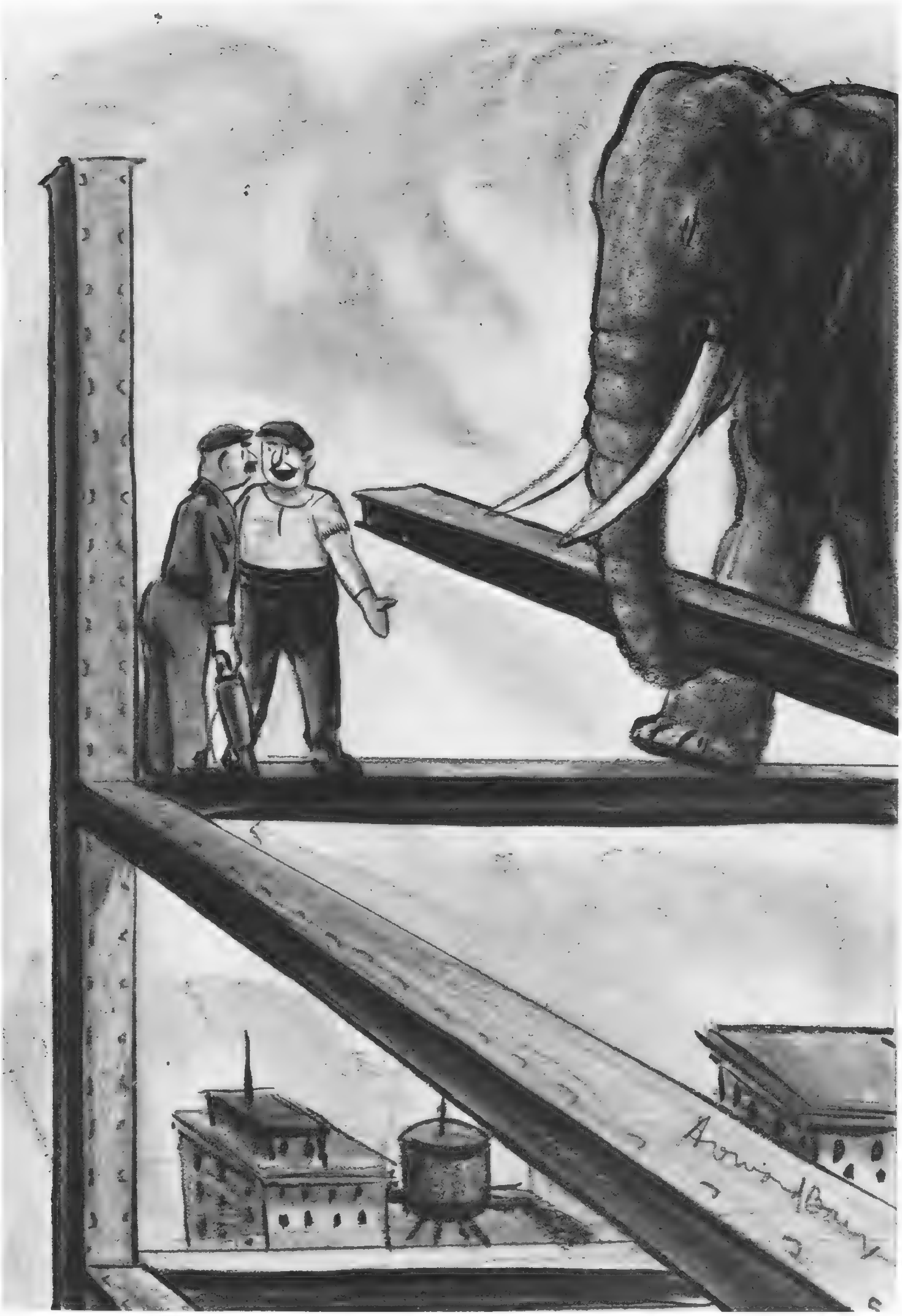
Latter half of the book contains notable reviews of Miss Cornell's appearances. No sign of thought. No human chronicle could be more barely extroverted. Maybe the place to know an actress is in the theatre, not in a book. (Compare Henry James's *The Tragic Muse.*)

The Damned Don't Cry, by Harry Hervey, (Greystone, $2.50), is good old mellerdrama. Against Savannah backdrop, Zelda O'Brien, back-of-the-yards girl with instinct for refinement, falls in love with aristocratic old house when she's only seven, and makes up her mind she'll live in it some day. Of course she does. But what she goes through before Der Tag, honest it's almost more than one can bear. Can't figure out yet why she runs away from Dan, whom she loves and who loves her. Just one of the many random wallops of Fate, slugging Zelda against the ropes until you're begging the seconds to throw in the towel. Well, you pays your two-fifty and you takes what you gets.

Jubal Troop, by Paul I. Wellman (Carrick & Evans, $2.75), six hundred entertaining pages of the West in transition. When story opens, in 1885, Jubal is eighteen; wanders around Montana, Dakota, Texas, having love affairs and sundry adventures while trying his luck at ranching and cow stealing. Gets rich on Texas oil but loses most of his dough. So it goes, with tough he-men, gals, shootin', rustlin', and all but Hi-Yo Silver. Formula, but plenty of story.

Blood is Cheaper than Water, by Quincy Howe (Simon & Schuster, $2). Very timely information on the ideologies and personages of the two groups developing in this country, the War Party and the Peace Party. Am I right in smelling a new American Imperialism being born out of the decaying matter of Dead End Business?

Rarely beautiful, both in its text and pictures, is Erskine Caldwell's and Margaret Bourke-White's *North of the Danube* (Viking, $3)—beautiful too in its binding and design. Altogether, this book that surveys what was Czechoslovakia, from east to west, is a loving souvenir of a land strafed by the new Hun.



"Little idea I picked up in India"

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 10-102

ON THE PAVEMENT OF ESQ.'S GOOD INTENTIONS

Back in '33 or '34 or whenever it was that you started flooding the market with Esquires, I bought a copy and read it. Immediately I decided it was no damn good. The fiction was lousy, the articles were putrid, and the humor—phew! Nothing about it agreed with my ideas of life.

The hell with it, I said. I won't buy any more.

But I had to be sure. Never a man to jump to conclusions, I got a copy the following month. It was still phew.

The hell with it, I said, I won't buy any more.

Then the next month, I—oh, I won't go into all that month-to-month rigmarole—I bought again and again right up to now. I was with you when you:

1. Discovered Paul.
2. Learned that *The Wench Is Not Amused.*
3. Had that *Perlu* fracas.
4. Published *Latins Are Lousy Lovers.*
5. Let S. Choirboy give you a buggy-ride.
6. Unleashed the dope on *A Cargo Of Wild Women.*
7. Lost your head over *Christ In Concrete.*
8. Found Jesse Stuart.
9. Put forth that George Antheil twaddle.
10. Etc., etc., etc.

During that time I've seen you do some screwy things. I've seen you defend Levin when it is perfectly obvious that he is well able to take care of himself. I've seen you label straight irony as satire and satire as article and humor as article and article as satire and satire as humor and satire—aw, the hell with it. I've seen you alternately praise, cajole, twit, jibe, and cuss Hemingway all to no avail—because Hemingway is Hemingway and is apt to remain so; take it or leave it.

I've seen you do some noble things, too. I've seen you stick to your policy. I've seen you stand by Petty, Campbell, Hoff, Webb, Bundy, etc., despite the protests of the lofty but hypocritical lice who can't seem to bear anything but the *Ladies' Home Journal.* I've seen you annex guys like Burt Rascoe and hold on to 'em. I've seen you give the beginning writers a break.

I'll give the devil his due all right, and glad to.

I'm not going to say anything about the excellent scripts of mine which you turned down, you understand. Not one damned word. If you wanted to be foolish again, okay. After all, it's your magazine. And who the hell am I?

But I'm sore. If I didn't have the next copy of Esquire reserved at the newsstand, I wouldn't buy the damned thing. Like a fool, I went and had that reservation made permanent, so I've got to buy. I'm in the bag. But maybe I'll break the contract. I'll see a lawyer about it, by God.

The more I think about it the madder I get. It's a good thing for you that I haven't got you here when I'm in this frame of mind. Believe me, it's a lucky break for you, that's all.

I'm not sore about rejections—they don't bother me in the least. After all, an editor is an editor, and he buys what he thinks will please the readers so the readers will read and maybe at the same time read the ads and buy some of the merchandise so the ad department can give the editorial department the money to pay the writers so the—but I guess you've heard that one.

Only trouble with you is you don't know what pleases your readers. You only make them sore, and they keep getting madder and madder and that's why your circulation goes up.

But you wait. Pretty soon will come one big explosion, after they all get mad enough (like me right now) and when the debris falls back to earth you'll have only 39 whole subscribers left. Then you'll wish you'd paid attention to this letter instead of being snooty and throwing it in the waste basket. Just because I'm mad don't mean I can't talk sense you know. When I'm mad I talk my very best sense. You ask anybody around here.

And I'm not going to mail you anymore manuscripts, either. If I didn't have three all ready to go, I'd never mail you another one. I'd give you a jolt you'd remember, by God. Damned if I wouldn't.

Furthermore, and on top of what I've already said, and moreover, if I get much madder I won't even mail you this letter. Your *S. & F.* department can go stale for all of me. By gosh, I've got a good notion *not* to mail it, at that, just to show you.

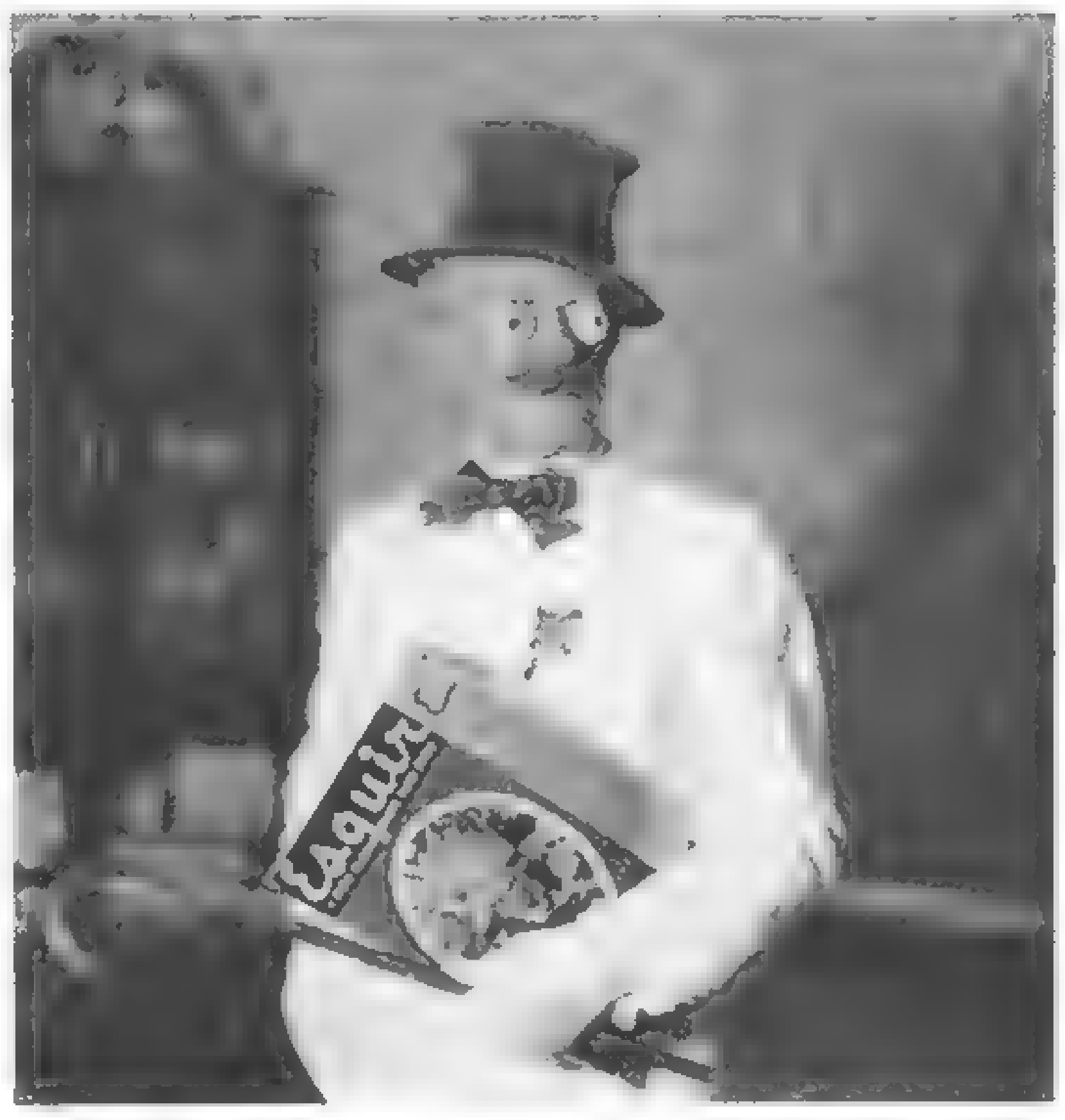
But I want to send my regards to the office boy. Tell him not to be discouraged, but to stick it out and some day he'll be editor. I won't be around then, of course, but just in case I should be (this is pure speculation, understand) tell him I'll submit a story. Just *one* story. If he rejects that, that'll end it. I won't fool around and give him a lot of chances like I gave you, believe me. I'll fix him quick. I'll just bet you a hundred seeds I sizzle him to a turn. Before he even starts, I'm warning him. If he can't take a warning—well, I just wish I could draw a skull and crossbones, that's all. I'd scare hell out of that office boy. I bet he wouldn't dare call me, either. I'll bet his knees would rattle like an old maid's teeth.

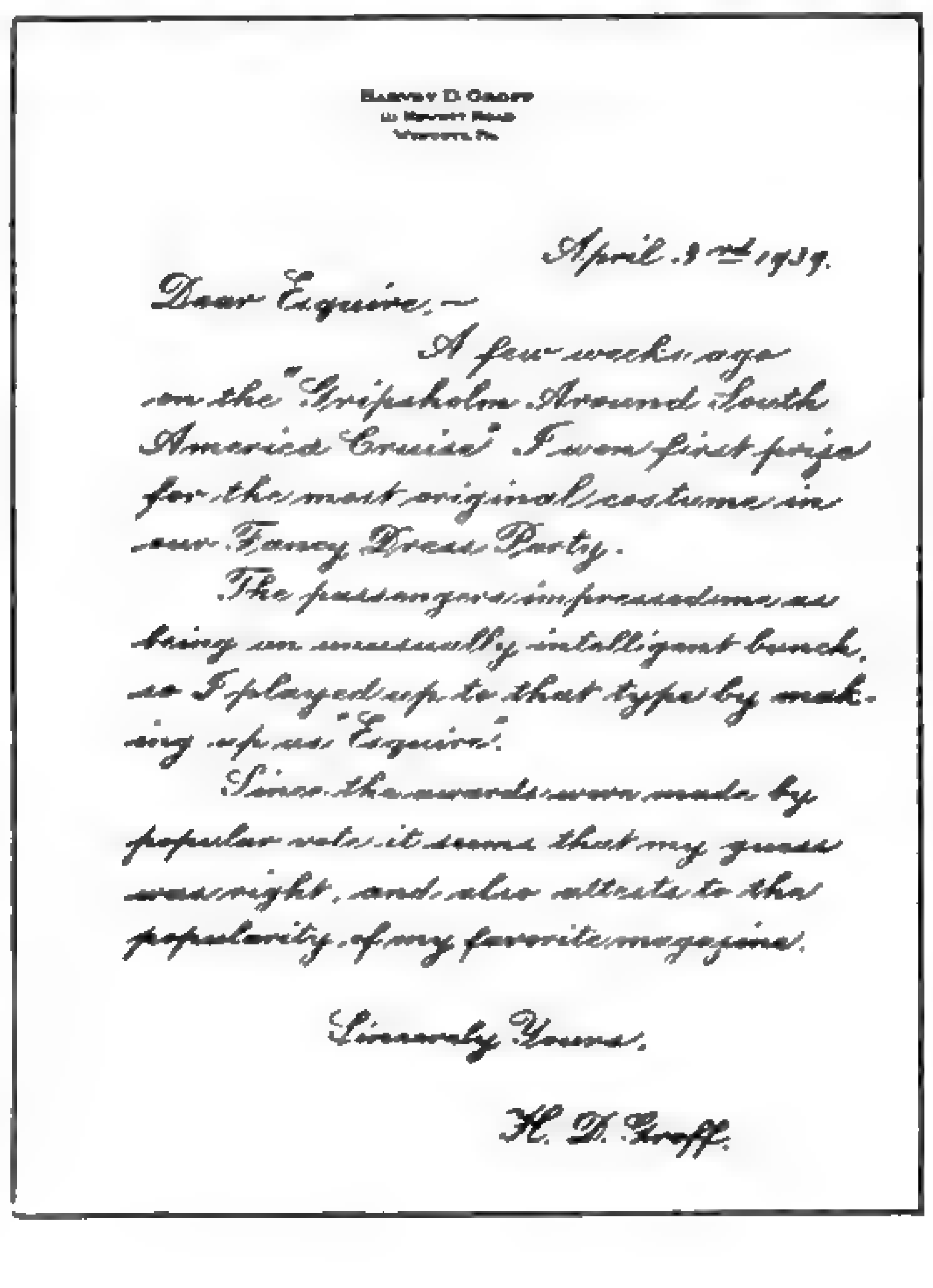
I'll bet—well, I'll just bet *anything,* that's all.

Impersonally yours,

Amsterdam, N. Y. Fred Ellers

ESKY IN THE FLESH





HARVEY D. GROFF

April 3rd 1939.

Dear Esquire,—

A few weeks ago on the "Gripsholm Around South America Cruise" I won first prize for the most original costume in our Fancy Dress Party.

The passengers impressed me as being an unusually intelligent bunch, so I played up to that type by making up as "Esquire".

Since the awards were made by popular vote it seems that my guess was right, and also attests to the popularity of my favorite magazine.

Sincerely Yours,

H. D. Groff.

BRODY IS AS BRODY DOES

May I voice a protest about the Iles Brody article on polo in the April issue? No doubt you will receive a number of letters from players hotter-tempered (and higher ranked in goals) than myself, but let me be among the first to point out several paragraphs in which Mr. Brody lives up to his name and does one.

A. *"Provided they are rich enough* and possess a great deal of courage." Polo is being played all over the USA and particularly in California and the south-western states by men who are far from rich. At Riviera Country Club, for example, I could point out a real estate salesman, an assistant manager in a fur store, three doctors, and—for that matter—half a dozen grooms (cowboys) who play regularly and well. They may play on rented or borrowed horses, with mallets which are "ringers" (half-broken) but they play.

B. *"The balls used in polo cost from $4.00 up."* Possibly indoor balls—but as a matter of fact, an especially serviceable ball of willow-root may be purchased for as little as $0.25 and no ball used in regular polo costs over a dollar.

C. *"A game consists of 7 or 8 chukkers."* As a matter of fact the eight *chukka* game is rarely played these days due to lack of horses. Six is the common rule—but seven, never. The writer goes on to say that the 7 and a half minute chukka often becomes more *"when a decisive goal is needed and time is extended."* No chukka ends when the bell rings (at the end of seven and a half minutes of play)—it ends when the ball strikes the sideboards or goes through the goal or over the end lines. Therefore any chukka may run on several minutes overtime, until some merciful rider smashes the ball into the boards to save his horse.

D. Few polo players wear the *"polo belt"* which is designed for men with paunches or who have suffered back injuries in the past. Fewer still wear gloves on the right hand, though the left, which has to saw on the mount's mouth, is often so protected.

E. *"The ponies love polo."* This bit of fiction has been brought forward for years. It ranks with the Englishman's argument about the foxes loving the hunt as much as hounds. Horses do often enjoy the gallop down the field, but they loath the unnatural jerk at the curb which stops them, they loath "riding off" which consists of bumping another horse hard and then shoving, they do not particularly care to be struck with mallets and flying balls and the limber whip that the rider carries. In other words, if horses were not rather unintelligent, they would realize their own strength and hurl their riders hell-bent at once. No cat, no dog, no elephant, not even a cow, would be stupid enough to take the treatment that an average polo pony gets day in and day out.

F. *"Their sense about the game is uncanny."* Again a prevalent fable. No player in the world wants a "wise" pony who thinks polo and follows the ball. He wants a pony who will obey his signals, given with whip and spur and rein and knee. Some ponies obey these before the rider knows he has given them—these are "top" ponies. A horse who used his own judgment in a game would speedily put an end to his own playing and his rider's, by following the ball when he has no "line," no right of way, or by turning after it illegally.

G. *"Punching with the elbow"* is technically a foul, but like the *foul by intimidation* (riding near but not across the line so as to cause the other player to pull up or swerve) this foul is never called.

H. But Mr. Brody's worst mistake is when he speaks of the "foul hook." He says *"The mallet may be hooked, as a player reaches out to try to hit a ball, but only on the right, or in polo language, the on side. If the mallet is hooked when he is trying to hit the ball on the left, or off side, as in a tennis backhand, the penalty is severe."*

It is hard to know just where to start in refuting this paragraph. First, Mr. Brody should know that the "off" side of a horse is the *right.* The "near" (not the *"on"* as he fondly imagines) is the left side, the side from which the rider must mount and the side from which the horse is bridled, saddled, etc.

The rules of polo permit an antagonist to hook a man's *mallet in the act cf striking at the ball,* whether he be hitting on the near or off side of his horse. However, the *foul* hook occurs when the mallet is hooked from the other side (whichever it may be) so that the *hooking* mallet crosses the line of the horse's body. It doesn't matter whether it is behind the horse, over his neck or back or forelegs, when you hook a man you (and your horse) must be on the *side of his horse* from which he is hitting.

Moreover, the penalty for a foul hook is not apt to be particularly severe, often only a *five* or a *four* penalty. (Free hit from where the foul occurred or from the sixty yard marker.)

I. *"But it is most fascinating when one sees the 'real' game, an international, played on the superb Long Island field."* There are a number of Long Island fields, all superb in the matter of turf. International games have been played in Florida and California and Chicago—in fact, the recent series at Midwick between the Britishers—led by Don Skene—and California—led by Captain Pat Roark (tragically killed in the second game) was both in personnel of men and horses, and in brilliance of play, up to anything Meadow Brook ever saw.

Finally, in spite of the rhubarb to Mr. Brody for not having some horseman check over his article before publication, a bouquet of orchids for his excellent understanding of the value of teamwork in polo as opposed to individual brilliance, and for his remarks about the horsemanship (or lack of it) in most polo players. Yours,

Stuart Palmer

West Los Angeles, Calif.

OBVIOUSLY, ESQ. READERS ARE GREAT SCHOLARS

On page 50 of your May issue of Esquire, across from that gorgeous Petty, is the most flagrant piece of plagiarism ever perpetrated by a so-called author. This story, *The Innocent "Go-Between"* by one Ahmed Nury, is a direct steal from the 3rd story of the 3rd day of Boccaccio's *Decameron.*

The least this guy Nury could have done was to credit the old Italian with a footnote. Esky readers may be illiterate, but not that bad!

Yours truly,

Dixon, Ill. Bob Startup

AND SAVE MONEY

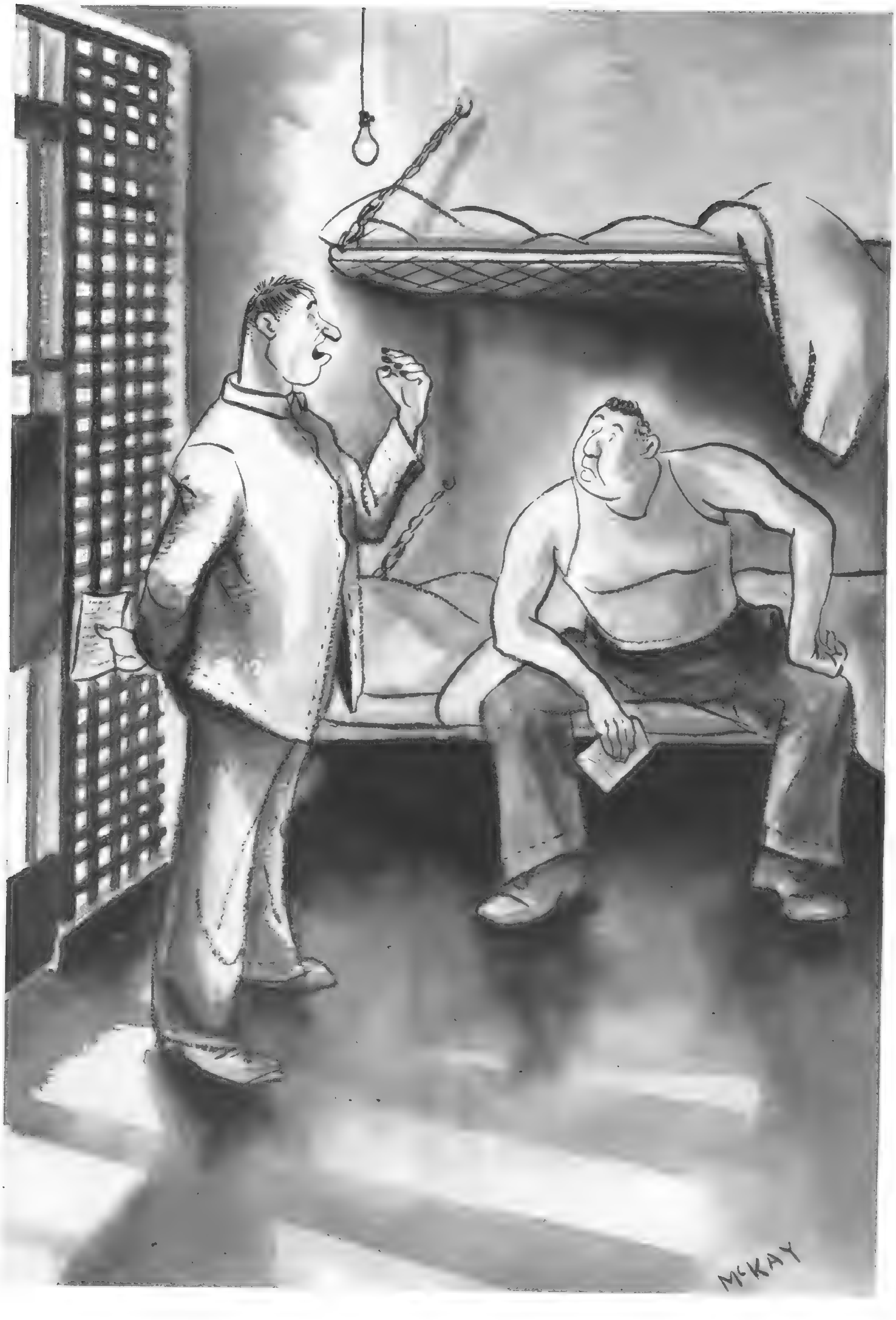
Your author "Ahmed Nury" has done a rather obvious and inexpert job of transcribing Boccaccio's *Decameron.* May I recommend that the next time you get a story like *The Innocent "Go-Between"* you simply reject it and reprint the original, which will give you both plot *and* polished writing. James B. Blish

TKE House, Rutgers

CRITIQUE

George Jean Nathan's criticism is the perfect example of an intellectual Mickey Finn—with an olive tossed in to give it class.

Pearl River, N. Y. Jack Curran



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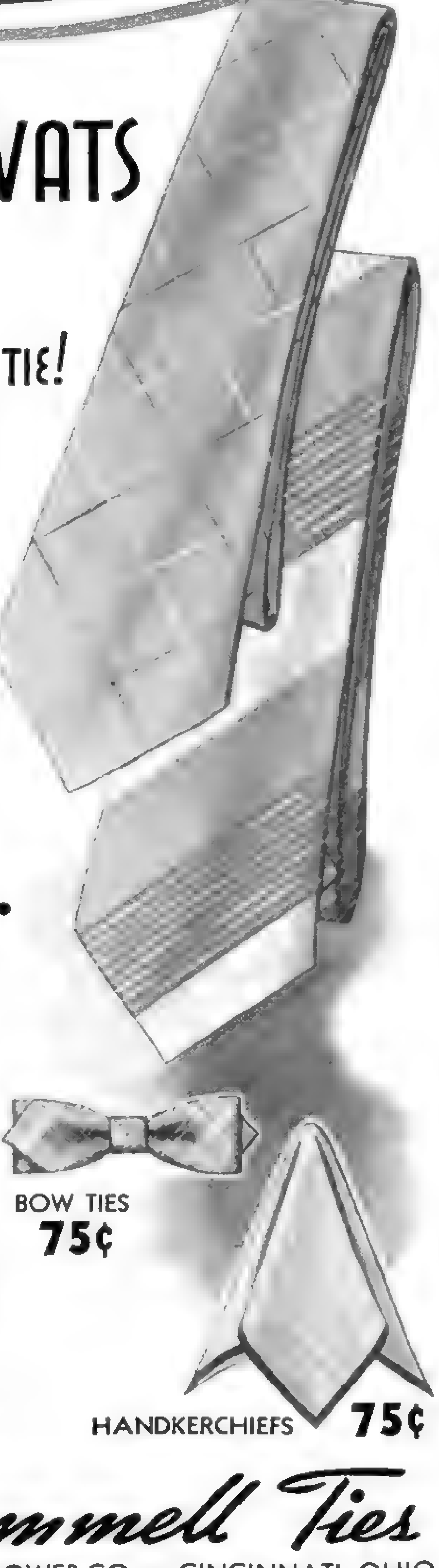
FATHER'S DAY, JUNE 18



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The Buffalo and the Bull

Continued from page 80

less than sixty seconds the bull was dead!

The second imported bull was run into the ring. Again the *matador* and *banderilleros* were on hand to extend their welcome but this time their services were unnecessary. They barely escaped the mad rush of the American bison bull! That second bull fought without encouragement from them! He had to fight—for his life! The buffalo quickly carried the fight to him!

The bull was not afraid. Both animals charged. The buffalo struck with his full weight, fighting spirit and fully aroused animosity. He lifted the bull into the air and tossed him more than a dozen feet to hang him, a lifeless carcass, on the *barrera*.

Three or four Mexican animals were let into the ring, one at a time, and one at a time they were killed by the buffalo about as the first two had been. The buffalo's performance with his last *toro* was as brilliant as his first.

I remember a big American who jumped down into the ring and standing on the carcass of the last bull waved a large roll of money.

"I'll bet a thousand dollars!" he yelled, "that this buffalo can kill a grizzly bear!"

I would have made a bet like that, too. In the beginning I had bet on the Spanish bull—the one with the large, wide horns.

A plan was immediately formed to have a *matador* fight the buffalo the following Sunday afternoon, but a decree came from Mexico City, from President Porfirio Diaz, that no *matador* either *de novillos* or *de toros* was to fight the buffalo.

None did. None wanted to! ##

Burliuk: Wild Man of Art

Continued from page 63

Scythian antiquity. The Japanese print was a passing phase to which he submitted during the brief period in which he lived in Japan and made himself a vogue there. Today a Gloucester fisherman and an Italian laborer, an East Side tenement structure and a village in the country are purely Burliuk. Maybe that is no credit to him, but was long ago ordained in the nature of his blood, but for good or ill his paintings are his identification. "Art is good only if it is original," says Burliuk, adding: "The best imitator is only a beggar of the past," proving that the artist is no beggar of the English language.

Burliuk estimates that he has made three thousand paintings, six hundred watercolors, five thousand drawings and one hundred ikons. His ikons are secular compositions, almost structures in which paint is not merely the chief material, but also the material binding the diverse objects which enter into the compositions, such as old coins, other metals, woods, and what have you. His ikons, although little known, are an excellent example of the manner in which a modern imagination, working in a modern technique, can utterly transform the convention within which it appears to work.

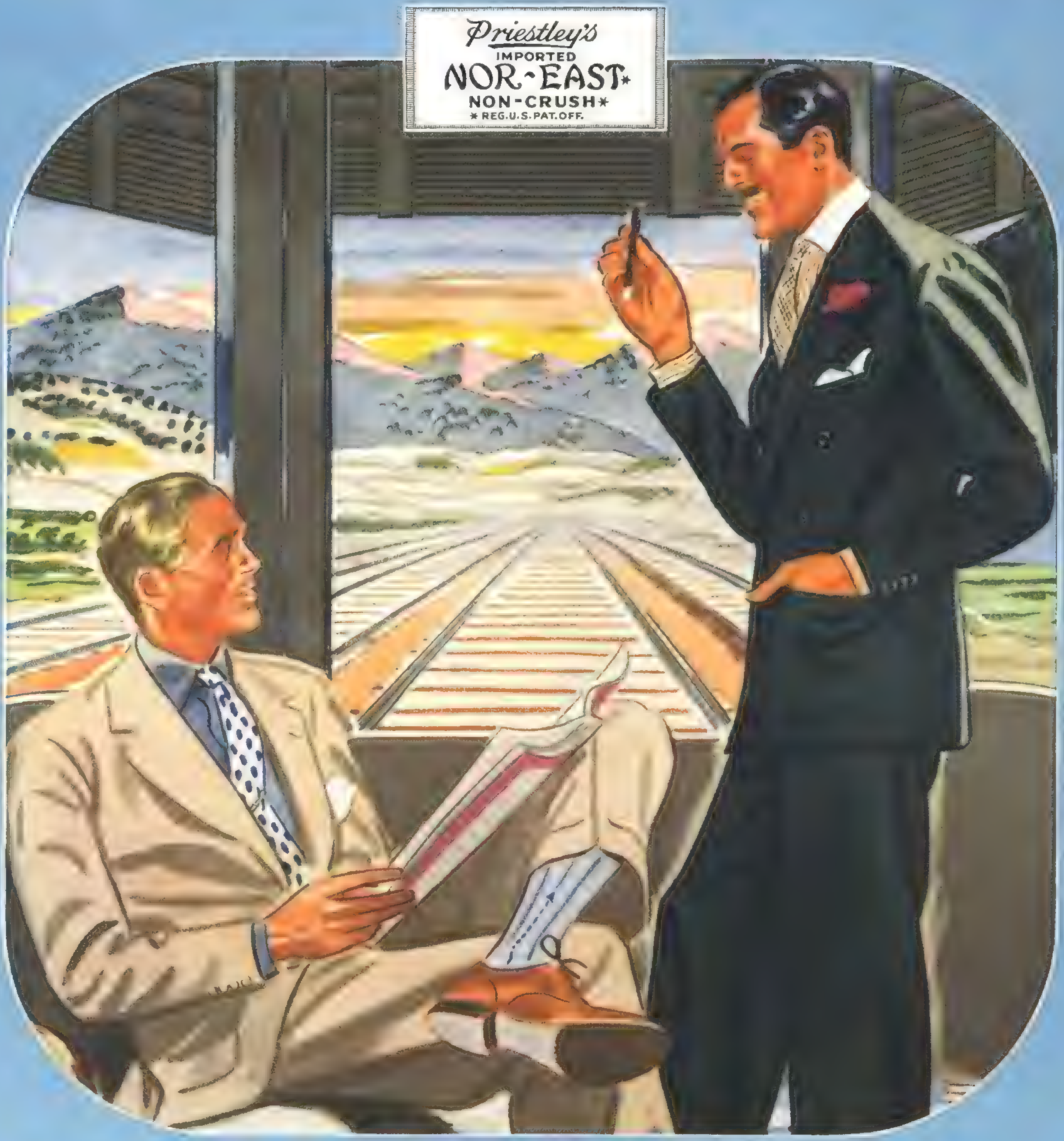
For this artist, painting is almost as intense a necessity as eating, and sometimes easier to gratify. He will often work until five in the morning, his faithful wife standing by for hours on end, to hold the palette, or wipe from her husband's glasses the mist that may be obscuring his vision, or to render any other necessary service, or merely to watch, with an intensity that matches the artist's. He calls it his principle that there shall be no hour without some work, and he would like nothing better than to draw and paint twenty-four hours a day, even during the hours of darkness and in his sleep. For a man who can paint with his feet, this should be less of a trick than it must seem to those who can barely paint with their hands under a steady north light. For Burliuk, painting is not merely the practice of a trade, or even the assertion of a temperament, it is also a therapy, a release from difficulties whose pressure he forgets while working. While David Burliuk can paint, no one ever need be sorry for him.

The artist was born into a family in which there was indulgence for the non-profitable activities of writing poetry and painting pictures. The impression of the Burliuk ménage as a happy gang of unworldly Bohemians is conveyed through the artist's possibly unconscious subordination of the pedestrian vocations by means of which the family living was assured. From a source other than the artist I learn that his father managed estates for indolent nobles. Many years later, the artist himself, during the World War, was to turn an honest rouble by selling hay to the Imperial Russian government and also by running a café in Moscow. According to the painter, his father wrote pieces for agricultural journals, composed poetry and hunted. His mother wrote poetry and novelettes. His maternal uncle, Waldemar Miknevitch, was noted in the preceding century as a newspaper publisher who left a fortune for the relief of needy literati. Of his five brothers and sisters, all painted, Brother Nicholas being also a poet and novelist.

At the age of eight our hero was teaching drawing to his younger brothers and sisters and had already put his first novel behind him. The worship and the quest for literary fame has continued as a constant factor in the life of Burliuk. His wife is herself a minor salon poet and much of their meager means goes into the publication of an amateur literary periodical, *Color and Rhyme*, in which

Continued on page 144

THE ARISTOCRAT OF SUMMER FABRICS



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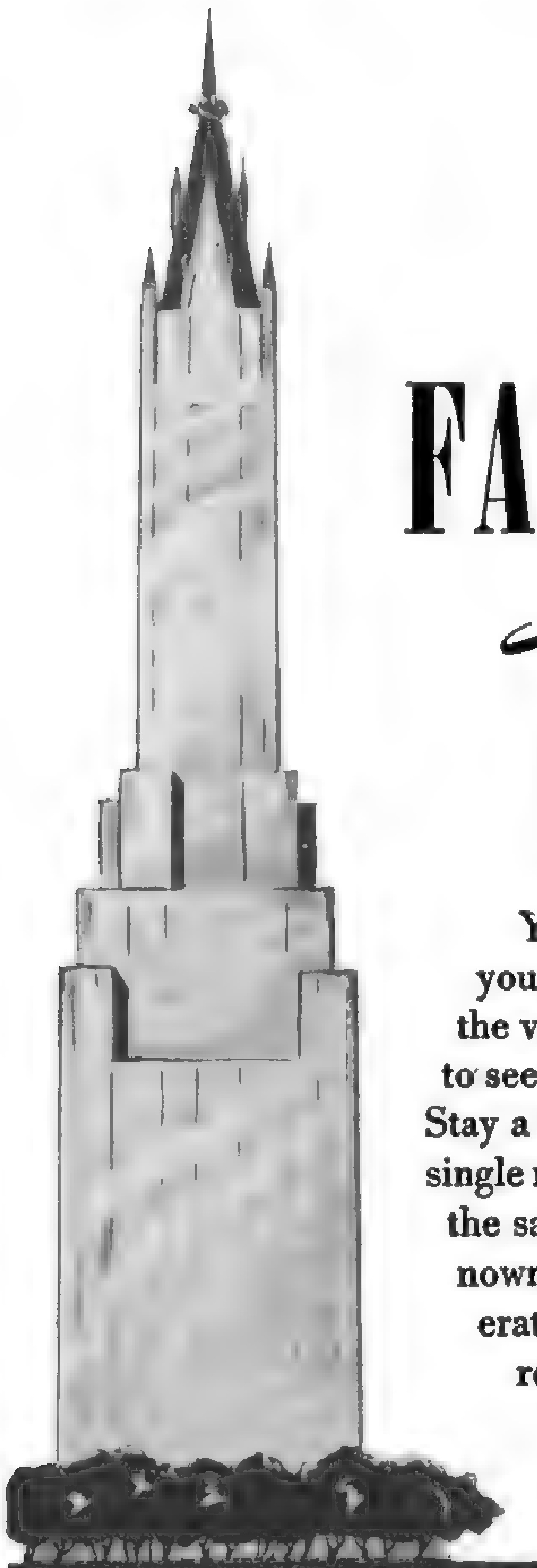
FAIR Thee Well

Your fun at the fair depends so much on your home in New York. The Sherry Netherland offers you an oasis of peace and friendliness in the very heart of the New York you will want to see and right on the direct route to the Fair. Stay a day, a week, a month, a year...choose a single room or a 6 room tower suite...you enjoy the same incomparable service, the same renowned cuisine. The rates...surprisingly moderate. We suggest that your World's Fair reservations be made well in advance. Transient rates from $7 single, $9 double. Suites from $15.

The SHERRY NETHERLAND

FIFTH AVE. AT 59TH ST., WHERE THE PARK BEGINS Eugene Voit, Mgr.

Burliuk: Wild Man of Art

Continued from pages 63-142

are printed the prose and verse of the Burliuks and of their circle, translations from the original Russian of the poets with whom they were associated abroad, and naïve publicity for the art of Burliuk and his friends. They have a pathetic respect for the literary activity, the literary reputation, the literary gesture and for the word that is printed, even when they themselves put it into print, at the cost of fundamental necessities. Mrs. Burliuk endows the routine of magazine publication with the comic earnestness of a child playing a game. This is part of that integral innocence which must endear these obviously grown-up people to anyone who spends most of his waking hours among the superficial and the sophisticated.

Burliuk recalls the country house near Kharkov, in the Ukraine, in which he was born in 1882, as a kind of madcap studio in which paints, brushes, crayons and canvases, not to mention writing materials and masterpieces in the course of creation were always lying about. It was impossible to keep a new suit long unsmudged. His father was a Ukrainian, his mother a Pole. In his ancestry, Burliuk has the promise of a long and vigorous life, for a great-grandmother lived to be ninety-eight, a great-grandfather spent the last six of his eighty-six years reading holy books in a cave-like retreat, and his father once lifted a horse and his rider and carried them over a creek. The artist himself survived a case of typhus endured at the height of a Siberian winter in an open freight car. There is no fragility either in the nature of his talent or of his physique.

In his first drawing class, his teacher praised young David's talent and sent a letter to his mother saying that her son had the spark. His mother kept the letter to her dying day. He had the kind of education consonant with his Bohemian upbringing, continued to pen poems and profound conclusions about art and life and in 1899, at the age of seventeen, entered the art school at Kazan, in the Tartar region. For fifteen more years, until the outbreak of the World War, Burliuk studied in various art academies with time out for such ventures as archeological excavation, the promotion of revolution in art and in poetry, European travel, lecture tours of the wildest kind imaginable, and the cultivation of his own private career, through exhibitions and other forms of self-exploitation. In fact, the wild days of Burliuk may well be studied as the quintessence of literary and artistic Bohemianism. From Kazan he went to Odessa, and then back to Kazan. During 1902-03 he attended the Academy at Munich, spent the following year in Paris and then returned to his native land, re-entering the Odessa Art School, from which he was graduated in 1911, thereafter entering the Moscow Academy of Arts, from which, in 1914, he was thrown out, together with Mayakovsky, for his wild Futurist propaganda, about which more anon. It is easier to visualize Burliuk being thrown out of an art school than being graduated from it.

Burliuk is a strong and stubborn man, but at the same time he is acutely aware of the currents of fashion set in motion around the cafés and in the art journals. He doesn't like to be banished from the hubbub and the lights and if there isn't any circus in town, why he'll organize one, and make it the talk of the place. Burliuk once gave an art exhibition and lecture spiel at the mouth of a Siberian coal mine. This impulse is at the root of his promulgation of movements; the motive may be selfish, but even if it is, it is selfish without meanness or calculation. He began life as an academic painter; that is when he was smudging new suits in the house near Kharkov. In 1905 he was an Impressionist, three years later a Cubist and, for a long time, from 1911, a Futurist. The chronology is his own. He calls those recent paintings, in which he smears huge gobs of raw paint from the tubes onto the canvas, examples of Super-Impressionism. Whatever the name the fact is that the work is honest, violent Burliuk and although the name may change tomorrow, the character of the work will be consistent in development. As an art circus man of long standing, Burliuk knows that the customers like a wordy spiel about pictures, they never can take them straight. As he himself wrote in a foreword to an exhibition: "An artist speaks only through his medium. But why then the words? Because the public always forgets its role—the role of the spectator. . . . The spectator, instead of looking on, likes to talk about the pictures; consequently, the lock of virginal wisdom breaks—lips open and sound desecrates."

Burliuk began exhibiting in 1907, in Russia. In 1910, in Odessa, Kandinsky invited him to show in the group exhibition of Der Blaue Reiter (The Blue Horseman) which movement was based on the theory that medieval art should be a source for modern art. Burliuk showed his work with this group in Berlin, Munich and elsewhere and also with Der Stuerme group and with the Independents in Paris. Burliuk visited the art capitals of Europe and came to the conclusion that new and fresh breezes were blowing. About this time he came to the conclusion that Russian art was definitely stuffy and derivative. Around 1907 he had taken part in excavations along the Dnieper at Hilaea, where, according to Herodotus, Hercules slew the Hydra. Always an inveterate collector, Burliuk accumulated at the time two hundred skulls and five hundred skeletons. Also unearthed were primitive stone utensils and statues of the Scythian period. If the French could develop Cubism partly on the basis of African sculpture, the Russians had not only their Byzantine ikons, but these ancient sculptures and ancient objects of utility with which to justify a little art revolution of their own. On this patriotic-cultural basis Burliuk blew a blast and inaugurated a Futurist movement in Russia in the same year that Marinetti was fathering his Futurism in Italy. The art principle at the base of Futurism, if it ever had one, was soon dissolved into joyous nonsense, in which fun was had by all.

For three years, or until the War, the Futurists were a sensation. They gave lectures of a kind never before heard, or seen. They recited the wildest kind of poetry, their own. Burliuk appeared on the stage as the Father of Futurism, and Kamiensky, a handsome blond poet, was its mother. They yelled what they had to say in halls deliberately darkened. In Moscow and St. Petersburg their vogue was terrific; their lectures there were advertised in electric letters and the S.R.O. sign was out more than once. They conducted exhibitions of Futurist painting. They appeared on platform and in street in flowered vests, top hats, riding boots and earrings. Burliuk would show himself with an original drawing on each cheek. They toured more than thirty cities across the breadth of the land. He recalls with a regretful sigh those happy days when they would count three thousand roubles (fifteen hundred dollars) as the net of a single lecture. With sums such as this, Burliuk could indulge his weakness for brilliantly colored and decorated vests, of which at one time he had one hundred twenty-five. Around this time he purchased a small estate eleven miles outside of Moscow.

When war came lectures ceased, but not Burliuk's activities. He painted pictures and sold them. He cashed in on the boom created by government contracts. In 1916, at a joint exhibition with Marc Chagall, he sold every canvas. He himself became a government contractor, supplying the army with hay. With the Futurist poets, Mayakovsky and Kamiensky, he opened a café that was so popular that it was frequented by all classes, from White Guardists to Anarchists. Something more serious than a poetic revolution was brewing, but wiser men than Burliuk were unable to read the signs that were so obvious to prophets who came after the event. One day Burliuk deposited ten thousand roubles in a bank; two days later the bank was closed. Burliuk was aware of a hunger for peace and himself painted several vast canvases with propaganda intent, one of which, *The War Barrel of the Danaids*, was exhibited at one of the busiest street intersections in Moscow. When street fighting broke out in the spring of 1918, Burliuk thought he had better get out of the way and moved his family Siberiawards, to the Ural Mountains, leaving behind his possessions and his pictures.

He was living peaceably in the countryside near Ufa, painting landscapes. One day while at his easel in the open air he heard a distant detonation. A contingent of Czech war prisoners, fighting its way back to the front, had blown up a bridge some miles away. It was the beginning of the Russian civil war. There was no chance now of returning to Moscow; the front was moving closer to Burliuk. He sold all his possessions for a fraction of their value and took his family three hundred miles eastward into Siberia. He called upon his tested resources. At a gold mining town he advertised a lecture on Futurism, and almost everyone came. In a small coal mining town near Irkutsk he exhibited his pictures in a pit and talked about beauty. He lectured his way at least once across Siberia before the civil war caught up with him. Then began the cold, the constant threat of being shot, the siege of typhus which he bore in sub-zero weather in an open boxcar. He was thrice in danger of his life and was saved from the firing squad either by his reputation or by his fine show of political innocence. He could say, "who, me?" convincingly. People on the train on which the Burliuks traveled could not know in whose hands they would find the next station, and the first minutes at each depot meant death for fellow-passengers, no one could tell which ones. Once Burliuk risked death by refusing to give up a revolver; he hid it in the straw at his feet and only the early start of the train saved him, for the soldiers jumped off, to stay near the comparative safety of their station. He kept the gun not for self-defense but for its value in barter. Under these circumstances it is astonishing that Burliuk could find pockets of peace, communities in which there were people who not only cared to hear him, but were ready to pay for the privilege. He reached Harbin with 1,200,000 roubles, $600,000 at standard valuation, but his fortune must have been little better than paper, for after a year at Vladivostok he was destitute and had to resume lecturing. Through the offices of the news agency that has since become known as Tass, Burliuk and his family received passage to Japan on a gunboat, arriving there in 1920.

During the two years of his residence in Japan, Burliuk created somewhat of a vogue among a hospitable people, many of whom bought his pictures. He exhibited in Kobe, Tokyo and Yokohama. The sister of the Emperor and other members of the nobility bought Burliuks. He was elected a member of a Japanese society of painters. He paid them the compliment even of being influenced by the Japanese style of painting. He was selling pictures by the

Continued at top of page 147

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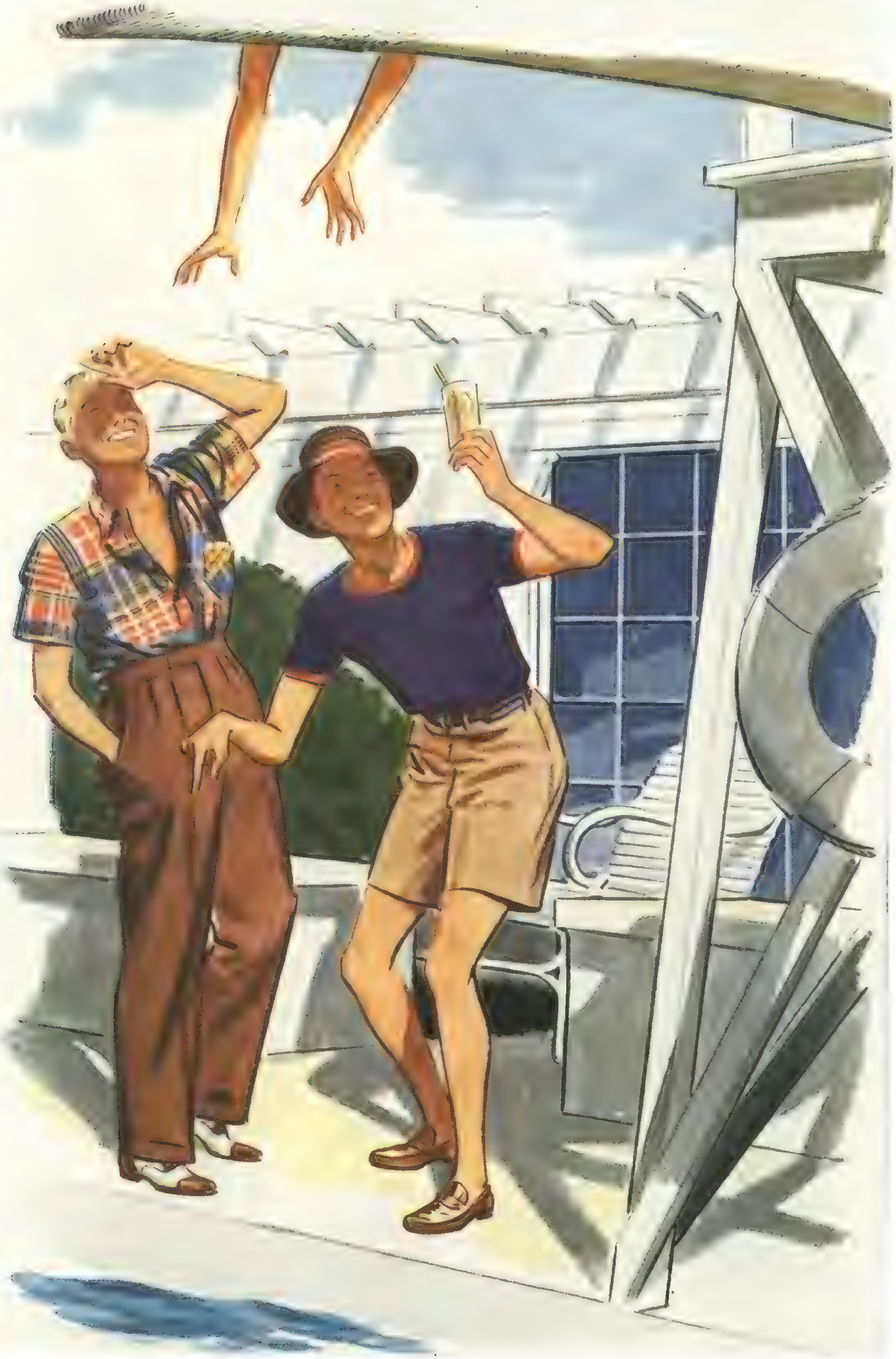
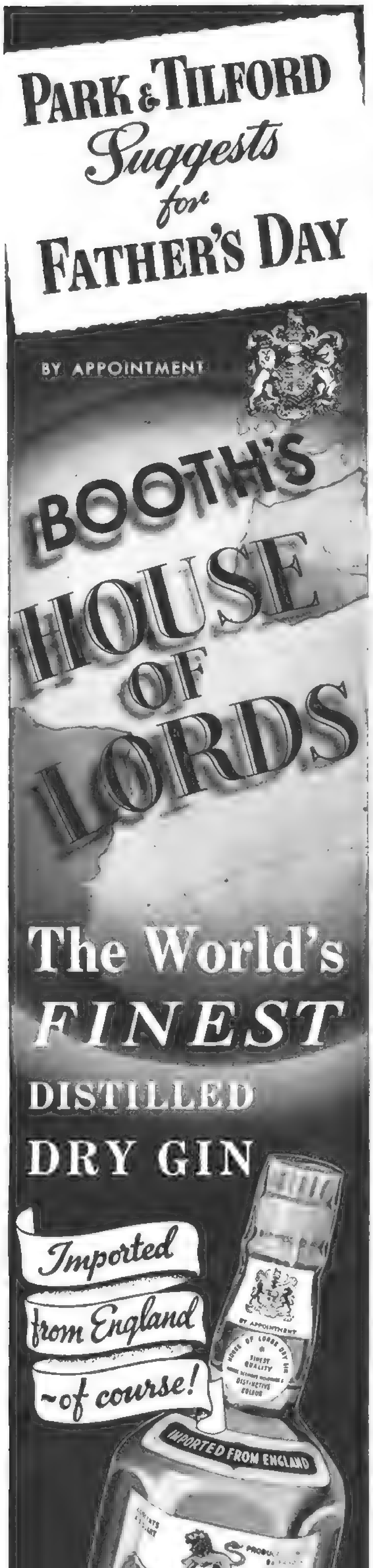


Resort fashions call for their share of daring, both on the part of the originators and the wearers thereof. Otherwise, they're no fun and apt to be a bit drab and old hat. So go ahead and rig yourself out in the manner prescribed herewith. You can always pass the buck to Esquire, and in fact you can even tear out this page and carry it around with you for confirmation. As a final clincher, tell them that this sketch was made at the Surf Club of the Montauk Manor at Montauk, Long Island. Well, we ought to be ready for the plunge by this time. The man at the left wears a colorful Jamaica madras shirt in lightweight cotton, brown linen beach slacks, brown and white combination shoes—thereby equipping him at one fell swoop for luncheon, cocktails, golf, fishing and other allied summer resort activities. The other man takes his cue from the West Indies. His lisle crew neck shirt is in a lightweight fancy weave cotton and carries a red border at the neck and at the cuff. The shorts are of tan cotton, complemented with a colorful striped silk belt. The native Nassau coconut hat with striped club band and popular Norwegian peasant slippers complete this kit which lends itself to numerous occasions and vies in versatility with the one at the left.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)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Burliuk: Wild Man of Art

Continued from pages 63-142-145

dozen and was putting money aside for passage to the United States.

He made many friends with whom he continues to communicate, now in English, which has become his secondary language. From Japan, the Burliuks moved to the Cook Islands, and back to Japan. A copy of *Vanity Fair* was his passport to the United States, for it contained an article about the Russian art movement and a photograph of Burliuk. Coming by way of Alaska, he arrived in New York in September, 1922.

On occasions such as exhibitions he appeared in gaudy vest, top hat and earring and was for a time the feature writers' sensation. He was puffed as a curiosity rather than as an artist and played to his cue. During the boom years he sold paintings up to one thousand dollars apiece and once, after realizing five hundred dollars from the sales of pictures, he blew himself to one hundred dollars' worth of gaily colored materials which he had worked up into twenty-five vests, which was only a fraction of the vast vest collection he had enjoyed in his Moscow heyday. Age, public indifference and the cares of paternity have somewhat tamed the wild man of Futurism; his chief concern is for the future of his sons, David, Jr., twenty-five, who is studying architecture at New York University and is a wood sculptor by avocation, and Nicholas (Nikisha), twenty-one, who is studying economics at the state college at Moscow, Idaho. As Mrs. Burliuk sadly remarks, these are not happy days for youth.

On the Record

Continued from page 84

ing? That is a beginning, and some day they may want to know the whole work.

Since then, Larry Clinton has discovered Debussy's *Reverie* and has used the love theme from Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* overture (which Kostelanetz originally condensed) for *Our Love*. And they have topped Tin Pan Alley tunes in popularity.

* * *

The most important of Kostelanetz's contributions is his pioneering with microphone tonalities: his discovery of novel and, in fact, before radio, nonexistent sounds. The simplest of them are to be heard on his recordings: new timbres for brass in *Revenge With Music* (Victor 36142); sub-tone clarinet, woodwinds at unusual angles to the microphone, and distinctive choral effects in *Chant of the Weed* (Victor 36161). Unfortunately, present Kostelanetz discs do not contain his latest effects. In a decade of broadcasting, he has made commercially only eight records: the two for Victor mentioned above; *Tiger Rag* and *Casey Jones* (Brunswick 8233), *The Man on the Flying Trapeze* and *Swamp Fire* (Brunswick 8226). *Turkey in the Straw* and *Bugle Call Rag* (Brunswick 8214); and the Brunswick Album *Twenty Minutes With Kostelanetz*, containing *Goodnight, Ladies, Mary Had a Little Lamb* (7873), *Yira! Yira!*, *Adios Muchachos* (7874), and *Rubanacan, My Sombrero* (7875).

The reason he gives is that he doesn't want to be in the business of competing with himself. "When the law clearly establishes my right to control the broadcasting of my records by independent stations, then I will record everything," he says.

Imminent releases will include his experiments with the Goldmark reverberation machine, which he introduced last April during a performance of Carrie Jacobs Bond's *A Perfect Day*. This machine gives a feeling of perspective and distance, the "third dimension" hitherto lacking in musical broadcasts. For example, a military band playing in a small studio can be made to sound as though it were marching on a parade ground or in an armory. And, conversely, a speech given in St. Patrick's Cathedral can be made to sound as intimate as if the speaker were in a small library. This reverberation changes at will the acoustical properties of any broadcasting room. (Suggestion: NBC engineers try with Toscanini.)

Kostelanetz has also utilized new vibrato effects by having his engineers rotate knobs on their control panel while his brass choir plays into a piano. He puts linoleum pipes inside the piano, and various brass and woodwind instruments blow into them while the piano pedal is depressed—and the strings of the piano vibrate. (Put the pedal down and yell into your own piano; it'll do the same.) The "dead" microphone inside the piano is opened only after the strings have started vibrating; thus these overtones are reproduced and amplified and may be used as a solo effect or as a harmonic background.

Exactly how useful such exclusively microphonic sounds will be, no one can foretell. But already contemporary composers—Roy Harris, Aaron Copland and others—have heard the rumblings in the distance and plan to work with them. The radio, like other new media, must strike out for itself. It cannot forever copy the concert hall. And it is distinctly to the credit of Kostelanetz that, in the process of painting billboards, he has established techniques and uncovered materials which will be of use to the portrait painters of tomorrow.

* * *

Wild-eyed jitterbugs may soon be as outmoded as The Charleston, if the *Chestnut Tree*, introduced by Hal Kemp and his wife

Continued on page 148

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On the Record

Continued from pages 84-147

at the Waldorf last April, catches on. Successor to the Lambeth Walk, it is based on a jaunty game played by British boy scouts and, incidentally, by His Britannic Majesty, George VI. It contains folk tunes, a suggestion of a minuet, played (on Victor 26204) by Kemp's muted brass immediately following Saxie Dowell's vocal. You should try it: "'Neath the Spreading Chestnut Tree, The Village Smithy Stands. . . ." Who ever thought we'd be dancing to that! On the other side, Kemp features *The Three Little Fishes*, based on an old Tennessee mountain ditty and filled with fish-talk by the Smoothies: Babs, Charley and Little.

* * *

The latest style to be added to Dick Himber's Rhythmic Pyramids, Gray Gordon's Tick-Tock and Shep Fields' Rippling Rhythm is Al Kavelin's Cascading Chords. The waterfall effect fascinates listeners and is catching on wherever the band is heard. Conservative dansopaters go for it, too. The idea is to have a series of sustained chords played by three clarinets or three saxophones, with the different players accenting the melody . . . so that there is a constantly descending effect. It's difficult to achieve in a perfect rhythm, but Kavelin does it even when he goes in for intricate patterns like *Nola* and *Two Guitars*. It's smooth, easy on the ears and feet, and thus far Vocalion has only four samples: *Love, I'd Give My Life For You* and *Some Rainy Day* (4634); *Blue Italian Waters* and *I Long to Belong to You* (4651); *Little Genius* and *Diary of Dreams* (not yet numbered); *Nothing is Too Perfect For You* and *If I Were Sure of You.*

* * *

Pappy Paul Whiteman is offering some choice, light vocal relief to his ordinarily weighty orchestrations in the persons of the Modernaires, a wacky rhythm foursome, and song-stylist Joan Edwards. Two standards that set the Modernaires off at best are *Jamboree Jones* and *Sing a Song of Sixpence* (Decca 2074), while Miss Edwards' vocal contributions are combined with the quartet and Jack Teagarden (who now heads his own crew) in *Mutiny in the Nursery* (Decca 2222). If you prefer your dansopation from strings, King Whiteman's discing of *Japanese Sandman* and *Ragging the Scale* (Decca 2268) warrants a page in your album. Another Whiteman "must" is the Gershwin Album (Decca Set No. 31) containing the *Rhapsody in Blue*, the *Second Rhapsody*, the *Cuban Overture* and *An American in Paris.* Deems Taylor writes the program notes.

* * *

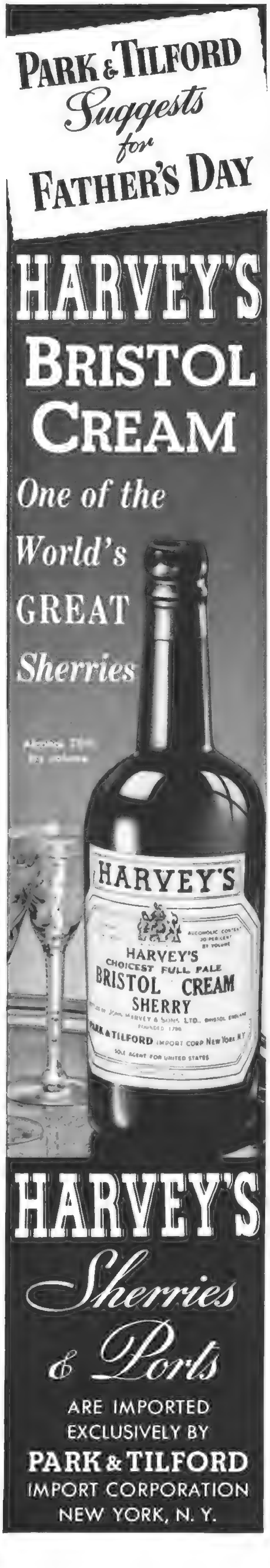
The "fight" for supremacy between Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman rages on. Benny has the advantage of being in the public's eye first. His biography is out, his records form the nucleus of Harvard's new collection of swingana, and he's signed for the Waldorf in the fall. Artie, definitely on the up and up, is working on his book and confided to a reporter: "I am using myself as a guinea pig . . . My reactions to all this fame and excitement should be worth preserving. A week ago in Pottstown, a man came up for my autograph. My valet was sitting with me and the man wanted the valet's autograph, too. Now what glamor can there be about me that should make anyone want my valet's autograph?"

* * *

Joan Crawford's first venture in wax for Victor reveals that she is still a little shaky. Yet, her fans will eat up *The Honorable Mr. So and So, Tears From My Inkwell;* and *It's All so New to Me* and *I Never Knew Heaven Could Speak* . . . You must hear Leo Reisman's new canary Diana Shore . . . Last month I was invited to an accordion concert at Carnegie Hall and greeted with the announcement that thereby the accordion had "arrived" as a legitimate musical instrument. As if to dispel all doubt in the matter, the editor of *The Accordion World* wrote me that Jascha Heifetz had taken up the instrument . . . Alec Templeton's *Bach Goes to Town* has a successor: *Mozart Matriculates.*

* * *

Records I've been enjoying off and on: Benny Goodman's *Our Love* (based on *Romeo and Juliet*) and *Only When You're in My Arms* (Victor 26202); Artie Shaw's *Pastel Blue* and *Deep Purple* (Bluebird 10178); Count Basie's *Rock-a-Bye Basie* and *Baby Don't Tell on Me* (Vocalion 4747); Jack Marshard's *This Is It* and *It's All Yours* from *Stars in Your Eyes* (Brunswick 8342); Kate Smith's *God Bless America* and *The Star-Spangled Banner* (Victor 26198); Duke Ellington's *Pussy Willow* and *Subtle Lament* (Brunswick 8344); Ted Weems' *The Chestnut Tree* and *The Ghost of Piccolo Pete* (Decca 2380); Gene Krupa's *My Hands are Tied* and *Variety is the Spice of Life* (Brunswick 8346); Charlie Barnet's *In a Mizz* and *Night Song* (Bluebird 10191); Hal Kemp's *A Heart of Stone* and *You've Got Me Crying Again* (Victor 26155); Louis Armstrong's *What is This Thing Called Swing* and *Jeepers Creepers* (Decca 2267); Woody Herman's *Listen to the Mocking Bird* and *Les Filles de Cadiz*, with Mary Martin vocalizing (Decca 2265); Al Donahue's *Little Skipper* and *Our Love* (Vocalion 4736); Tommy Dorsey's *Blue Moon* and *Panama* (Victor 26185); Kay Kyser's *That Sly Old Gentleman* and *East Side of Heaven* (Brunswick 8338); Horace Heidt's *Don't Worry About Me* and *What Goes Up Must Come Down* (Brunswick 8334); the champagne music of Lawrence Welk: *The Moon is a Silver Dollar* and *I'm a Lucky Devil* (Vocalion 4681); Wayne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King's *Dans Mes Bras* and *Little Sir Echo* (Victor 26197); and Richard Himber's *I Promise You* and *Blame It on My Last Affair* (Victor 26177).

Worth your dough also are Decca's *Gypsy Memories* (Album 42); *Ten Favorite Dance Tunes of Café Society*, played by Ruby Newman's orchestra and featuring Adelaide Moffett (Album 37); *The Bob Crosby Showcase* with notes by George T. Simon of *Metronome* (Album 32); and Song Hits from *The Boys From Syracuse* sung by Rudy Vallee and Frances Langford (Album 33).

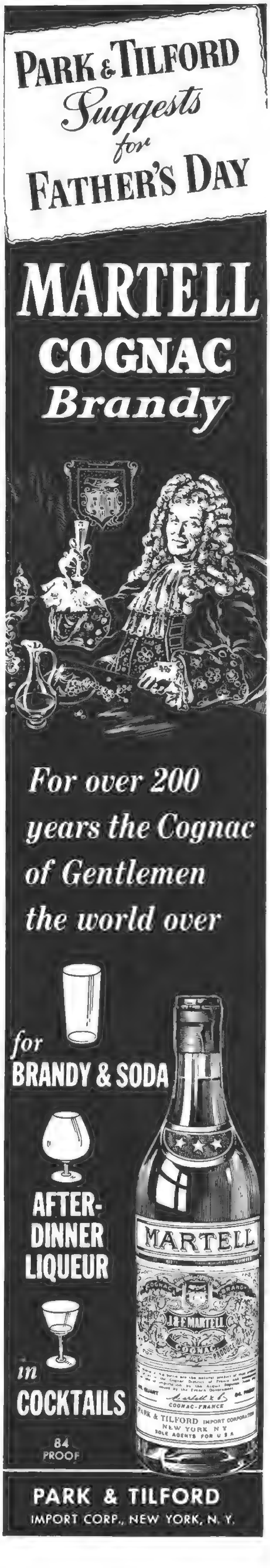
* * *

Recording companies have finally broken down and let us know their best-sellers. The data, listed below, is several months old now, but it offers an interesting commentary on John Public's likes. Who would you guess was tops among the serious artists? Flagstad or Toscanini or Stokowski? It's none of them—but Allan Jones singing *The Donkey Serenade* and *Giannina Mia*. And, on the lighter side, it's not Artie Shaw nor Guy Lombardo nor Dorsey nor Goodman; it's Larry Clinton playing *I Get Along Without You Very Well*.

Now that *God Bless America* and *The Star-Spangled Banner* are out in a half-dozen renditions, you can be sure that before long Our Boys will be marching over there. ⧺

BEST SELLERS

Permanent	*Transient*
RCA Manufacturing Co., Camden (VICTOR)	
The Donkey Serenade and *Giannina Mia*, from *The Firefly;* Allan Jones. 4380	*I Get Along Without You Very Well; The Masquerade is Over;* Larry Clinton. 26151
Tales from the Vienna Woods; Miliza Korjus, soprano; violin and MGM Orchestra. 4410	*And the Angels Sing; Sent For You Yesterday;* Benny Goodman. 26170
Album of *Strauss Waltzes;* Arthur Fiedler conducting Boston "Pops" Orchestra. M-445	*Heaven Can Wait; You Taught Me to Love Again;* Tommy Dorsey. 26154
Nutcracker Suite (Tchaikovsky); Leopold Stokowski conducting Philadelphia Orchestra. M-265	*Could Be; Penny Serenade;* Sammy Kaye. 26150
Valse Triste (Sibelius) and *Berceuse* from *The Tempest;* Leopold Stokowski. 14726	*Deep Purple; A Study in Red;* Larry Clinton. 26141
Sonata in C sharp minor (*Moonlight*), (Beethoven); Ignace Paderewski. M-349	
American Record Corporation, New York	
(COLUMBIA)	**(BRUNSWICK)**
Symphony No. 40 in G minor, K-550 (Mozart); Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Set No. 316	*Little Sir Echo; Let's Stop the Clock;* Horace Heidt and Musical Knights. 8309
Symphony No. 3 in F major, Opus 90 (Brahms); Felix Weingartner conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Set No. 353	*'Tain't What You Do; Two O'Clock Jump;* Harry James and his Orchestra. 8337
Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Opus 98 (Brahms); Felix Weingartner conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Set No. 335	*Ciribiribin; Sweet Georgia Brown;* Harry James and his Orchestra. 8327
Symphony No. 31 in D major, K-297 (*Paris*); (Mozart); Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Set No. 360	*Cuckoo in the Clock; Gotta Get Some Shut-Eye;* Kay Kyser and his Orchestra. 8312
Through The Looking Glass Suite (Deems Taylor); Howard Barlow conducting the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony. Set No. 350	**(VOCALION)**
Preludes—Book I (Debussy); Walter Gieseking, pianist. Set No. 352	*'Tain't What You Do; Cheatin' On Me;* Jimmie Lunceford Orchestra. 4582
	The Masquerade is Over; It's Easy to Blame the Weather; Lawrence Welk Orchestra. 4679
	Little Sir Echo; Red Skies in the Night; Dick Jurgens and his Orchestra. 4677
	I Get Along Without You Very Well; Kiss Me With Your Eyes; Red Norvo and his Orchestra. 4648
Decca Records, Inc., New York (DECCA)	
Bolero (Ravel-Branga); Paul Minssart conducting Grand Symphony Orchestra. 20074	*Hold Tight, Hold Tight; Billy Boy;* Andrews Sisters; Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra. 2214
Finlandia (Sibelius); Dr. Weissmann conducting Philharmonic Orchestra. 25418	*I Have Eyes; The Funny Old Hills;* from *Paris Honeymoon;* Bing Crosby; John Scott Trotter and Orchestra. 2201
Nutcracker Suite, Opus 71 (Tchaikovsky); Robert Heger conducting Philharmonic Orchestra. 25182	*If I Didn't Care; Knock Kneed Sal;* Ink Spots. 2286
The Blue Danube (J. Strauss); Ed. Moerike conducting Philharmonic Orchestra. 25173	*Sweet Adeline; You Tell Me Your Dream;* Mills Brothers. 2285
Tales from the Vienna Woods (J. Strauss); Edith Lorand and Viennese Orchestra. 25327	*Penny Serenade; I Can't Find Anything to Suit My Mood;* Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians. 2291
Vienna Blood and *Voices of Spring* (J. Strauss); Dajos Bela Orchestra.	*Heaven Can Wait; Sunrise Serenade;* Glen Gray and Casa Loma Orchestra. 2321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Tennis at the Zoo

Continued from page 40

lows, dips the ladle in the bucket again, and pours the contents over his head. The short man waits patiently at the baseline, ready to serve. A few more minutes, and the set is his. The next time they change courts, the tall man does not use the ladle. He picks up the bucket, and empties it over his head and shoulders.

It is hot for those spectators grouped around the court. As the second set begins, some of them leave their seats, and go over to the refreshment stand. A few of them are so foolhardy as to move when a rally is going on. The tall man stops and glares at them, and there is something in that glare that makes them wish they had waited until a game had ended, an odd-score game so that the tall man would be pouring water over his already drenched clothing, oblivious to what they did. When the ball was going back and forth across the net he was never oblivious to what was going on around him. Never once in twenty years. Had he learned to concentrate properly, who knows but that he might have been a great player?

The refreshment stand is over near the hyena cages. Happy conjunction! A cacophony of smells—of the hyenas, the food, the curious oils the half-castes rub on their skins, and perhaps—who knows?—here and there the faintest hint of perspiration. But no matter. What price the smells? There is shade here under the trees. A lady or a gentleman who doesn't feel quite himself is better off here than in those simmering stands watching two men who get paid for playing anyhow.

Those who return to the court find it going better with the tall man. Games are even now. Three-all. Four-all. The tall man is serving. It goes to deuce. There is an easy ball fed to his forehand, a simple ball to put away. But no. He misses it. In the net. A terrible shot.

From the sidelines there comes, from the mouth of a young half-caste, a barely audible murmur, a murmur of derision. The tall man stops. He faces the spectator, towering above him, his hands on his hips. "Well," he says, in a tense straining voice, "if you think you can do better, why don't you come out and try?" There is silence, silence everywhere within the enclosure, a silence that has been known to grip far larger audiences when the tall player voiced his displeasure—or indicated it in pantomime without voicing it.

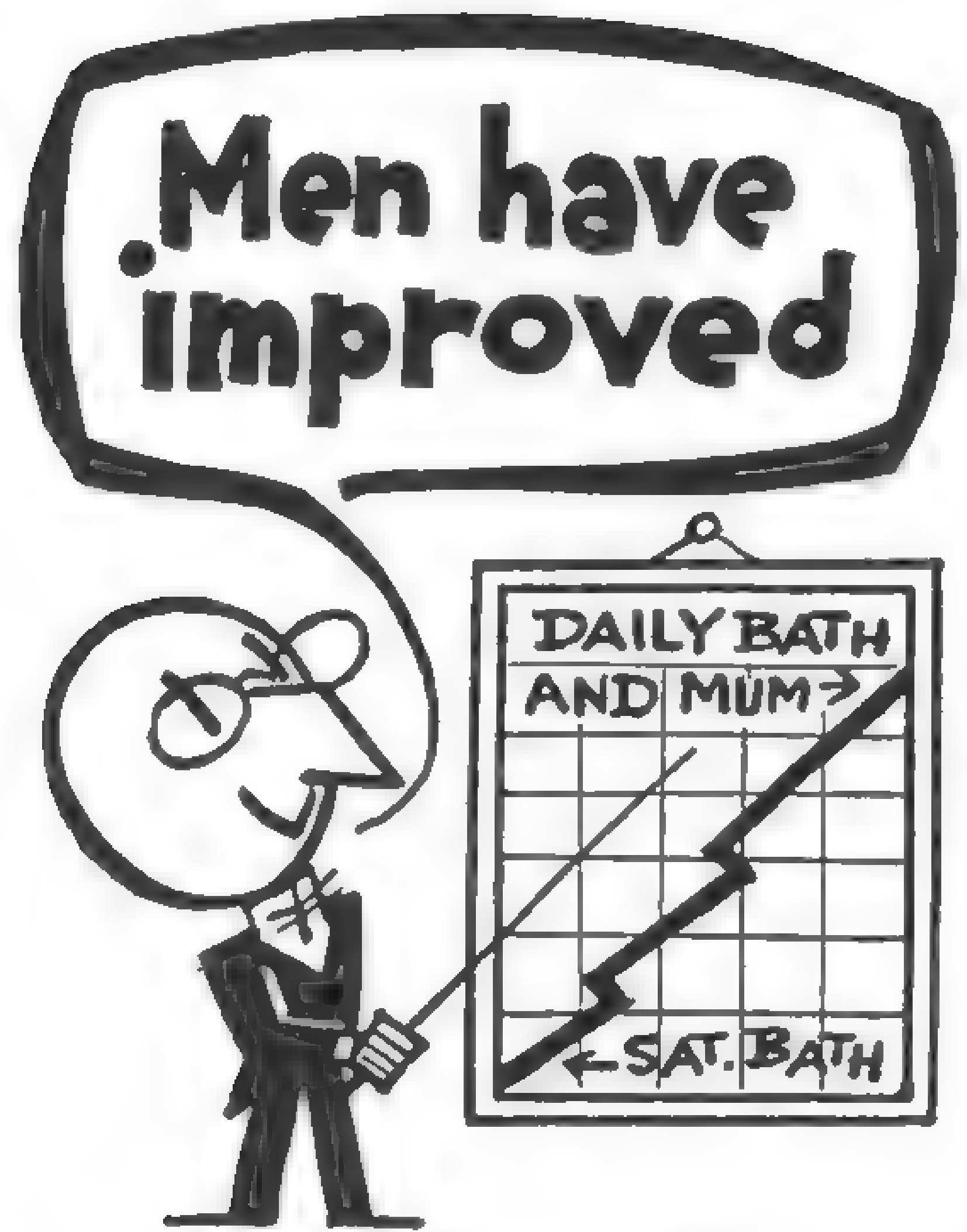
But the tall man is through. The next point goes to his rival, and then the next game. The second set. Two sets to love. But the match is not over yet. No two out of three set affair, this equatorial tilt. Three out of five. Nineteen-year-old kids may topple over in the middle of the second set when the temperature gets to ninety at Seabright. Not the tall man under the Java sun, who was a champion before they were born. Three out of five? It has to be. There is no supporting cast for the hatless drenched players out there. Nobody to fill in for a doubles match. The Batavian public, like the public in Hongkong and the public in India, and the other boiling spots where the tall man and the short man have endlessly played each other, must have its money's worth. Three out of five.

And so the tall man, apparently hopelessly beaten, comes back to win the next three sets? He is the hero, isn't he? All this talk about three out of five—this build-up—No. No victory for him. Another for the short man. A swift one. Another set like the first. Six games to one. The short man finishes stronger. But his manner is less cocksure, less complacent. It is as though he is thinking, as he watches the spent gasping rival across the net, "There, but for the grace of God—." A few unnecessary steps, a desperate lunge or two, that battering sun, and he could be staggering too. It had happened before in these past weeks. Not to let it happen again. To win quickly, and to win effortlessly. Six games to one. All over now. The tall man, slumped in a chair, gasping, panting. A pitiful broken figure. End of the trail? Yes, surely. End of the trail.

The bar in the Hotel des Indes a few hours later. Evening now, the cool of the evening. Only ninety now. The tall man again. Brisk steps. A smile. Greetings. Those square high shoulders under the linen coat. Fresh as a daisy. Neat as a pin. Tired? No. Why tired? That was several hours ago. A drink? No thanks. Well, maybe a lemonade. Not so good out there this afternoon. Sorry about that run-in with the half-caste, Mr.—. Run-in? Oh yes; forgotten about it. Well, I shouldn't have been so hasty with the lad. Pretty hot to be sitting out there watching a tennis match. Can't blame him for going off the deep end. I should have realized that. You fellows know. You were out there watching. Pretty tough day to watch a match out in that sun, eh. Bothered *me* a little for a few minutes, too.

Only match in Java? What gave you *that* idea? We're playing five. Lots of people in Java, you know. Forty million. Not all tennis fans, though. Too bad. It'll go better in some of the other towns. You'll see. In the hill stations—six thousand feet up—it will be cooler. Up in Bandoeng tomorrow. I can win. You'll see. The tall man is as good as his word. Of his five matches with Henri Cochet in Java, March, 1938—the hottest of the hot seasons—William Tatem Tilden wins three.

1948: End of another decade. Who will William Tilden play then? Cochet? Too old in another ten years. Budge? Vines? Perry? They'll be getting along. Time



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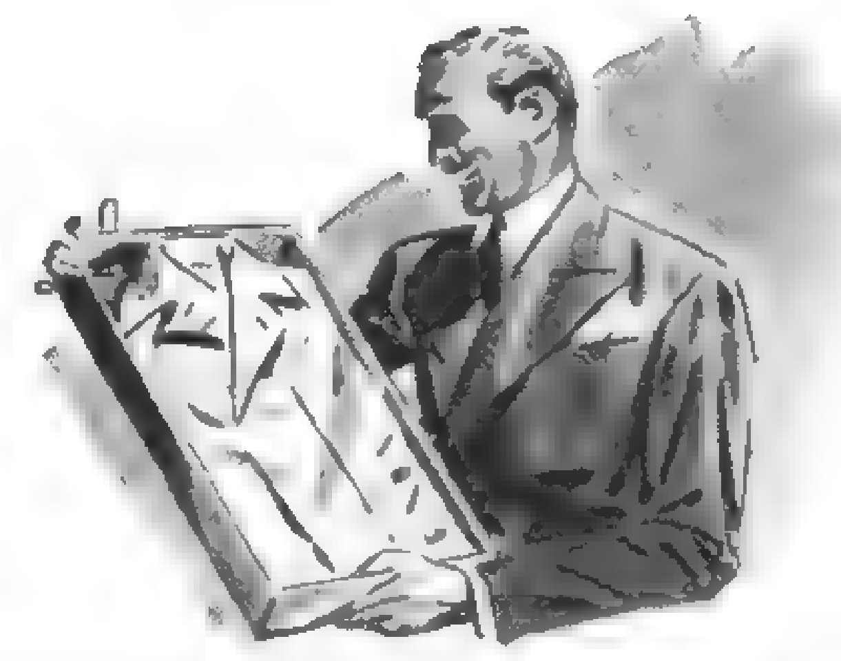

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flies. Always more places to play. Can he exhaust them all? Hotter places than Java. Colder places then the Siberian steppes. In the mountains, the valleys, the forests, great cities, towns, hamlets. A few thousand square feet of level ground. White lines. A net in front of him. A racket in that hand with the missing finger, balls to chase, balls to pound. He'll be there.

And who across the net? Ten years must pass. Some youngster you haven't heard of yet. Some kid now in knee pants. ⧺

Not Without Guns

Continued from page 39

around God's house of worship.

We listened to Brother Stokes preach his sermon. We looked over the house too sorty until we found our girls. We didn't do a lot of neck-craning like the other boys. We behaved ourselves. Brother Stokes says: "I want to thank you boys for your good behavior tonight. I want you to come back until this Protracted Meeting is over. Maybe you will want to consecrate your lives to God." Brother Stokes dismissed us with a word of prayer. Just soon as he said the last word we made for the door to get our girls.

Nine of us got Coal Branch and Duck Puddle girls. Three of our crowd got Short Branch girls. They would be separated from us. They would be going back the other way. They would be going toward Little Sandy River. Our crowd was divided. Butch, Rufus and Bad-Eye went back the Short Branch way. They were hanging onto the arms of awful purty girls. I didn't much blame them. Maybe they forgot all about the trouble we were going to haf to face.

I looked back as we started over the bank toward Duck Puddle. I saw a whole army of boys standing under the oaks in the Short Branch Church yard. I thought they were brewing trouble.

Then I thought about the three Whetstone boys that went down Short Branch. They could beat them to death and the rest of us would be over on Coal Branch and Duck Puddle.

"Boys," I hollered to our gang going over on Duck Puddle and Coal Branch, "soon as you take your girls home, come back to the foot of this hill that leads up to the church house. Come here and wait until all nine of us can get together. Boys pass the word on to one another."

I took Susie Munn home. She said her Brother Jack Munn was hanging around the church house for something with a lot of other boys. Said they'd been getting together all day and plotting. Said she thought they were sore because our Whetstone boys had been going with the Coal Branch, Duck Puddle and Short Branch girls.

I just let her go on and tell all she would. I wanted to get the lay of the land so if we had to fight we would know a little about their numbers and strength. If they were armed with clubs we had the advantage. If they carried the difference then we would be outnumbered three to one and we would haf to take cover and shoot from ambush. We'd haf to bushwhack.

The moonlight was so purty on the April fields. Susie was a purty little doll. But I couldn't love Susie an awful lot for thinking about what was to come in just a matter of hours. The plowed furrows looked good in the April moonlight on the Coal Branch hills.

The night was so purty. It was the purtiest time of the year. The apple orchards were white with bloom. There was the smell of wood smoke in the bright-blue night air. The Coal Branch farmers had burned their clearings and the smoke had settled down in the valley. The wind from the apple orchards was sweet to smell.

I took Susie to her door. I squeezed her right tight and kissed her a lot before I let her loose to go in the house. She didn't seem to be in a great hurry to get in the house.

"Oh if it wasn't for that infernal gang," I thought, "we could spark these purty girls in peace. Wait until that bunch comes to Whetstone and we'll be just as kind to them as they have been to us."

I hurried back down Coal Branch. It was nearly twelve o'clock. I didn't know how far the other boys had to take their girls. Some had to go a fur piece. Some had to go to the head of Duck Puddle. I spect it was every bit of three miles that I had to take Susie. I'd trot a little bit. I'd get to sweating. Then I'd walk until I got cool. I wasn't long getting back to the foot of the hill. Jack, Tom, Ephriam, Estill, Andrew, Steave and Erf, were under the big oak tree at the fork of the roads waiting. They's smoking their pipes, cigars and cigarettes and talking to each other.

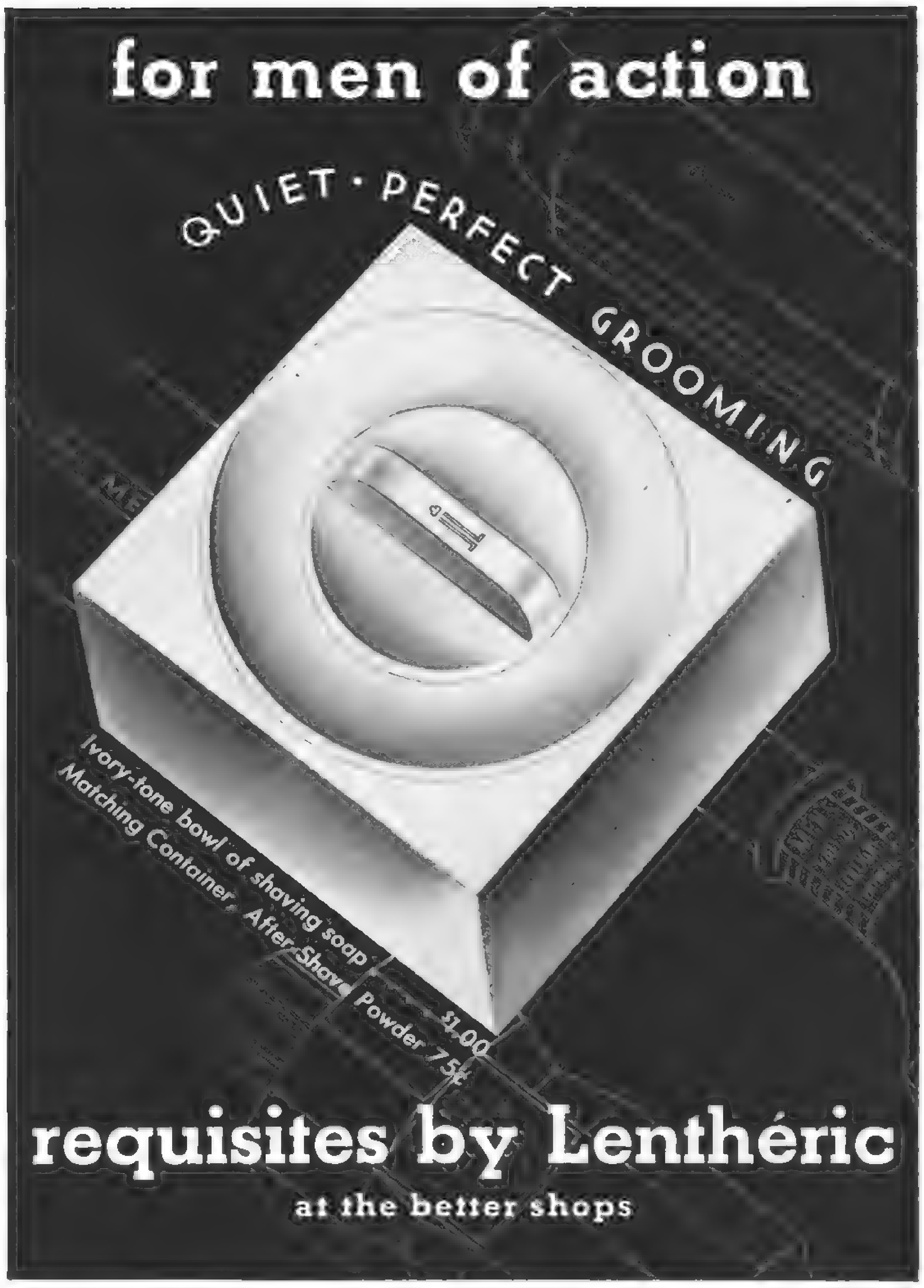
"Waitin' on you Oscar," says Jack—"all here but you and Lum! Where did you haf to take your girl nohow?"

"Must a-been to the head of Coal Branch," I says, "I've run nearly all the way back. I nearly walked Susie to death gettin' her there. I just thought you fellars would all be here waiting on me. I'm hot as a roasted tater."

"There comes old Lum," says Andrew—"bet he had some fur piece to take his girl!"

"You happy tooten," says Lum. "You said it boy! Atter we got to the head of Duck Puddle, Bertha says: 'nother hill to cross.' After we crossed that hill Bertha says: 'One more hill to cross.' But I found us another gallon of spirits. Boys our night ain't started yet—it's jest beginning—I've been

Continued on page 152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Not Without Guns

Continued from pages 39-151

thinking about poor old Butch, Rufus and Bad-Eye."

"You couldn't a-picked three from our crowd that would come nearer takin' care of themselves," says Erf. "All good shots. All tough as the devil wants them to be. Ain't afraid of hungry lions!"

"Just the same," says Ephriam, "we'd better kill what's in that jug and be on our way. We can't tell what has happened!"

We stood under the oak where the roads forked. One road went up the hill to the Church and down Short Branch. The other road went up Duck Puddle and down Duck Puddle to Coal Branch.

We passed the jug around and each man took his swig in turn. That is one thing you can say for the Whetstone boys. They know how to drink out'n a jug. They ain't hoggish. Each man gets what's coming to him. Seems like he knows just how many swigs to take without counting them. He ain't stingy with his whiskey either. He divides with his friends.

After we killed the gallon we started up the hill. The sky was not as purty and bright as it had been. Little dark clouds had began to gather on the sky. The April air was so warm it felt a little like rain. We walked up the hill. We didn't talk. We were going toward the church house. We thought the gang would be there. They were there. They knowed we had to come this way. There wasn't another way for us to get back to Whetstone. It looked like an army of men. They were waiting for us in front of the church house.

"All right boys," we heard one say, "here they come. Get your clubs ready!"

"Hands on your guns, boys," I says.

They walked to meet us. Their clubs were the purtiest clubs you ever saw. They were peeled clubs. They were purty and white. They held them high in the air and marched toward us!

I held Hulda in the air. I shot twice!

"Who gives a damn for your guns," says one of their men. "We got our guns too. If you start gun shootin' we'll wipe your little crowd out in two minutes."

One of their men pulled a gun and shot twice.

"To the woods, men," I says.

We broke for the woods. We tore out hard as we could go. It was a patch of oaks over across the road from the church house. They follered us to the fence and batted us across the behinds as we rolled over the fence. When we hit the ground on the other side of the fence, we hit the ground running for the patch of oaks. We fell on our bellies behind the trees. The big gang didn't follow us. They took cover in the church yard. They couldn't find enough trees. They run to the graveyard and got behind the tombstones.

"Yaho," says Butch—"where are you boys!"

"Take cover," says Ephriam. "They are behind the church yard trees. They are behind the tombstones. Get cover quick."

I don't know who shot first. I don't know how it all started. It was a gun battle. We turned our bodies straight out from the trees with our heads up close to them. We laid on our bellies and shot rapid fire at the white tombstones. We shot at the sight of their gun flashes in the church yard. For every shot we fired they must have fired seven.

"Shoot low," I would hear them say. "Shoot low!"

Then we heard three guns barking on our right. It was Butch, Rufus and Bad-Eye. They had found a hiding place. They were firing from our right. We almost had to shoot over them. We could see the flashes of their guns. The bullets wheezed in the brush above us. They cut limbs from the trees. The limbs fell on us. If one of us had raised up we'd a-been a goner.

"I hate to shoot into a graveyard," says Erf, "but I haf to. Ma always told me it was a sin to step on a grave. I never do. I guess we won't wake the dead up. They won't know about their kin folks shooting over top of them and plowing the dirt with bullets above them."

"Shoot to bust them," says Ephriam. "Remember the pump knots on Erf's head. Remember a Whetstone boy can't come over here in peace. Pour the hot lead to 'em between the eyes!"

We could hear them holler. Then they would shoot. We'd hug the ground. The bullets would pass over us. I could remember the times when we'd go rabbit hunting and if we couldn't find a rabbit or quail to shoot at we'd stand off and shoot at each other. We'd get fur enough apart not to kill one another because it was in fun. We'd just sprinkle each other —make it smart—burn the hide a little bit. But I never was in a gun battle like this one.

The moon went under the clouds. We's still pounding away at one another. We'd wait until we saw the fire flash from their guns. We'd shoot at their fire. Our shooting wasn't fast as it had been. Our ammunition was getting slim.

"Go after reinforcements Erf," I says. "You know who to get. Crawl over the bank on your belly. Walk low until you reach the top of the hill. Wait until we sorty stop firing."

We eased up on firing. They took it as a token of truce. They eased their firing. Erf slipped over the bank—twisted out around the hill. Then he started to climb toward the top. They just fired a few times when the lightning flashed. We could see a ditch we'd been shooting over in the cow pasture. There was a big deep gulley. We could see Butch, Rufus and Bad-Eye in the ditch. They had stopped firing. Must be they were out of ammunition too. They's just laying down and hugging the bottom of the ditch.

"When we get chilled buckshot we'll run 'em from behind the tombstones," says Ephriam. "That ain't over 125 yards over there. Super shells with chilled buckshots'll send them screaming to the woods."

It must have been two in the morning when our reinforcements come. They crawled on their bellies up to the patch of woods. Erf was in front. He led them to us. We's just shooting every now and then to let each other know we's still there. We didn't know whether they'd sent for reinforcements or not. We didn't care. We had the best position to shoot from. We's a little higher up on the hill. When the lighting flashed, we could see the tombstones.

"Seven new men," says Erf. "Five autermatics with shells used for killing dogs that kill sheep. Two rifles—one a 30-30 Springfield. One a muzzle-loader. Price Taylor, Chilly Bain, Pluck Reed, Wid Callihan, Jake Henson, Mart Fields and Harlan Wurts."

"All right boys," says Price—"just where are they hiding?"

"Wait until I shoot," I says. "Then you watch their gun fire and get their range."

I fired my pistol. There was a flash of fire from the graveyard. Fire flashed from the trees in the church yard. Our autermatics begin to roar. Great streaks of fire jumped from the barrels like lightning. The lightning flashed over head. The rain started falling. I guess the rain helped a lot of them. We heard them hollering when the chilled shot begin to sprinkle the graveyards. We heard them take to the woods above the church. When they got above the house we barely could sprinkle them. We poured the hot lead at that bunch of rascals. They'd been pouring it to us.

"Where are you Oscar?" hollered Butch. "Watch we're coming! Don't fire this way."

We stopped firing until Butch, Rufus and Bad-Eye come running low and then fell on their bellies and scooted on the muddy ground in amongst us.

"Welcome home boys," says Jack.

"I lost a finger," says Bad-Eye. "Rufus tied it up with his handkerchief. A bullet nipped it off clean as a whistle when we's taking cover. They had open field at us. We come up the road—we didn't know you's lined up already to fight."

"We've sent back and got reinforcements," I says. "Erf went back and got a few of the old hunters. We've run 'em through the woods!"

"Reckon anybody's been killed?" says Jack.

"Don't know," says Chilly—"if they have been they're close the church house to have their funeral preached and close a graveyard to bury them in. We ain't worrying about that. You boys will be safe in going back to church, I'll bet you two gallons against one. This would put the fear of Whetstone into that bunch!"

"The fun is all over," says Pluck Reed. "We'd better be on our way across the hill. Don't light your pipes or cigarettes yet. Someone may shoot at the light."

We walked up the path in single file. My leg felt a little stiff. I thought it was from laying down behind that tree so long. We walked through the rain—we were wet as possums. We had to hold to the sprouts to get up the slick path. The rain was still falling. We had to nearly feel our way. We took hands and held to one another. We finally reached the top of the hill. It wasn't raining so hard in the pine grove. We got under the pines—Chilly held his flashlight while we filled our pipes, lit our cigarettes and cigars.

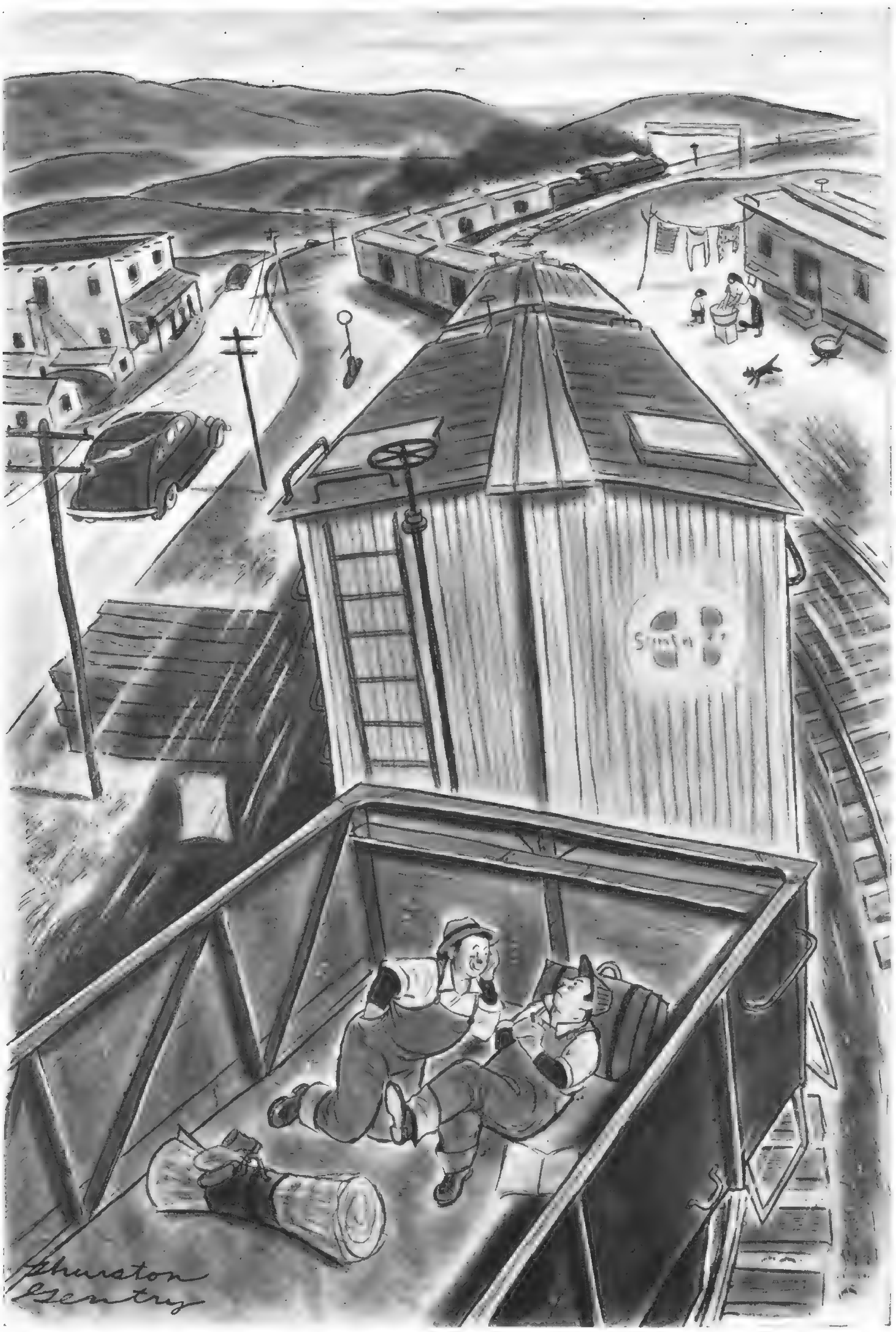
"I've been scint on the leg with a bullet," I says. I looked down and blood was oozing from my leg.

"Let me see," says Chilly. He took the flashlight and looked at my leg.

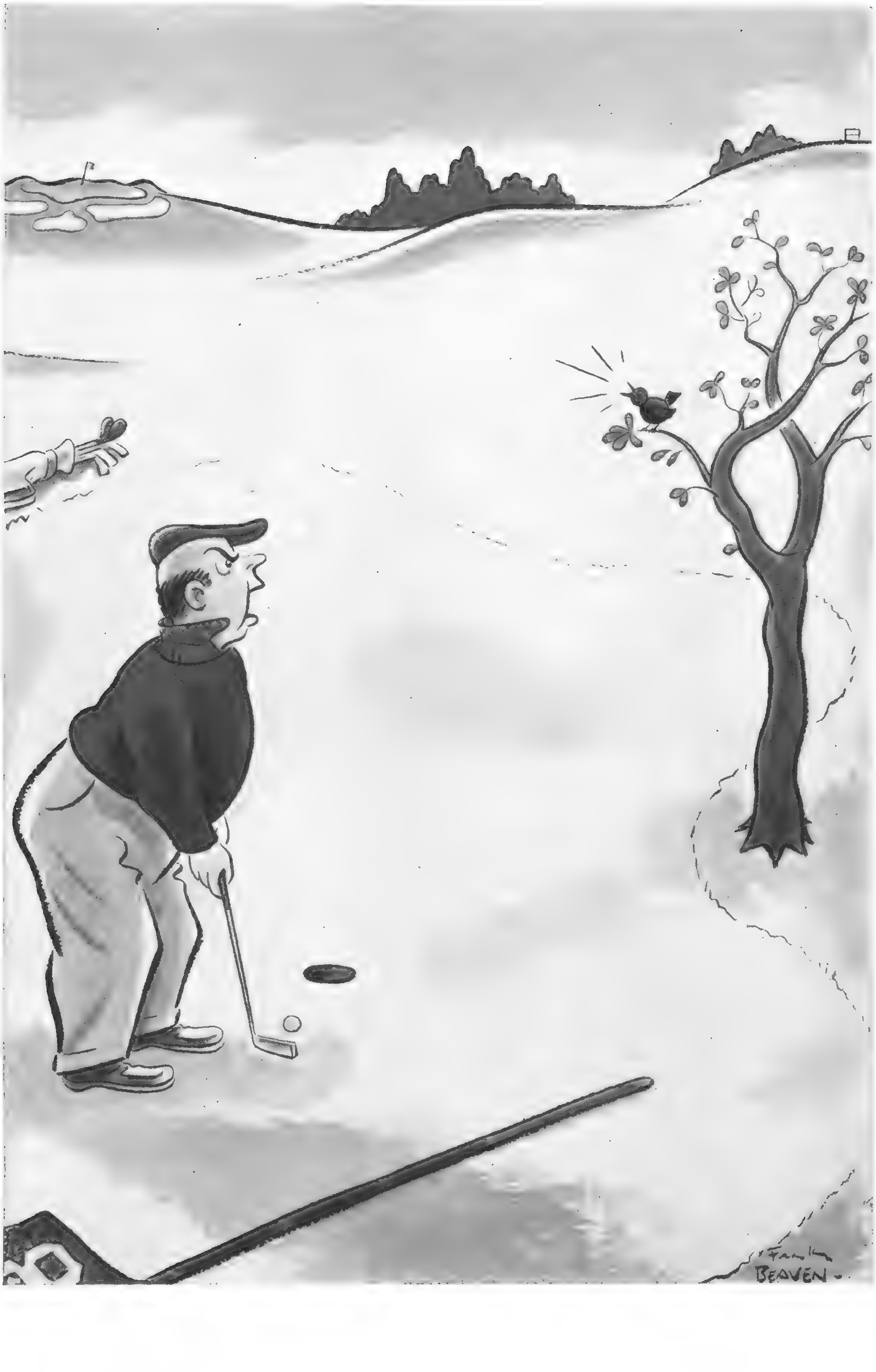
"No more than a briar scratch," says Chilly. "Let it bleed, that will be good for it. This has been a lot of fun. Wait until you see a real battle. I was in a few not so long ago. You are just boys. Old Pluck and me's been there before! We put 'em on the run didn't we? It's hard to beat chilled buckshot for close range fightin'. Sawed-off shotguns are awfully good for real close fightin'."

We stopped at Chilly's house when we got down on Whetstone. He give us a swig around. "Not much, boys," says Chilly, "but it's enough to keep you from takin' cold."

"Now boys," says Pluck, "before you all scatter out—you go back to church tonight. You don't know anything about all this shooting. You take your girls home just like nothing had ever happened. If they have you before the Grand Jury you don't haf to indict yourself. Remember it has been a dark night. You ain't seen no guns. You ain't disturbed no public worship. Be kind to Brother Stokes and help him all you can with the Protracted Meeting. Remember you won't have as many there tonight as you had last night. It's too wet to plow today and you fellars can get some rest. Remember you'll hear of a lot of fellars being in bed sick with the rheumatics, with colds and the flu after this gun battle tonight. Just remember Oscar you all can go in peace now. They won't want to bunch on the Whetstone boys. It's all over. They've been weaned like suckling calves." ⁂


Thurston Gentry

"She said to call her back later, and that's been 5 years ago!"


Franke
BEAVEN

"Oh, shut up!"

Residents of Other Cities

Continued from page 33

bayonet. He was having a very good time. Hester and Sara were both screaming in the living room. The door opened and two of the searchers came in.

"Nothing," said one of them, "not a stinking button."

"Lucky little boy," the sergeant said to me. He leaned over, smiling, and hit me on the temple, with his fist. I fell over and the room and the noise went far, far away.

When I came to, my head was in my mother's lap, and the men had gone. I opened my eyes and saw Sara in my uncle Samuel's arms, with the blood still coming slowly from the wound in his head and staining their clothes and they not noticing it all, but just standing there, clutched together without tears, their hands digging into each other's shoulders. The baby was lying on the chair next to them, sleeping. My mother's face was calm over me and her voice came down distantly, "Daniel, little Daniel, lion-hearted Daniel, everything is all right, sweetheart, everything is all right."

In the distance I heard my father. "The most profound mistake of my life," he was saying. "I had an opportunity to go to America in 1910. Why didn't I go? Why in the name of the Almighty God, didn't I go?" #

The French Way

Continued from page 31

count for everything, in another sense they count for absolutely nothing. In fact, if in France a friend of a friend were to want to sell you an automobile or sublet you an apartment, I should advise you to use ten times as much caution as if you were dealing with a complete stranger!"

* * *

I was somewhat better prepared, therefore—both by M. Lefevre* and by my friend—when a few days later I presented my credentials at the library of the Institut de France, of which the French Academy is a part, and asked for permission to examine the Flaubert manuscripts in its possession. (This time I relied on papers from the American consul, instead of proceeding *par relations.*) The librarian received me graciously, with a speech about Franco-American relations, and said that even though my papers were only from the consul, instead of from the ambassador, as would have been preferable, he would allow me to examine the manuscripts. "We have here, however," he said, "two rules, which I think you will understand. We are French, after all, and you will agree that it is only fair for us to give preference to scholars of our own nationality. If in the course of your research you discover some interesting unpublished material which you would like to use, you will of course submit it to me for my permission, and I tell you now that I shall feel obliged to show it to French scholars before giving you that permission. You have chosen a subject which is interesting to several French scholars—among them I might mention the celebrated M. Lefevre, whose books you undoubtedly know—and I must give them the first opportunity to use any unpublished data."

Repressing my impulse to say that since the manuscripts had been in the library for a number of years—ever since they had been bequeathed to the Institut by Flaubert's niece—it seemed to me that M. Lefevre and his colleagues had by now had ample opportunity to pick out whatever plums there were, I agreed that the rule was eminently fair, and promised to hand over any discoveries I might make.

"The second rule," said the librarian, "is this. I shall be unable to give you permission to publish any documents which cast an unfavorable light on Flaubert's character or reputation. It would be odd indeed, if we, a French institution, were to assist in the foreign publication of information unfavorable to one of our great national writers." This too I solemnly agreed was a necessary reservation.

Finally the librarian said that before starting work I must inscribe my name in the *Golden Book*, and he thereupon placed before me the register of the library. Before finding the page on which I was to sign, he opened to several well-marked pages, each of which was occupied by one huge, sprawling signature. "ALFONSO," he exhibited, and "LEOPOLD," and then something fantastic and illegible which he assured me was "FUAD." "All mementos of royal visits," he said proudly. "You are in good company here." I signed my name on a less illustrious page, and the formalities were completed.

My previous limited experience with research on manuscripts had been gained in various American libraries, where the papers were guarded in safes and enclosed in neat, closely fitting cases; but here the librarian merely turned around in his chair and took down from a shelf behind him a sheaf of dusty, ragged-looking papers. "Here are the manuscripts of Flaubert's letters," he said. "It is a unique collection, of immense value, but I have confidence in you as an American friend of France: I know how you and your compatriots venerate European culture. I should dearly love to have these manuscripts bound," he said sadly, "but alas, Monsieur, we are so

Continued on page 156

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*I might say here that I later discovered that several American publishers had declined to issue translations of M. Lefevre's books.

LIKE SON . . . . LIKE FATHER

We did a little delving into Jasper's family tree, And discovered that his meekness was just heredity. It was papa's chromosomes that did our Jasper dirt: For father wore a beaver to hide his fraying shirt.

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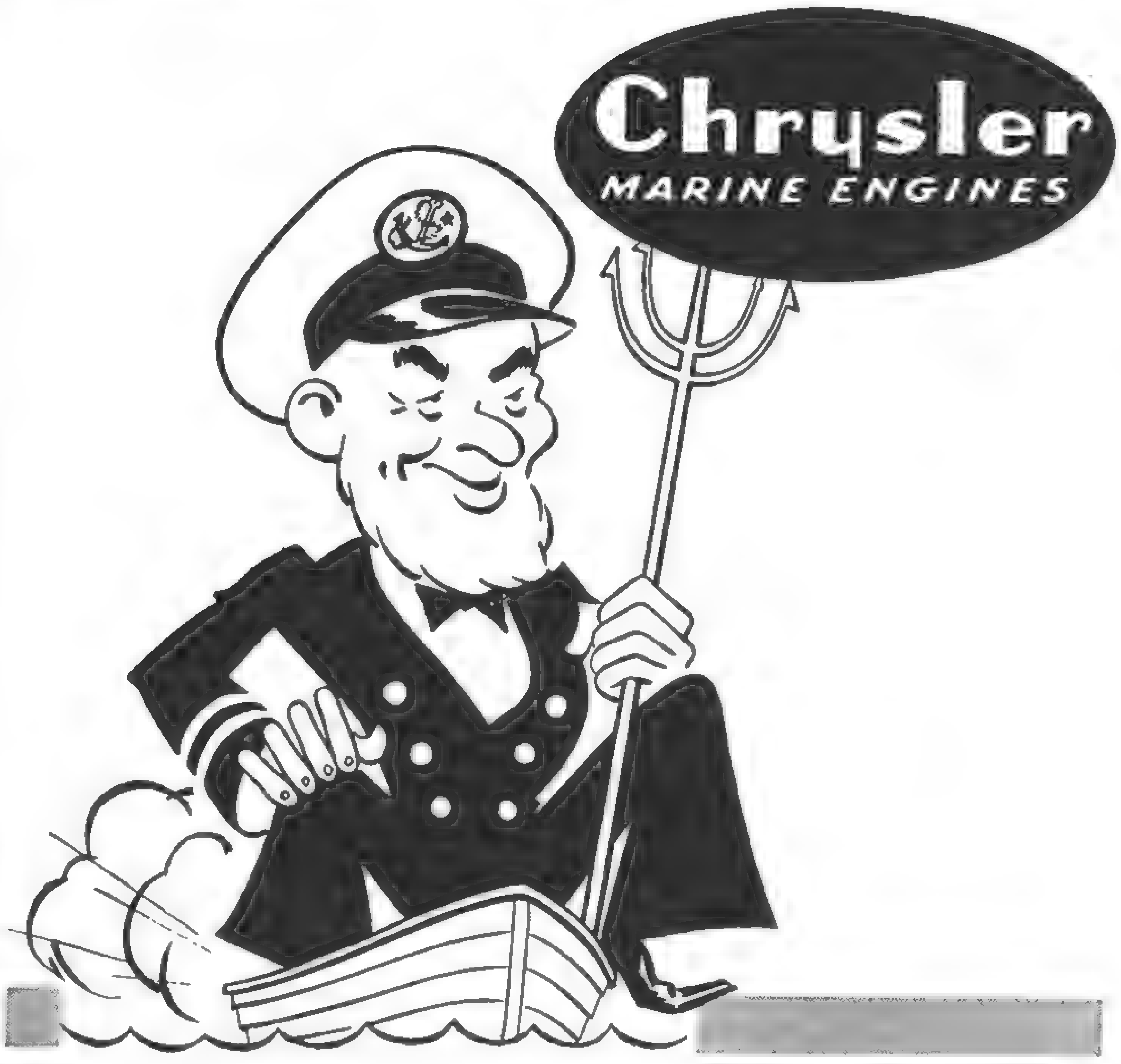

"NOT so long ago, people with motor boats seemed to spend most of their time tinkerin' with the engine. Nowadays, most engines run pretty well, but some run much better than others. Experts say that's because of extra quality built into 'em. Seems to me, boats equipped with Chrysler Marine Engines get the most drive at the propeller. If the experts are right, Chrysler Marine Engines must have the extra quality features they talk so much about. I'm sure goin' to investigate."

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* * *

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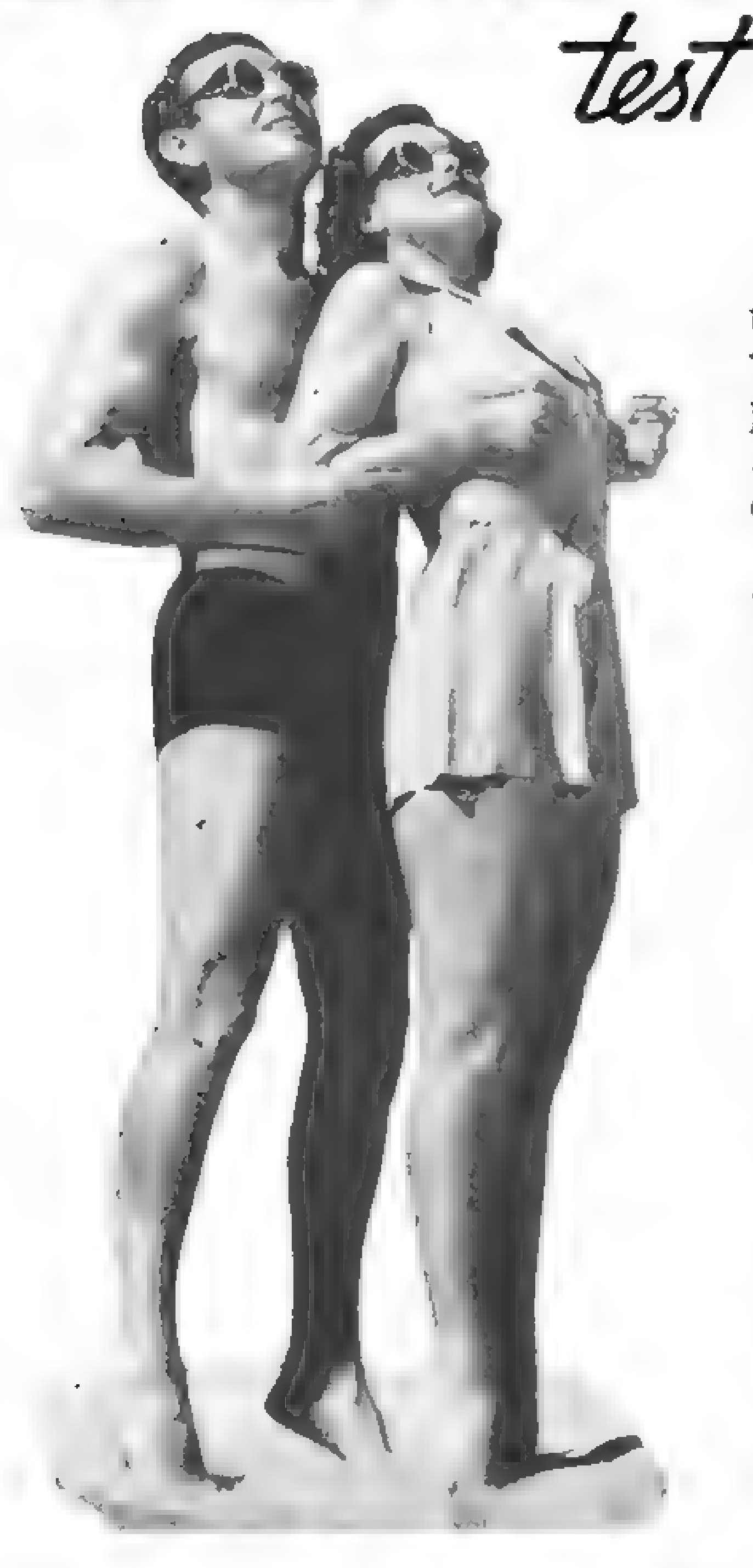
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You can't be blamed for taking chances and trusting to luck, on some things in life . . . but why risk your eyes . . . you'll never get a new pair. Take goggles for instance. Many seem harmless, yet are so out of focus that they are dangerous and impair vision.

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IF THEY'RE *Optiks* THEY'RE TESTED

The French Way

Continued from pages 31-155

poor here! The Institut is in such straitened circumstances!"

I expressed surprise—for at this very moment the French papers, particularly of the Left, were full of articles attacking the Institut and the French Academy for their vast property holdings (such as the Château of Chantilly and many others), their immense hoarded wealth, their unpatriotic practice of investing funds abroad. "Ah yes," said the librarian, "we are wretchedly poor. If you desire proof, Monsieur, you have only to look at the ceiling above you: is it not in pitiable disrepair?" I looked obediently; the ceiling was unquestionably hazardous. "I keep the manuscripts here, near my desk," he continued, "in the hope that someone who comes in will be moved by the sight and will feel like making a gift of the binding. It would cost a mere two thousand francs, Monsieur. That is a small sum, but in France there are few who can command it."

Perusal of the manuscripts occupied my afternoons for many weeks. The library was never open in the mornings, and two afternoons a week it was closed to the public and reserved exclusively for the use of members. "We are like a club here," the librarian explained to me, and indeed it was more like a club—a very social club—than like a library. There was scarcely an instant of quiet. Those of us who came to work sat around a long table in the middle of the room, concentrating as best we could amid the din caused by the Academicians. For, odd though it may seem, those eminent gentlemen did not come on the afternoons reserved for them. (I know, because on several occasions I did come then, by special permission, and always found the place empty.) They seemed to prefer to be sociable in view of the public. They chatted in pairs or in groups; the librarian darted in and out among them, bringing them books, being gracious and obsequious. "*Oui, M. l'Ambassadeur,*" he would say, or "*Bien sûr, M. Le Baron,*" or "*Mais certainement, M. Valéry.*" Toward me his behavior seemed to vary directly with the number of Academicians present. When we were alone or almost alone he was affable, but in the presence of Academicians he often approached me and loudly cautioned me in my use of the manuscripts, as though to impress upon the members his care of their property. Some Academicians preferred to do their chatting on a balcony which ran around the room, high up, and from there they would call, and converse with friends below. It was all very gay—but somewhat disruptive to work. Eventually, however, I completed my examination of the manuscripts. As it turned out, there were only one or two paragraphs of unpublished material which I could profitably use. Fortunately they were of so unsensational a nature that the librarian said there was no use bothering French scholars with them, and he wrote out a letter authorizing me to publish the material as I saw fit.

* * *

It was my encounter with M. Ménard, the proprietor of a bookshop on the Place de l'Opéra, that made me particularly remember my friend's phrase *mauvais coucheur*, and the things he had had to say about meanness between Frenchmen. Like Scribner, Dutton or Brentano in New York, but on a much smaller, typically French scale, M. Ménard does two kinds of business: he sells the books of all publishers and he publishes books himself. Those which appear over his name, however, are not books by contemporaries, but sets of the French classics, and I called on him because he is the publisher of one of the standard editions of Flaubert.

M. Ménard responded cordially to my self-introduction, we chatted pleasantly for a time about books and publishing in general, and even when I finally revealed that I was writing a book about Flaubert for Americans, his manner barely changed. In fact, although I told him nothing of my previous experiences he said that he pitied me for some of the difficulties I must be meeting. "Flaubertians, at least in France," he said, "are for some reason often very disagreeable people to have dealings with," and he proceeded to tell me of one of his own encounters. "Take, for example," he said, "a difficulty I have recently run into with regard to my edition of Flaubert's *Travel Notes*. My edition of that work, the only one in existence, was made some twenty-five years ago. It was not made from Flaubert's own manuscript, because Flaubert's niece, who at that time owned the manuscript, would not allow me to see it. Why, I don't know, since she made for me what she swore was a faithful copy, from which I printed my edition. Now my edition of the *Travel Notes* is exhausted, and I should like to make a new one. In the meantime, Flaubert's niece has died, and although she bequeathed the manuscripts of most of her uncle's writings to various museums and libraries, some she ordered sold at public auction—once again I know not why—since she had no heirs in whom she was interested. At any rate, the manuscript of the *Travel Notes* was among those sold at auction, and it was purchased by a notary who lives not far from Paris. Recently I asked him to let me see it—a few hours with it was all I needed—so that I might compare it with the text of my edition. But what do you think was the answer I received, Monsieur? That to *look* at the manuscript would cost me six hundred francs! And he will not tell me in advance, of course, whether there are any differences or not! Is it not shameful? That notary pretends to be devoted to Flaubert: what would Flaubert say, he who had such contempt for worldly goods, at the sight of people renting out his manuscripts! Of course, I told the notary I could not consider the idea.

"That is the kind of selfish behavior one runs up against in France, Monsieur. That notary is a *mauvais coucheur*. I am not like that. I myself happen to own a large number of manuscripts of Flaubert's letters—the whole series written to his mistress; I bought them years ago, and was thus able to make my edition of the letters the most complete in existence. Any of those manuscripts I have—anything in my possession—is at the free disposal of anyone who is interested."

I complimented M. Ménard on his sentiments, but although I did not say so, the issue seemed to me to be a trifle more complex than he indicated. It was indeed parsimonious of the notary to demand six hundred francs for a view of his manuscript—it was a bit too unpleasant a way of revealing that he regarded the document as a mere investment on which he expected a return; and yet, M. Ménard seemed to have made no mention to the notary of reimbursement in any form in case of publication. Six hundred francs is not a vast sum; even in France it is not prohibitive to a man like M. Ménard: might he not have paid it, if he sincerely wanted to issue a perfect work? Which was the more parsimonious of the two? I began to wonder whether the notary might not perhaps know M. Ménard well, and distrust him; it was quite possible that the publisher had a retentive memory, and from one glance at the text could remember the variants, and would include them in his new edition without any word of thanks, let alone payment. Though I had little sympathy for the notary, I eventually lost any I might have had for M. Ménard.

For in reading over his edition of the letters I discovered that the text of many of them was considerably cut, that whole paragraphs had been suppressed in the printing. Usually some indication was given of the nature of the suppressed material, and in most of it I was not interested. In one case, however, I was definitely very interested in what had been left out of a letter, and remembering M. Ménard's generous attitude toward his possessions I wrote him, asking for permission to see it. I had no desire to publish the suppressed material, I said; I thought I already suspected its nature; I should merely like to see it, to satisfy myself. I was not surprised by M. Ménard's reply—despite his previous fair words. He regretted that for reasons into which he could not go he would be unable to let me see the letter in which I was interested.

* * *

Throughout this period of preliminary research in France, during which the aforementioned incidents took place, I met one person who was helpful, co-operative and generous—a lady whom I shall call Mademoiselle Gilberte and who is assistant librarian in the municipal library of a large city not far from Paris. I met Mademoiselle Gilberte when I presented myself at her library to see the Flaubert manuscripts in its possession. She at once proceeded to make my task easy, to suggest books and articles which I might profitably consult, and to place herself at my entire disposition were I to need additional information which she might supply. As the months passed, I wrote her on several occasions in efforts to clear up obscurities in the lives of Flaubert and his friends, and each time she dug out the information I needed. At least once, I know, she secured it despite the opposition of the very notary who had held up M. Ménard for six hundred francs. The answer to my question was contained in a manuscript that he owned; he not only refused to supply it but defied her to find it elsewhere; she did. Mademoiselle Gilberte never ceased lamenting the lack of scholarly generosity in France, and she once asked me wistfully whether it were true, as she had heard, that cultural institutions in the United States often received large private gifts. Such a thing, she said, was almost unheard of in France: only the Academy ever seemed to be mentioned in anyone's will. She was not always what we should call completely modern in her outlook. I had arrived in France in August, the month of vacations, and had found her library tightly closed. When I laughed at the idea of closing an important public library for a month every year she exclaimed in surprise: "Don't your libraries in America close in August? Then how do you clean them?" Mademoiselle Gilberte's library, I might mention, is quite without central heating. In the winter everyone works in an overcoat and muffler.

One day when I was working in the library, Mademoiselle Gilberte spoke of someone whom she wanted me to meet—a certain M. Gasse, an anti-social local bachelor who was a kind of monomaniac on the subject of Flaubert. He spent a large proportion of his tiny income, she said, on an annual commutation ticket to Paris, where he passed hours, day after day, examining the Flaubert manuscripts in the library of the Institut. As she spoke, I recognized the portrait she was drawing: I had often seen the man. He was a strange, hunted-looking little creature, and though he knew quite well that I too was working on the Flaubert manuscripts he had never returned the glances I had given him. The librarian had never offered to introduce us and had never talked to me of him, even when I made oblique mention of the penciled hieroglyphic notations which to my astonish-

Continued on page 158

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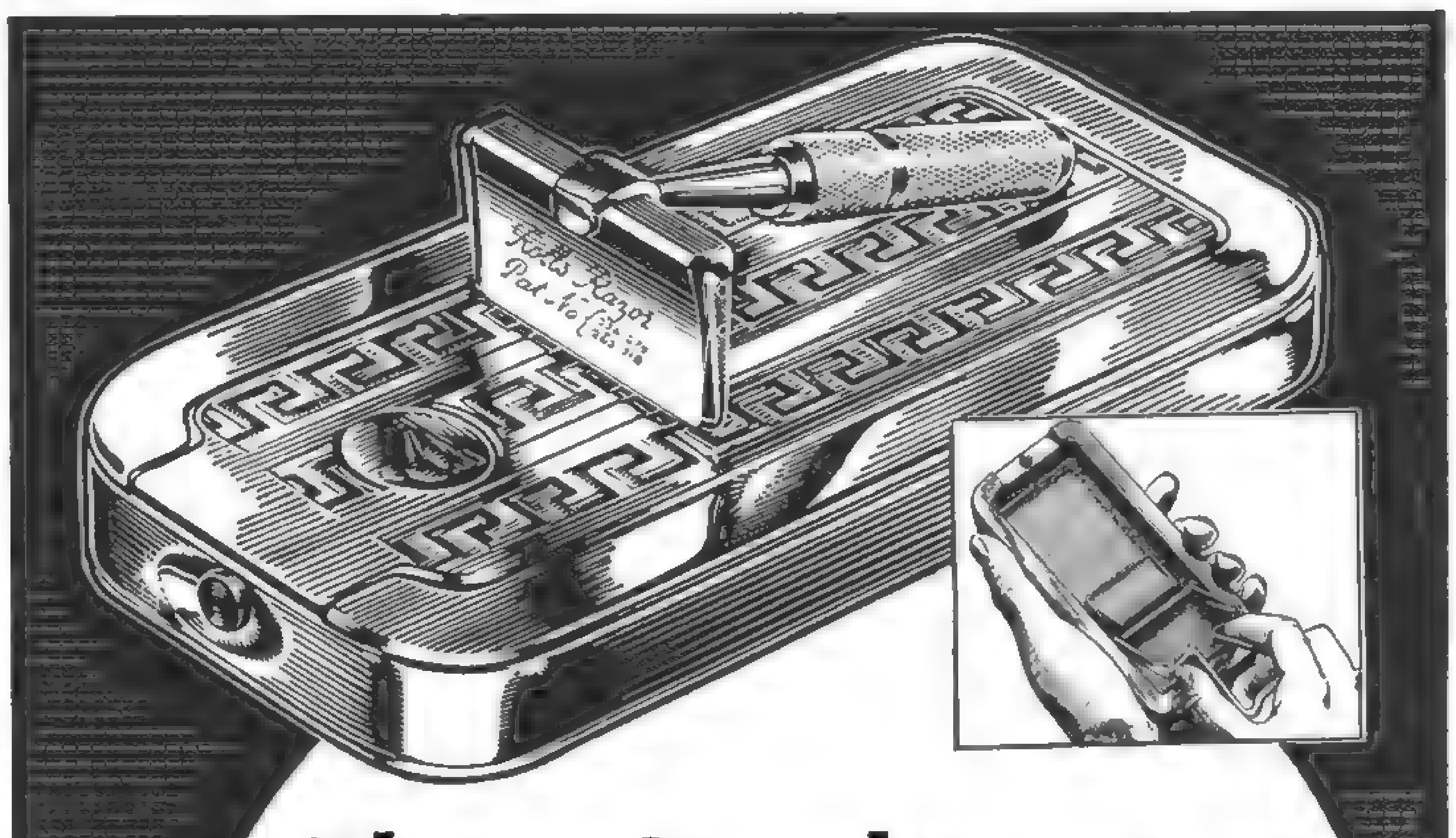
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Streamlined ventilated mod el in cool white Shubuck

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Smooth white calf—ventilated for cool comfort

The French Way

Continued from pages 31-155-157

ment I saw that he was in the habit of making directly on the manuscripts! Mademoiselle Gilberte warned me about M. Gasse. He was very erratic, she said, very *sauvage;* never before had she dared introduce him to anyone, lest he act offensively. At times he seemed to be a veritable *mauvais coucheur,* rude to everyone; at other times he conducted himself more agreeably. If I would promise to expect the worst, she would introduce me to him: I might find his acquaintance valuable. I laughingly agreed to absolve her in case of rebuff, and the presentation was duly made one afternoon in the manuscript room of the library.

Now that we had met properly, *par relations,* M. Gasse seemed very pleased to converse. He was shy and gauche—the result, probably, of his reclusive existence—but it was at once apparent that he knew an enormous amount about Flaubert, and he appeared no less interested in my studies than open on the subject of his own. His penciled hieroglyphics on the manuscripts, which he seemed to consider a quite normal part of scholarly procedure, he told me were notations for a vast edition of Flaubert's works which he projected, to supersede M. Ménard's. We had been together barely a quarter of an hour when he described his exact verification of a certain important but generally unknown event in Flaubert's life which I had hitherto been able only to infer. Our conversation lasted most of the afternoon; we were all pleased by the result of Mademoiselle Gilberte's good offices, and when I regretfully left to take my train back to Paris, there were cordial *au revoirs* all round.

Less than twenty minutes later, when I was standing on the station platform, meditatively eating a banana, I suddenly heard myself addressed, and turned to see M. Gasse, clutching his commutation ticket. "What class are you traveling, Monsieur?" he demanded. I replied, of course, that I was traveling whatever class he was, and he informed me that our conversation had been so delightful and instructive that he would like to continue it, and that if I permitted he would accompany me to Paris. Flattered, I enthusiastically agreed, and during the two hours of the ride we did not cease talking for an instant. We spoke chiefly of Flaubert, but also of American writers, particularly Emerson, for whom M. Gasse professed a great admiration. Then, the moment we arrived in Paris, my companion bade me a hasty good-bye; there was a train back to his city in five minutes; if he caught it he would arrive in time to cook himself a late evening meal. He refused my urgings to share a bite with me in the station buffet, and we parted once more.

That evening, glowing with the thought of having been satisfactory company for a man who knew a hundred times as much about Flaubert as I could ever hope to, I wrote not only to Mademoiselle Gilberte but also to M. Gasse, telling him of my pleasure in our conversation and of my appreciation of his compliment, and asking his permission to make friendly mention of him in the appendix to my book. A few days later I received his reply. I was too kind, he told me; the pleasure had been all his. As for mention in my appendix, it was quite unnecessary. It was of little importance, after all, who did any given bit of work on Flaubert; the essential thing was to produce an accurate body of Flaubert scholarship; individual workers did not count. Still, if it would please me to mention him, he would be flattered to allow me to do so. "Who can be astonished, Monsieur," he wrote, "that two people who are fellow-countrymen respectively of Emerson and Flaubert should feel for each other an instinctive sympathy on first meeting?"

Now during my conversations with M. Gasse I had told him about the librarian at the Institut and his rule concerning submission of interesting unpublished material to French scholars. "Did you find anything interesting?" M. Gasse had inquired, and, assuming that he meant interesting enough to be submitted, I replied that I had not.

A week or two after our train ride to Paris and my receipt of his gracious letter, I saw M. Gasse again, this time at the Institut, and we had another long conversation. "Have you found anything among these manuscripts?" he casually inquired, and forgetting that he had recently asked me a similar but slightly different question I replied that I had found a few things and had received permission to use them. We parted with renewed expressions of mutual esteem, but on the following day I received a letter from M. Gasse which was considerably different in tone from the first:

Monsieur:

Having noticed a contradiction in the conversations which we have had on the subject of the Flaubert manuscripts in the library of the Institut—viz. the first time that permission to publish any of these documents had been withheld, and the second time that permission for partial or fragmentary publication had been granted—I hereby withdraw the authorization which I recently gave you to mention my name in your work on Flaubert.

I most expressly and formally forbid you to associate my name with any work in which the Flaubert manuscripts in the library of the Institut are mentioned.

As to the traces of my own work which (due to the very nature of the work itself) I have unavoidably left on the manuscripts,

Continued on page 160

Bill is a "*Shipshape*" Man

When he chooses a whiskey he checks its "sailing papers"

CARSTAIRS
GIN
De Luxe
DISTILLED DRY GIN
Liqueur Quality
CARSTAIRS BROS DISTILLING CO. Inc
PHILADELPHIA PA
CARSTAIRS
Established 1788
BLENDED WHISKEY
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An impression of Bill Saunders*
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WATCH BILL SAUNDERS* handle that 60 foot cutter of his, in a hard chance, and you'll know what we mean by "a shipshape man".

Bill demands no less than perfection from his amateur crew. But he repays them with perfection, in those after-race highballs he serves.

Always, they're Carstairs and soda! For, Bill knows that Carstairs is blended for "men who care", reflecting the high character, launched by Thos. Carstairs in 1788. Proofed like Scotch, at 86.8, it's a smooth, light-bodied, all-whiskey blend combining the rich, mellow flavor of choice straight whiskies with several *special* whiskies, specially distilled and matured to impart light body, exquisite bouquet.

Every drop is *at least* 4 years old. In *character*, it is truly "America's most distinctive whiskey".

"Bill Saunders" is not a specific individual; but merely a type; the type of "man who cares".

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The Highball of Character
"CARSTAIRS *and* SODA"

CARSTAIRS
Est
1788
Thos. Carstairs

CARSTAIRS BLENDED WHISKEY. An 86.8 proof blend of whiskies. The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 57½% straight whiskey and 42½% other whiskey four years or more old.

CARSTAIRS GIN DE LUXE. Distilled Dry Gin. A gin of liqueur quality, 94.4 proof. Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits. Carstairs Bros. Distilling Co., Inc., N.Y.C.

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DON'T let "Mid-Section Sag" bulge your waistline—steal your energy—leave your back tired and aching at the end of the day. It's easy to keep that trim, neat appearance—that pep and drive. Just brace up with The Bracer!

A Bauer & Black product, this amazing supporter belt is scientifically designed to take inches off your waistline—help improve sagging posture—make you look better, feel better, too. And only The Bracer can give you: No Rip—*seams cannot pull out.* No Roll—*four removable ribs at top.* No Bulge—*knitted from two-way stretch "Lastex" yarn.* No Bother—*exclusive fly-front.*

So don't let "Mid-Section Sag" slow you down. Brace up with The Bracer! At department, drug and men's apparel stores.

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Please send me ______ Bracers

My waist measurement is______

Name______

Address______

City______ State______

My dealer's name and address is______

The French Way

Continued from pages 31-155-157-158

your conscience as a citizen of an idealistic nation will allow you to judge whether you will make use of the work of others.

Believe me, Monsieur,
Regretfully yours,
X...... Gasse.

Such was the end of my acquaintance with M. Gasse. I saw no reason to answer his letter, and Mademoiselle Gilberte, amused and dismayed, agreed. M. Gasse had come to her, she told me, after his conversation with me in the Institut, and reproached her for having presented him to so unreliable a person. Most unreliable of all, however, he said, was the librarian at the Institut, who allowed foreigners to examine manuscripts which bore valuable marks of work done by Frenchmen. I saw Mademoiselle Gilberte many times after that, and she never ceased to regret having introduced me to *un tel individu.* But even more, she confessed, she regretted something else—not having been present at my meeting with M. Gasse on the station platform. "I found your American friend eating a banana, Mademoiselle!" he had reported to her indignantly. "Eating a banana, shamelessly, in view of everyone! *Ça, ce n'est pas français!*"

* * *

During the latter part of my stay in France I had no further personal encounters such as those mentioned in these pages, because either I was studying in the Bibliothèque Nationale, the great national library of France, which is impersonal and equally hospitable to French and foreigners, or I was writing at home, getting my book into shape. I did, however, have one more adventure in correspondence.

In the course of my researches at the Bibliothèque Nationale, I had unearthed a detail which seemed to contradict a statement about Flaubert made by one of M. Lefevre's fellow-Flaubertians in a book published several years before. The point was an extremely important one; no mention of it could justly be made except on a firm basis of authority; and in his book the Flaubertian had offered no substantiation of his statement whatever. Therefore I took it upon myself to write to the gentleman, to state the fact that I had unearthed, and to say that since I was sure he must have been in possession of it when making his statement, I was eager to know by what process of deduction he had arrived at his conclusion.

I addressed him in care of his publishers. When there was no answer after several weeks, I dropped into the publishers' office one afternoon to inquire whether the letter had been forwarded. It had not. It was waiting, on the chance that the gentleman would come in. The publishers knew his personal address, and willingly gave it to me when I requested it, but it was not their custom, they informed me, to forward authors' mail! I thereupon readdressed and remailed my letter, and soon I received my reply, brief and to the point:

Monsieur:

I have received the letter which you did me the honor to write me, and I fear that I cannot give you the information which you desire. I wrote the volume in question six years ago, I believe; my memory is a very poor one, and empties itself of old matter as new matter comes to occupy it. I regret my inability to be of greater assistance, and I beg you, Monsieur, to believe me.

Confraternally yours,
X... X...

* * *

Thus is the way of the stranger—and of the fellow-countryman as well—made easy in the scholarly world of France. Like the friend who had secured me the letter of introduction to M. Lefevre, my other French friends, most of them young people, heard my tales with regret but with no surprise. "France is like that," they said, shrugging. "Mandarinism and chauvinism are twin curses here." One of my friends, all the time I was in France, was writing a treatise on Nietzsche, and despite the political tension between France and Germany and despite the excesses of German nationalism, he was continually receiving the greatest co-operation and the most generous information in his correspondence with German Nietzsche scholars and Nietzsche societies. Another young Frenchman, writing a thesis on Diderot, was told by Diderot's descendants that "for family reasons" it was quite impossible for him to see the large collection of unpublished Diderot manuscripts gathering dust in the attic of their house in a small provincial town. And yet in Leningrad the same young man was given immediate access to the Diderot manuscripts there, welcomed by the Communist custodians in the name of scholarship.

Perhaps the French attitude is best summed up in words uttered by the janitress of the library in which works my friend Mademoiselle Gilberte. The conveniences of that institution are located downstairs, in the janitor's quarters, and to gain access to them I discovered that it is necessary to state your needs to the librarian at the desk in the reading room so that she may telephone downstairs to warn the janitress of your visit. My first day in the library, ignorant of this rule, I approached the area directly, and was met by the janitress with arms akimbo, standing there hostilely glaring. "Who are you, Monsieur?" she fiercely demanded, when I requested admittance. "How do I know you aren't someone who has wandered in from the street? Go upstairs, Monsieur, and have yourself announced! We are not public here, Monsieur! *Nous ne sommes pas publiques ici!*" ⧺

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WE'RE so sure you'll become wedded for life to SET-UP that we've arranged a "trial marriage" between your electric shaver and this new Pinaud preparation!

Here's a perfect match if there ever was one! Pinaud SET-UP, lightly rubbed on your bristles, sets them up in the correct position for your electric shaver to whisk them off quicker . . . closer . . . yet more gently! Try this *modern* comfort combination to take the irritation out of your shaves.

This *special offer* gives you two weeks of face-happy electric shaves . . . plus a coupon good for 10¢ on the regular size SET-UP . . . all for one thin dime! Pick up SET-UP at your nearest drug or department store today. If your dealer can't supply you, mail coupon.

SET-UP

PINAUD E-4
220 East 21st Street, New York City
I go for the "trial marriage" between my electric shaver and SET-UP! Here's 10¢ for the special trial bottle and coupon good for 10¢ on regular bottle.

Name______

Address______

City______ State______

My Dealer is______

PINAUD
NEW YORK PARIS LONDON

"BELIEVE ME—
IT'S TRUE!"

Miracle Elastic

PARIS
GARTERS
-S-T-R-E-T-C-H-
AROUND YOUR WAIST
EVEN IF YOU WEIGH 275 LBS.

They simply won't bind your legs . . . they won't chafe . . . with all their amazing elasticity they won't slip . . . they're as secure as they're gentle. Paris Garters must fit perfectly because you simply adjust them to your leg-size.

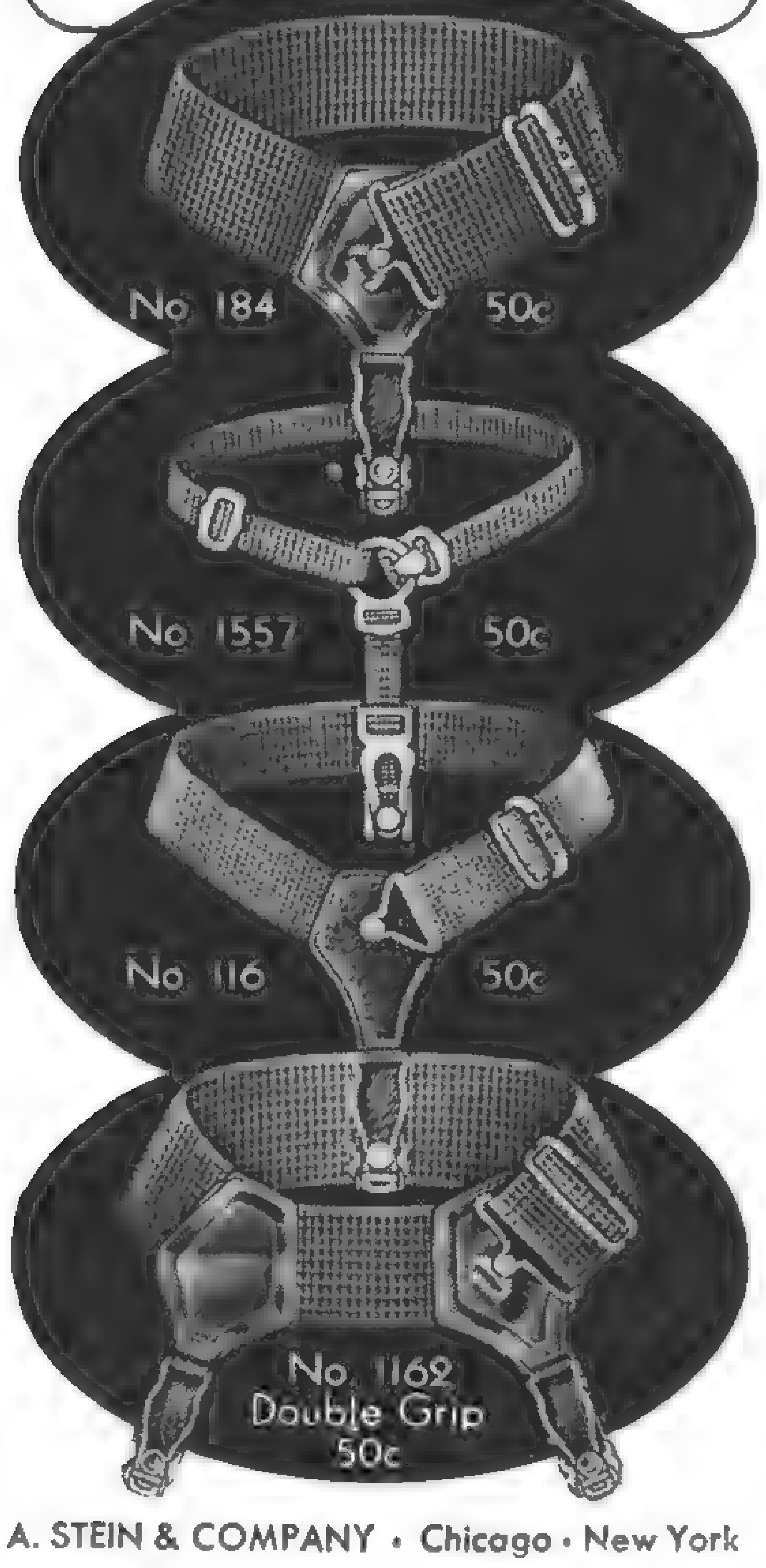
FOR YOUR HEALTH'S SAKE

. . . don't risk uncomfortable tight pressure on your legs . . . a possible danger in many substitutes for Paris Garters, such as some ill-fitting, non-adjustable "self-supporting" sox.

When you wear Paris Garters you're safe . . . you're comfortable . . . you're saving money . . . see the new styles at your dealer's now. 50c and up. Your money back if you're not extremely pleased. Millions of men wear—

PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



A. STEIN & COMPANY • Chicago • New York

Dumas in Hollywood

Continued from page 60

"How have you been, boy? Why don't I hear from you?"

So I can tell right away that he wants something because any time these Hollywood chiselers get palsy-walsy, the only thing to do is to lock up the safe. So I stall.

"I'm okay, Mac," I say. "What's with you?"

So he stalls for a while and then he says, "This boy Wild, where did you pick him up?"

Well, I have been around this racket too long to give my hand away, and I still didn't know what he is leading up to, so I just said, "Oh, I've known him many's the year now, Mac. Why?"

"Well," McCarthy says. "He's a real find. He's a gem. In fact, he's terrific. We are going to do one of his originals right away and he has already started to work on another one."

Well, me, I'm an agent. My mind works only one way.

"So you want to tear up his contract and give him a better one, huh?" I says.

"Well, no," he says. "There's no use rushing it and giving the boy a swelled head. I just thought you would be interested. And if you've got any more like him, why, we can use 'em."

So I says, "I'm amazed at you, Mac. After all these years that we have been doing business together you ought to know better than that. There ain't nothing unusual in me sending you a live one. When I send anybody around to see you, that's all you have to know. Because if they're punks, Nate Pincus don't even bother with 'em."

There's no doubt about it, he's delivering. Option time comes around and they give him a brand new deal, three fifty, and everything's lovely. He blows in some coin for new duds, the wrinkles are so far out of his belly that they ain't even on talking terms, and the kid is sitting on top of the world. Three months more and I have got his money up to four hundred, then four fifty, and by this time I know that there ain't any more doubt about him being an asset to the firm.

And then, just about that time, Joe Eperson comes in to see me.

Joe Eperson, it seems, is a writer, and he wants to get started. Naturally, I ask him what he's ever written and he kind of looks down at his shoes and thinks it over for a while and then he says that he has written quite a lot of good, acceptable moving picture stuff, but he can't tell me what it is.

"What do you mean you can't tell me?" I ask him.

"It's not ethical," he says.

So I lose patience.

"Stop giving me double talk," I say. "I'm a busy man. I can't afford to waste time. If you have ever done anything, and can prove it, we can do business, and if not, we can't. Now, which is it?"

He thinks it over for a while, and then he looks me right straight in the kisser and he says, "Can I talk to you in absolute confidence, Mr. Pincus?"

"Naturally," I says.

"And you won't divulge this information to anyone?" he asks.

"Certainly not," I says.

So he tells me. And what he tells me is so cockeyed, and so screwball that I cannot believe my ears. So I pick up the phone and I put in a call for Jimmy Wild.

"Please don't do that," says this Eperson guy, "you promised not to."

But I don't pay any attention to him. A good client like Jimmy Wild is more important to me than a punk outsider like this. That's the way I am, loyal.

So, anyway, I get Jimmy on the phone and I tell him to come on down to the office right away and he says okay. Then I have a hell of a time holding this Eperson guy. He wants to run, but I won't let him, and finally Jimmy comes in.

He looks at Eperson and he looks at me and he looks back at Eperson and he smiles and says hello. So I can tell right away that he at least knows the guy.

"Jimmy," I says, "this gentleman came in to see me today and told me an amazing story about you. I want you to tell him to his face that he is a liar."

"What did he tell you?" Jimmy asks.

"He told me that he writes all your stuff," I says.

"That's true," Jimmy says. "He does."

It took me about five minutes to get over that one. I just couldn't believe it.

Then Jimmy explained it to me, and the Eperson guy explained it to me, and I began savvying the setup. It seems that Jimmy really can't write. He can't even spell. But when he got to Hollywood he figured it out that the easiest job to get was a job as a writer. So he got one. And he knew Eperson, back in Brooklyn, and knew that Eperson was a good writer but was suffering from hunger, so he sent for the guy and Eperson does all his writing for him. Every night he goes up to see Eperson and Eperson gives him the stuff he wrote that day, and then Jimmy brings it into the studio the next morning and dictates it to his secretary. And that's what they have been doing for a couple of years now, ever since Wild got started.

And also that is why he had to borrow a hundred bucks from me, right at the beginning. So he could send for Eperson.

"Jimmy," I says, when I have got the whole thing clear in my mind, "that's terrible."

"What's wrong with it?" he asks.

"Why," I says. "You are building yourself a reputation on the work of other people."

"Balzac did it," he says.

"Dumas," Eperson says.

"Who?" I says.

"Dumas," Jimmy says. "The

Continued on page 163

Golf Ball In
A Water
Hazard?

GRABBIT!

Even the best pros sometimes drop a short drive into the club's pet water hole. The dubs and average golfers do it too often for comfort.

But it's easy to retrieve it with GRABBIT. Golf balls come high these days —so high that a few rounds with a GRABBIT in your bag will save enough expensive balls to pay its own way.

GRABBIT is a telescoping chromium steel rod that reaches an automatically closing head more than 10 feet to retrieve floating or submerged balls. With the cork handle snug in your hand, you open the spring head, touch it against the ball, and SNAP! back comes the ball for many more holes of play.

If Father plays golf, no gift would please him more than this welcome addition to his set of clubs.

$3.50
At YOUR PRO'S or YOUR FAVORITE GOLF SHOP
COLLAPSED LENGTH 36 inches . fits in your golf bag
REACHES 107 INCHES (Plus length of arm)

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Enclosed is $3.50 for one postpaid chromium finished steel GRABBIT golf ball retriever. I understand that if I am not satisfied my money will be refunded.

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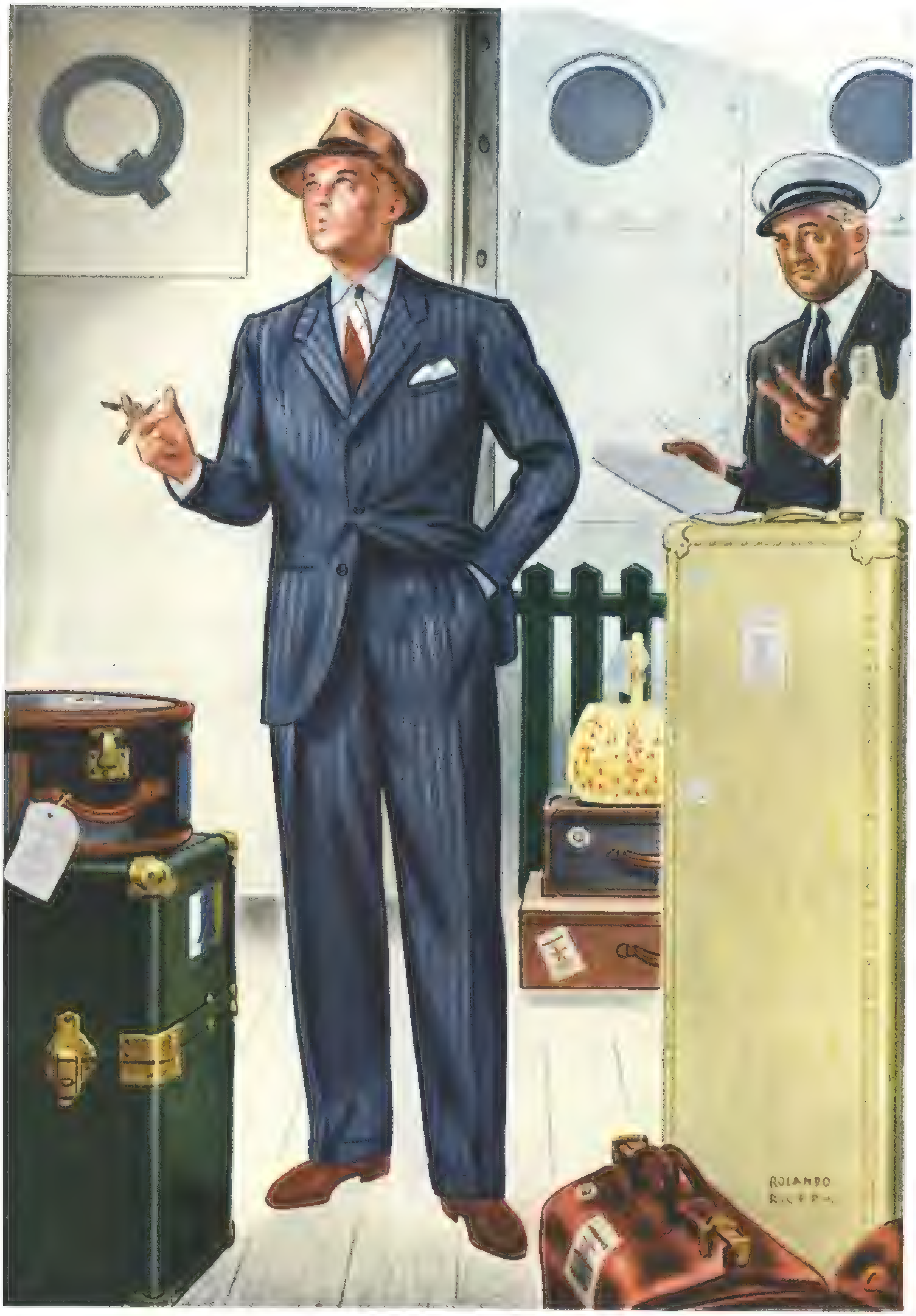
City.................State.............

PRO and DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED



Just an old American custom...

HE'LL be late for his radio program, if that mean old customs officer doesn't hurry up. But at least he won't have to take time to change, because the outfit he's wearing is not only ideal for traveling but first-rate for town wear. The suit in marine blue with spaced double white stripes is of flannel or tropical worsted in the now popular three-button notched lapel single breasted model. A sensible summer choice, it eliminates any excuse for a waistcoat when worn with the two top buttons closed. The jacket follows the lines of the British Blade model, affording maximum comfort by virtue of the extra fullness at the shoulderblades in back. The shirt is of lightweight madras with cutaway collar attached, worn with a colorful plaid tie. Lightweight felt semi-sports hat with tweed band and reverse calf shoes on a town last complete the outfit. In addition to its appropriateness for summer travel and business wear, the suit is in the semi-sports tradition and is therefore also correct for spectator sports wear. And a smart combination for Sunday wear at a resort could be made out of the jacket of this suit plus a pair of white flannel trousers.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Dumas in Hollywood

Continued from pages 60-161

French writer. He did it. He had a whole army of guys writing stuff for him that he published under his own name."

"That's different," I says. "He was a foreigner."

"That is not the point," Eperson says. "There is nothing wrong in the practice, but Dumas paid his writers well."

"I don't know," says Jimmy, "When I brought you from Brooklyn you weren't getting anywhere and now I'm giving you fifty dollars a week. That's pretty good money."

"But you get a great deal more," Eperson says, "I understand you get three or four times as much."

"I'm the brains of the outfit," Jimmy says.

"And anyway," Eperson says, "I want billing."

So I can see it's time for me to butt in.

"Are you two guys still friends?" I ask.

"Certainly," the two of them say.

"And there ain't no hard feelings?" I ask.

"Certainly not," they say.

"But you want to go out on your own, huh?" I ask.

"That's right," Eperson says.

"And how about you, Jimmy?" I ask. "How do you feel about it?"

"Well," Jimmy says, "I'll be sorry to lose him, but I can't afford to pay more money. I'm having a tough time making both ends meet now. Besides, I know where I can get plenty of writers for that kind of coin—and maybe even cheaper."

So that makes it easy. I make the kids promise not to say anything about it, because what people don't know don't hurt them, and I get Eperson a job at Titanic as a writer on his own at a hundred bucks to start, and I figure I'm that much ahead because I now get commission from two guys instead of one.

And everything would have ended right then and there, and would have been fine, if it wasn't for this Gertie Miller. She's the dame who started the whole trouble. She's the one who Jimmy put on as his new writer.

And Gertie would have been okay, too, if that dumb secretary of mine had not made a mistake.

Gertie worked for Jimmy on the q.t. for about a year and a half and everything was coming along fine. Jimmy did some of his best writing that year, when Gertie was doing his writing for him, and he was building himself a real sock reputation in Hollywood.

So much so that we made a brand new deal with Titanic and got Jimmy eight hundred bucks a week.

So when we got that new contract I was feeling pretty good and the same day, it happens, a reporter from *Variety* comes in. And that is the mistake that Sadie made. She should never have let him into the office. Because, naturally, once he was there I had to be polite and talk to him. And then I told him about the new contract.

"I got Jimmy Wild a new contract at Titanic," I said.

"Oh, yeah?" he said. "How much?"

"Well," I said. "Don't quote me, but it's for fifteen hundred a week."

And naturally, the guy double-crossed me, like all them newspaper guys do, and printed it. I will give him credit, he was nice about it. He put in my name and said that I had negotiated this big new deal and so forth, but still and all, that kind of stuff should not be printed, it's nobody's business and the only thing it can do is get you into trouble, like this story did, and I probably should have known better than to tell the guy about it, but it never even occurred to me that he would print it. And besides, like I said before, what has a guy like me got a secretary for, if not to protect him from parasites like newspapermen?

So anyway, what happened is that right away, as soon as this story appeared, the Miller dame got on the phone.

She wanted more money and she was gonna tell Titanic and she was gonna tell the world and she was gonna do this and she was gonna do that.

So I says, "Look, Miss Miller. We are not unreasonable about it. We got a raise, we'll give you a raise. We'll give you seventy-five a week from now on."

Like all dames, she's dumb. She can't see it.

"It's with my work," she says, "that he is getting fifteen hundred a week, and he isn't doing a stitch of labor. I do not intend to tolerate such a situation any longer."

"You seem to forget," I told her, "that Jimmy Wild is paying ten per cent commission and you are not paying any. You can keep every cent of your salary."

Well, for some strange reason, that burns her up even more. She goes right over to the Titanic lot and she gets in to see some people and she shoots off her mouth, and there is hell to pay.

Bill Meyer, the big boss at Titanic, sends for me. But quick.

Jimmy is there, and McCarthy is there, and the Miller dame is there, and they are all four looking at me like as if I'm strictly poison.

"What is all this, Mr. Pincus?" old man Meyer asks me. "What is the truth of this fantastic story that I have been hearing?"

So I tell him. In a situation like that I believe in always telling the truth, and nothing but the truth.

"Miss Miller has been helping Jimmy a little bit with some of his writing," I says.

"She tells me that she's been doing all of the writing," old man Meyer says.

"Well, yeah," I says. "I guess she really has written a good deal

Continued on page 164

DEL MONTE
The New Exclusive Silk Sport Shirt
$6.50
Cream-Ivory shade

An imported heavy silk in a model approved by sportsmen, featuring a lower slope and double cuff with a long center pleat.

Visitors to the World's Fair are cordially invited to our store, noted for exclusive new styles. Color booklet illustrating the new styles and samples sent on request

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Fine English Brushes

The pick of the world's best brushes. Their unusual beauty and durability are the result of five generations of brush-making experience. Other London House Brushes for bath, hand, hair, teeth, shaving, and clothes.

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Dumas in Hollywood

Continued from pages 60-161-163

of it, but Jimmy polishes it all up and makes it good."

"All he has got is a pencil," says the Miller pain.

"Is that true?" old man Meyer asks Jimmy.

"I guess so," says Jimmy. "I never did learn how to handle a typewriter."

"Isn't all this unethical?" old man Meyer asks me.

"I don't think so," I says. "Balzac did it."

"Dumas," Jimmy says.

"Who?" old man Meyer asks.

"Dumas," I says, "the great French writer. He did it."

"Oh?" old man Meyer says.

"Yeah," I says, "Dumas always had other guys writing his stuff and he published it under his own name."

"Really?" old man Meyer says. "And how long has this been going on?"

"What, Dumas?" I ask.

"No, Wild," he says.

"Ever since he's been with Titanic," I says.

"And how long has he been with Titanic?" he asks.

"About three years," McCarthy says.

"And Miss Miller has been doing the actual writing all this time?" he asks.

"No, only about a year," Jimmy says. "I had someone else writing my stuff before her."

"And how much do you pay Miss Miller?" old man Meyer asks.

"Seventy-five dollars a week," Jimmy says.

"And you are now dissatisfied with that?" he asks Miss Miller.

"Yes," she says.

"Will you work for Titanic for one hundred?" he asks her.

"A hundred and fifty," she says.

"She'll take a hundred if you give her billing," Jimmy says.

"Will you?" old man Meyer asks.

"Yes," she says.

So old man Meyer busts out laughing, and he slaps me on the back, and he slaps Jimmy on the back, and he slaps McCarthy on the back and I never seen him feel so good.

When he gets through laughing, he looks at Jimmy and he says, "You're fired."

Well, naturally, we expected it. But still and all, coming like that, right on top of a big laugh—well, it was quite a shock.

But he didn't let us suffer long.

"You're fired," he says again. "We can't waste a man of your talents in the writing department. We'll make you a producer. You've got real executive ability, son. You should go far in this business."

"Say When" to Your Son

Continued from page 93

answers. If it is true that you are a hero to your son, do not let him down with an evasion or with the unsound preachment that the use of certain beverages may be all right for you but not for him. If he is worth his salt, he will want another answer to that one. For he will know that it is only a matter of an arbitrary thing called time, that separates you two, and that with the twirling of the hands of the clock, that will also be changed.

The writer belongs to the school that believes that a little bit of truth wherever possible beats all the subterfuge in the world. Tell your son then, that the use of liquor, in moderation, at the proper times can be, and is a part of organized living. And in pointing out its virtues, also point out that like all good things, its very virtue lies in its sensible use. Remind him, as he has probably learned from experience with overeating his favorite food, there can be "too much of a good thing."

As a matter of hard fact the problem is not nearly as forbidding as some of the bluenoses who write tracts would like us to believe. There are so many things ahead of youth, so many experiences before them, so many things to try out in a cockeyed world, that the very excitement of being a part of the twentieth century is enough to keep the mainspring of their interest and vitality taut. There's a new generation and there is no sense in biology or history unless it shows that each succeeding generation is better than the one that gave it being.

It is an old newspaper gag that the advice to lovelorn department is run by a crusty old bachelor and misanthrope. So it is usually assumed that those who write giving advice, usually dispense it from the book rather than from life. In this particular your correspondent knows what he is talking about, having in his time been both a son and a father. The personal note is entered in the record, for in fulfilling the latter role, the writer had to assume a part sharply contrasting with the lines and situations of the earlier phase of his drama. Reared in a state that cradled Carrie Nation (who chopped down bars with a hatchet) among other fanatics, he was taught that liquor was synonymous with the words crime and sin. Even your schoolbooks were tainted with chapters about the monster stalking the land. Every now and then, at a Dutch picnic, or at holiday times when the plum pudding was brought in alight, you had the taste of this forbidden fruit. It was pretty good, in the sample. You can imagine the curiosity, the inventive genius and the time that was taken out of homework and that went into the pursuit of the Lorelei. If Carrie Nation and her ilk hated the thing, it must have rare virtues. All in all it was a tedious and silly way of becoming familiar with another name for a chemical formula. It was not until you had mastered the formulas in Chemistry II that you realized the hoax the state had put across on you—that all along you had partaken of liquor in your spring tonics and even in your daily bread.

The role in the second act came much easier and the performance was better because it stuck closer to life and the realities. The young man of my fable was taken to France at the age of ten. In a boarding school along with his history and his mathematics, he was given a daily portion of a good wine at his luncheon. It would have caused great consternation and wonder, if not an international crisis, if I had demanded water instead of wine for the boy. So I didn't try. In the late afternoons, along the boulevards, he sat with other children at one end of the sidewalk terrace and had his lemon presse or raspberry soda. Or he joined me if he wished, and took what he liked. There being no restrictions, no taboos, no moral issues, he stuck to what he liked. At Christmas time and on the occasion of the great French family parties (ah me, the French were always having those parties) he took things as they came and as a matter of course. A brave sight, those French family parties, sixteen to twenty at a table, with usually a great-grandfather at one end and a chit of three or four at the other, the champagne passing from lip to lip as the toasts went round. The youth were given their portion, as no one would think of leaving them out of the general celebration. And I am one of the army that has never seen a native drunk on the Continent.

All this about father. Now to the sons: if you are past adolescence you no doubt have been schooled about the whys and wherefores, the ethics and social aspects of drinking. One thing you may have overlooked, in your brave new world, is something that is a part of your father and that has not yet come into your life. That is our old friend, nostalgia. It is pretty difficult for youth to see anything but the humorous side of nostalgia. But it plays an important part in the fantasy of adults, it is a definite pattern in the fringe of half-forgotten or illusory things that make up so much a part of our life. So, on Father's Day, stake the old man to nostalgia and ask him to share it with you. Take him around to one of those old-fashioned bars that flourished in his youth, still preserved in so many of our cities. Let him indulge himself for a moment in the magic of familiar things. Then take him to one of the new, modern places of mirrors and chromium. One of you may be surprised.

To one who has seen both kinds of establishments, we believe the young man of today has a better setup than his father. Outside of the greater hotels, such as the Shoreham in Washington, the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia, the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, the Palmer House in Chicago, to name only a few, the old-time bar was no great shakes. Constructed in an age where concealment was a virtue, in habits as well as fashions, most of them were very dark and not too comfortable. We much prefer the modern manifestation, with the windows open, the place air-conditioned, the appointments sheer and sanitary, yes even if we have to take a few women alongside on the stools. The American has learned not to be ashamed of pleasure.

Or if you wish quietly to celebrate at home, it might be a good idea to do a little shopping at your favorite dealer. Perhaps he can help you with your father's tastes in the matter, if you are not sure yourself. For remember that your father has learned that excellence is the price of integrity and pleasure should not be cheapened. Always name your brand and see that you get what you want. As a handy guide we have appended a few suggestions in the way of gift baskets, starting with a moderate purse up to some more expensive gifts. Put the gift at his place at the table and await the warm smile of his appreciation. When the bottles are opened, lift your glass to that old, old toast—A good father makes a good son.

If you know the tastes of your dad in the matter of liquor, you will know what will please him best as a remembrance of the day set aside for him. But if you are in doubt, there is appended a list of appropriate suggestions.

For the intervals when he feels like having a Martini:

1 French Vermouth
1 Dry Gin

Or a Manhattan:

1 Blended Whiskey
1 Italian Vermouth
1 Bitters

To fill in his shelf of liqueurs—a bottle of any, some, or all of these:

1 Bénédictine
1 Grand Marnier
1 Apricot Brandy
1 Cointreau
1 Curaçao
1 Green Chartreuse
1 Cherry Brandy
1 Kümmel
1 Anisette
1 Drambuie
1 Crème de Menthe—both green and white
1 B. & B.

For his friends who are devotees of that noble drink—the Mint Julep:

6 quarts of good Bourbon

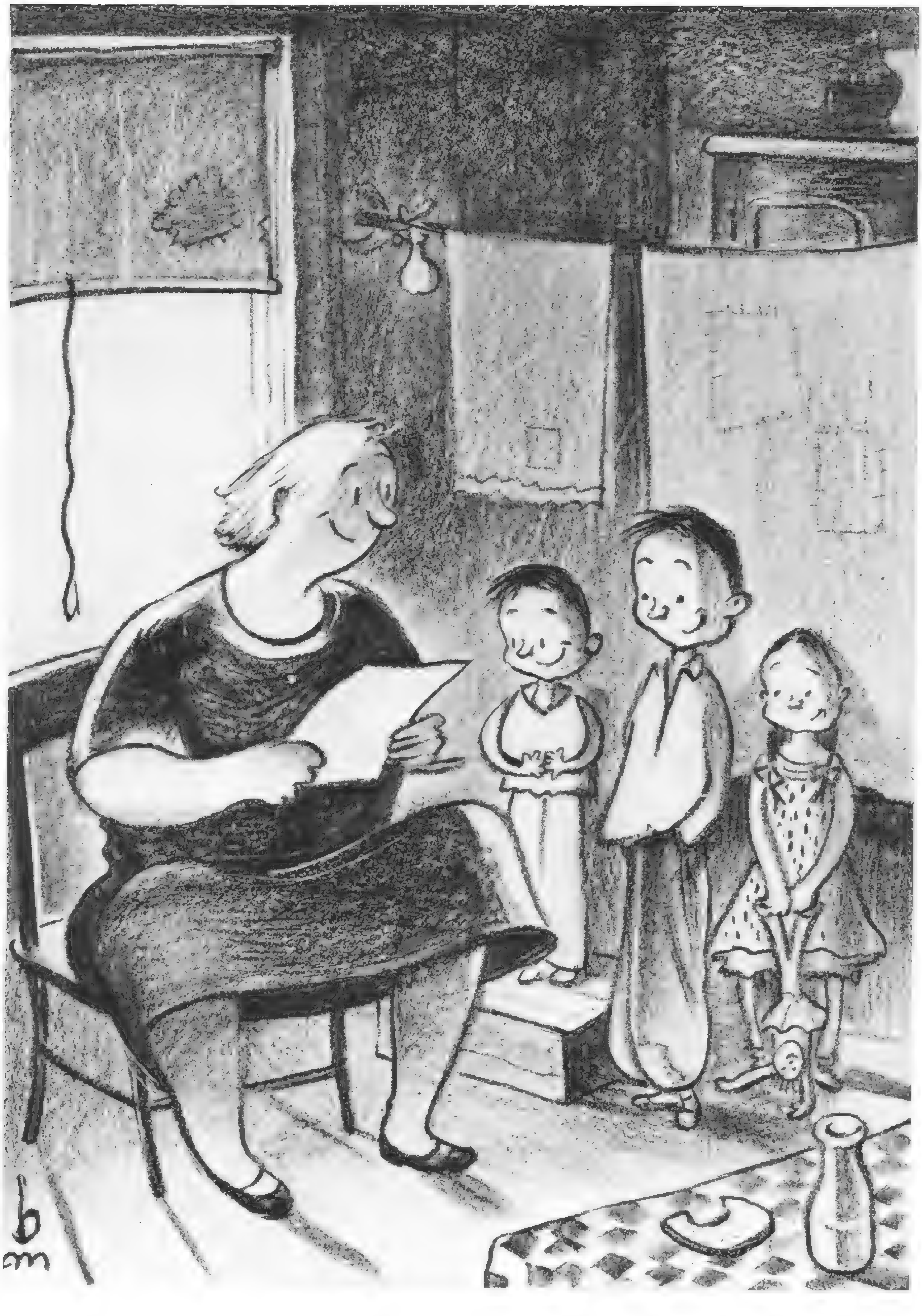
For his great moments:

½ case of Champagne—vintages of '23, '26, '28, '29, '33

If his tastes run to the all-American:

1 Spirit Blend Whiskey

Continued on page 166



"Guess what, children—your father's been made a trusty"

New!

PIPE MAJOR

An English Mixture

Here's a different English Mixture- rich & aromatic, yet astonishingly mild. One trial is proof. In Pipe Major rare tobaccos like Perique & Latakia are "wedded" with utmost care to the world's mildest burleys. The result is the kind of flavour enjoyed at Oxford & fine English clubs- with a mildness you never dreamed of.

"YOUR PIPE MAJOR"

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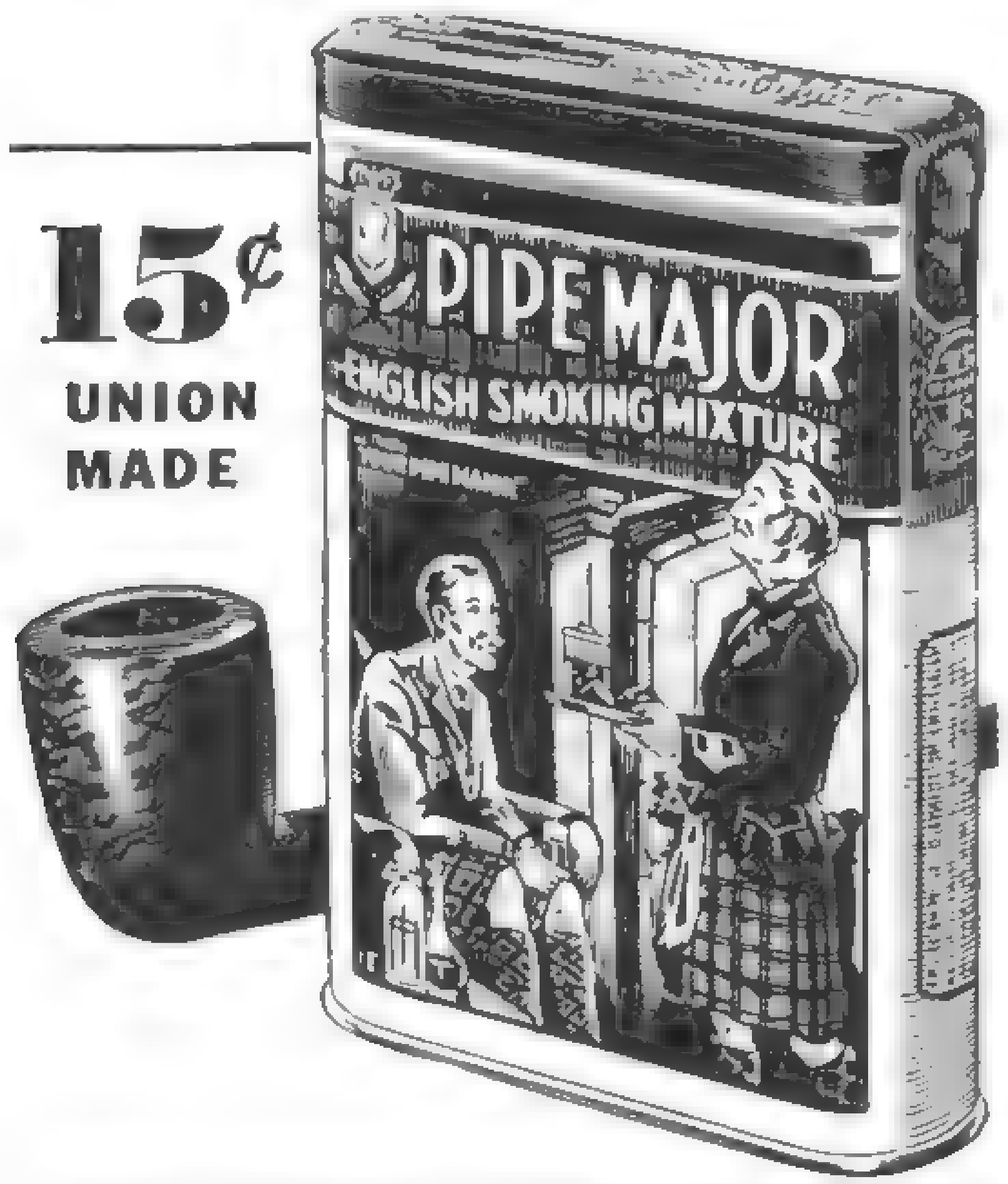

A NEW BROWN & WILLIAMSON PRODUCT

"Say When" to Your Son

Continued from pages 93-164

1 Blended Bourbon Whiskey
1 Blended Rye Whiskey
1 Bonded Bourbon
1 Bonded California Brandy
1 Applejack
1 New England Rum
1 Bonded Rye

For him to try out that popular newcomer—Gin 'n Tonic:

1 case Indian Tonic Water
6 Dry Gin

For his wine cellar:

1 Cruse Pontet Canet '28
1 Chateau Latour '20
1 Chateau Yquem Crème de Tête, '21
1 Musigny, Comte de Vogue, '28
1 Grand Montrachet, Comte de Moucheron, '28

For his lighter moments:

1 Sherry
1 Port
1 Dubonnet

For those occasions when he wants to make an impression:

1 20-year-old Cognac
1 12-year-old Scotch

For his after-dinner use:

1 Madeira
1 very old Port
1 nut cracker with bowl

If he likes Rum, a bottle each of:

Puerto Rican Rum
Jamaica Rum
New England Rum
Bacardi
Martinique Rum

For a general replenishment of his cellar:

1 Rye
1 Bourbon
1 Rum
1 Scotch
1 Cognac
1 Gin

For his Scotch-consuming friends:

1 10-year-old Scotch
1 8-year-old Scotch
1 12-year-old Scotch

For him to sample our increasingly satisfactory domestic products:

1 case (12 bottles) assorted American Wines—both sweet and dry

And here are some of the drinks that he favored in the bars of the 'Nineties up to the teens.

FULL HOUSE

Dash of Bitters
⅓ Yellow Chartreuse
⅓ Bénédictine
⅓ Apple Whiskey

DR. COOK

Juice ½ Lemon
White of one Egg
Two dashes Maraschino
¾ Gin (claret glass)

EMERSON

Juice ½ Lime
Small teaspoon Maraschino
⅓ Italian Vermouth
⅓ Tom Gin (stir)

DELMONICO

Dash of Orange Bitters
½ French Vermouth
½ Gin
2 slices Orange Peel

DEWEY

Dash of Orange Bitters
½ Gin
½ French Vermouth

CLOVER CLUB

Juice ½ Lemon
½ spoon Sugar
½ pony Raspberry Syrup
¼ pony White of Egg
1 jigger Gin (star glass)

CHOCOLATE SOLDIER

⅓ Dubonnet
⅔ Gin
Dash of Lime Juice

COMMODORE

½ teaspoon Sugar
One dash Lemon Juice
White of one Egg
One drink of Bacardi Rum
One dash of Grenadine
One dash of Raspberry Syrup

CORNELL

½ French Vermouth
½ Gin

HARVARD

Dash of Orange Bitters
2/5 jigger Brandy
3/5 Italian Vermouth (stir)
Fill from chilled siphon

HEARST

One dash Orange Bitters
One dash Angostura Bitters
½ jigger Italian Vermouth
½ jigger Gin

HOFFMAN HOUSE

Two dashes Orange Bitters
⅓ French Vermouth
⅔ Gin
Squeeze Lemon Peel on top

MARCONI WIRELESS

Two dashes Orange Bitters
⅓ Italian Vermouth
⅔ Applejack

MERRY WIDOW

½ French Vermouth
½ Dubonnet

PEG O' MY HEART

½ Lime Juice
½ Cuban Rum
Color with Grenadine

RACQUET CLUB

Dash of Orange Bitters
½ Gin
½ French Vermouth
Orange Peel

SEPTEMBER MORN

Juice of one Lime
One jigger Rum
White of one Egg (claret glass)
Color with Grenadine

UNION LEAGUE

Dash of Orange Bitters
⅓ Port Wine
⅔ Tom Gin (stir)

YALE

Dash of Orange Bitters
½ Tom Gin
½ Italian Vermouth (stir)
Little Seltzer on top

ZAZA

2 dashes Orange Bitters
⅓ Tom Gin
⅔ Dubonnet (stir)

WHITE ELEPHANT

⅓ Italian Vermouth
⅔ Dry Gin
White of one Egg

PRINCETON

Dash of Orange Bitters
⅔ jigger Tom Gin
Stir; fill with Seltzer

GIBSON GIRL

½ French Vermouth
½ Dry Tom Gin (stir)
Squeeze Lemon Peel on top

BROWN

Two dashes Orange Bitters
½ French Vermouth
½ Whiskey

TRILBY

Dash of Orange Bitters
⅓ French Vermouth
⅔ Tom Gin
1 dash of Crème Yvette

CHICAGO

Juice of ¼ Lemon
½ spoon Sugar

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White of one Egg
½ jigger Jamaica Rum
½ jigger Port Wine
Ice, shake, serve in eight-ounce glass, fill up with soda

Free Silver

Juice ¼ Lemon
⅓ spoon Sugar
⅔ Tom Gin
⅓ Jamaica Rum
½ pony Milk
Ice, shake and serve in tall glass, fill up with soda

Floradora

Juice ½ Lime
½ teaspoon Sugar
½ pony Raspberry Syrup
1 jigger Gin
Frappé, fizz with ginger ale and serve in Tom Collins Glass

Ward 8

1 spoon Grenadine
Juice ½ Lemon
½ spoon Sugar
½ pony Water
1 jigger Whiskey
Ice, stir well and serve in Delmonico glass ⧻

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 79

High School auditorium for a recital by Miss Anderson.

February 20th, 1939

Jascha Heifetz, famed violinist, after his concert at Constitution Hall, admits to feeling "really uncomfortable" out there on the platform. "To think that this very hall in which I played today has been barred to a great singer because of her race made me feel ashamed."

The Board of Education is picketed by the Marian Anderson Protest Committee, a procedure of protest which has not been used against the Board in eighteen years.

Representatives of 24 organizations, national and local, organized a steering committee . . . Thousands of signatures are affixed to a petition emphatically protesting the action of the Board. "We regard such action," it stated, "as contrary to the spirit of democracy, and as a backward step in development of interracial good will in the District of Columbia."

February 22nd, 1939

William H. Osborn, president of the American Union for Democracy, wires Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., of the D. A. R.: "This action occurring as it does between the anniversaries of the births of our country's two most revered Presidents, Washington and Lincoln, makes a mockery of the ideals for which they struggled, and which every patriotic American should make his own. It subverts the clear meaning of the United States Constitution and particularly the Bill of Rights, and places your organization, composed of descendants of those who fought to make America the land of freedom in the camp of those who today seek to destroy democracy, justice and liberty."

Mr. Walter Damrosch recalls that he had first heard of the restrictive clause when he had proposed to bring the Hampton Institute singers to Washington to be the choir in his production of *Oh, Captain, My Captain.* He had been obliged to change his plan, he said, and to engage a white choir. *No proposition has ever been received from Mr. Damrosch nor has he ever presented a program in Constitution Hall. The Hampton Institute singers did appear in Constitution Hall, March 21, 1931.*

Newspaper editorials recall that President Roosevelt recently reminded the D. A. R. that they spring from "immigrants and revolutionaries," and that Mrs. Roosevelt, upon hearing Marian Anderson at a private recital in the White House, reported: "My husband and I had a rare treat in listening to Marian Anderson. I have rarely heard a more beautiful and moving voice, or a more finished artist. Our guests enjoyed her as much as we did."

February 24th, 1939

S. Hurok states that Miss Anderson will give a concert in the open air within earshot of Constitution Hall. "This concert will be free to all music lovers and believers in true democracy," he said. "Let the walls of Constitution Hall tremble at one of the most shocking violations of constitutional rights which I have ever experienced in my twenty-five years as an impresario in America. This is a clear case of racial discrimination in defiance of the Bill of Rights. All my efforts to have the ban lifted have been futile, and what is worse, the infection has spread, for now the Board of Education in Washington has refused the use of the Central High School auditorium. But at least in the open square, where I plan to have Miss Anderson sing, she will find the air freer to breathe."

February 26th, 1939

Mrs. Roosevelt resigns from the D. A. R.

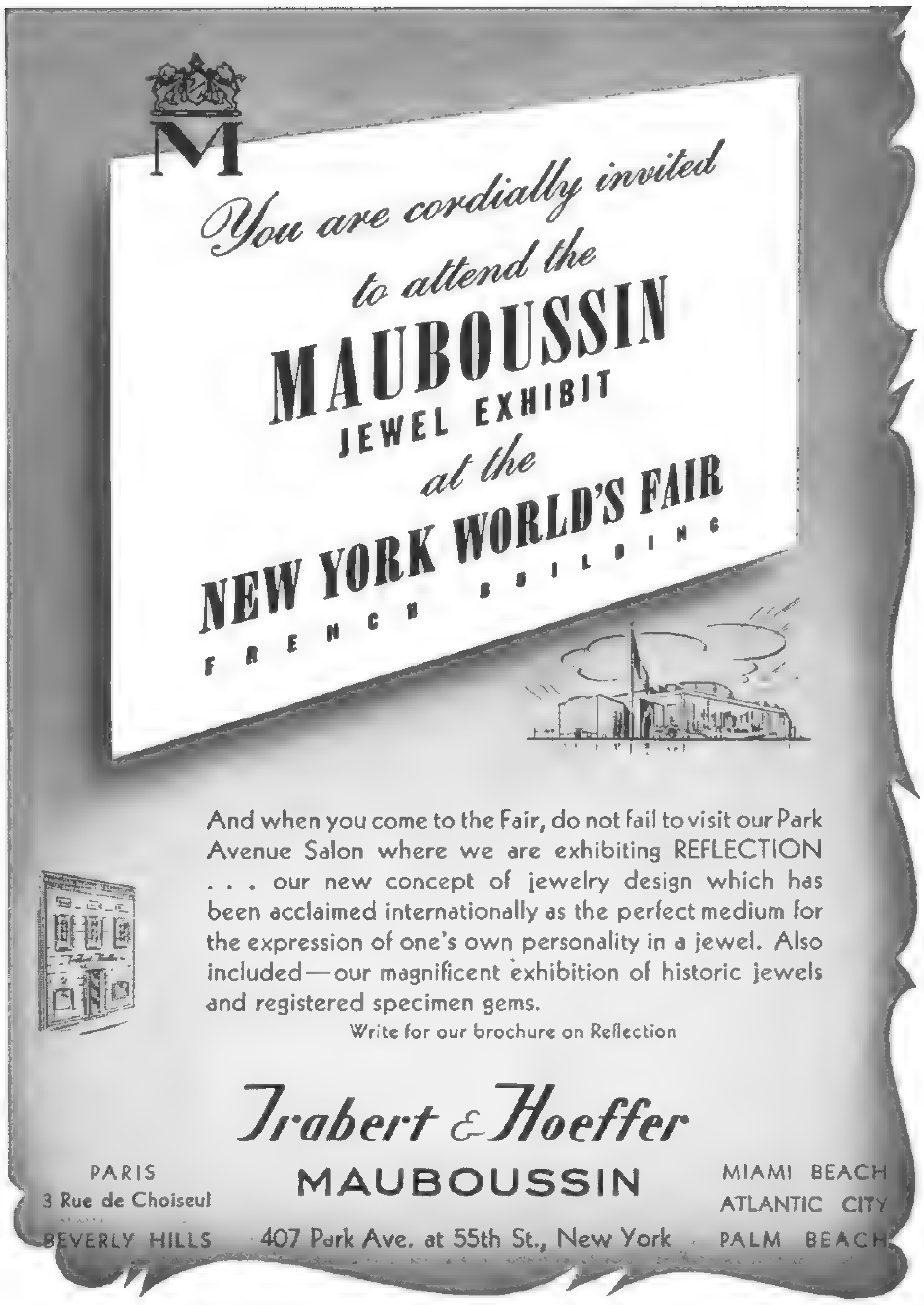
* * *

This released the gutters of publicity. Club women wrote letters, columnists wisecracked, newspapapers editorialized, congressmen and senators jumped on the band wagon. *L'affaire Anderson* rivaled Hitler's coups as a front page item. The Institute of Public Opinion thought it important enough to warrant a survey and reported that 67% of the public approved Mrs. Roosevelt's action.

In Washington, the Marian Anderson Citizens' Committee induced the District of Columbia Board of Education to reverse itself. On March 3, 1939, the Board voted—6 to 2—to allow Miss Anderson to sing in a "white" high school auditorium provided that it was given "positive and definite assurance and agreement that the concession will not be taken as a precedent and that the Board of Education will not again be asked to depart from the principle of a dual system of schools and school facilities."

Subsequently, the sponsors of the concert "accepted" the use of the white high school auditorium minus the "humiliating conditions

Continued on page 169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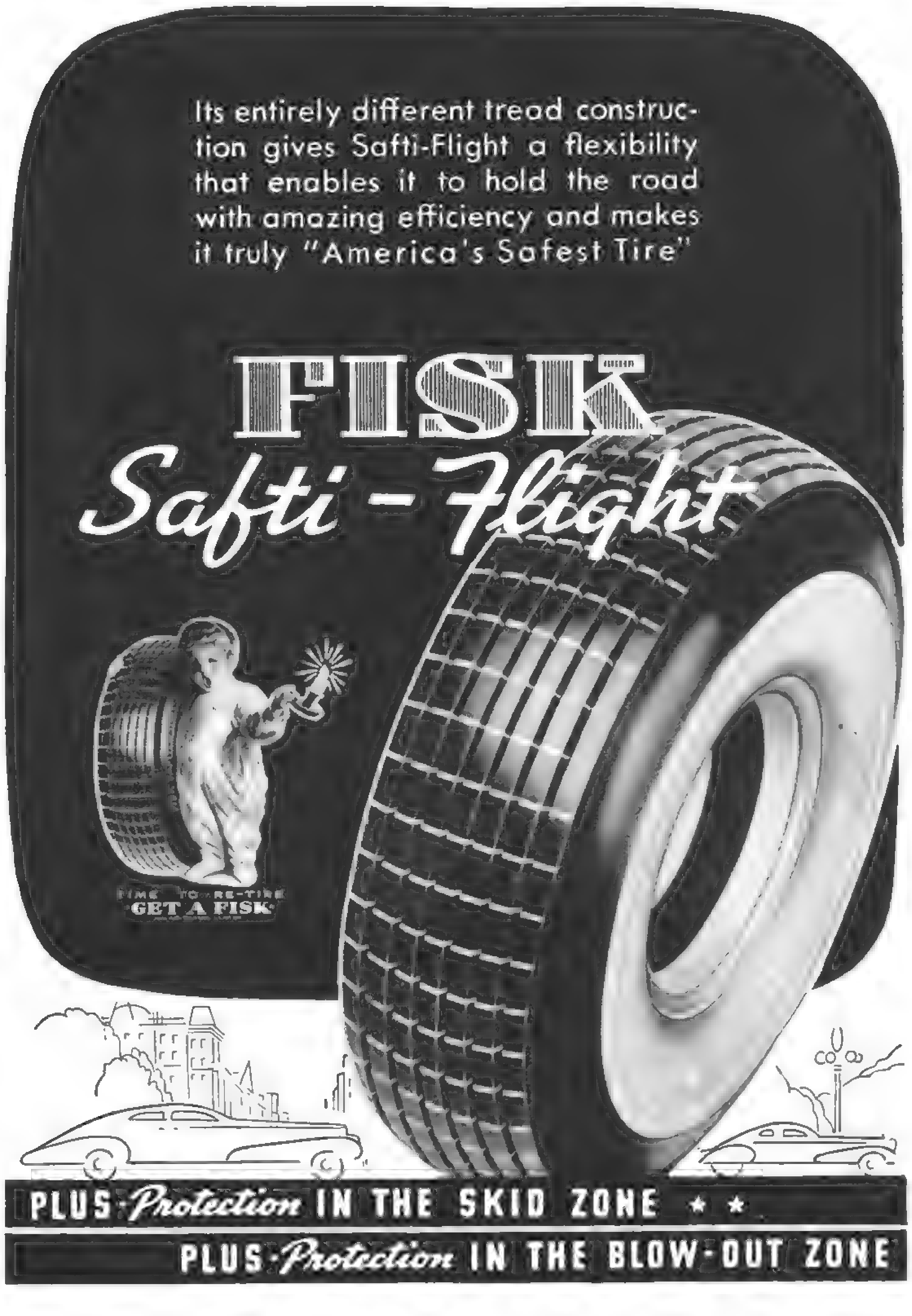
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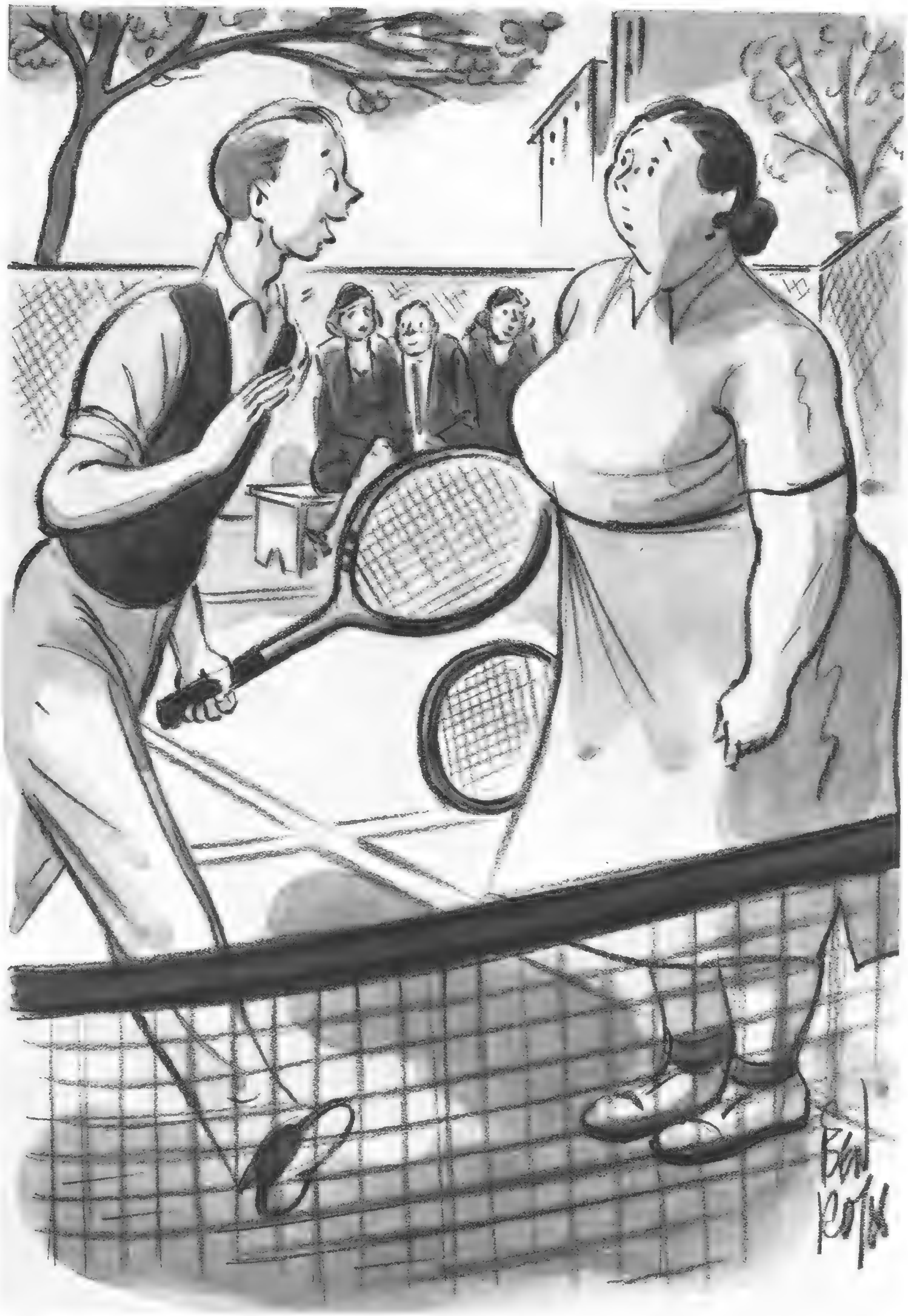


"Splendid, Miss Smith, splendid. You're beginning to swing much closer to the ball"

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 79-167

attached." The Superintendent of Schools of the District of Columbia promptly thereupon withdrew the offer and made the auditorium "unavailable."

On March 29th, James P. McGranery, member of the House of Representatives from Miss Anderson's district in Philadelphia, introduced a resolution in Congress asking for an investigation of the District of Columbia Board of Education.

The next day Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes granted permission for Marian Anderson to sing Easter Sunday on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial, saying: "This seems to me to be a good use of the public facilities."

Prominent politicians were announced as "sponsors" of the concert. On Good Friday, Allen J. Ellender, Democratic Senator from Louisiana, attacked Secretary Ickes for "setting a bad precedent," and criticized the manager of Federal buildings for ordering all available building guards on duty Easter Sunday.

On Easter Sunday Marian Anderson sang for an estimated audience of 75,000 on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial. She began with *My Country, 'Tis of Thee* and ended with *Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen.*

The next day Miss Anderson returned to Philadelphia, was feted at a reception that had aspects of a political rally. Presided over by a Pennsylvania State Representative, many things were said that had little to do with music. One speaker singled out a certain Washington official who had been invited and who didn't attend Miss Anderson's concert—and shouted to the crowd: "We'll remember you, Mr. X—!"

In Washington, Mrs. Roosevelt stated that Miss Anderson would probably be invited to sing for the King and Queen of England. On April 13th, Miss Anderson sang a recital in her home town—the first ever to be sold out. On April 16th, she appeared at Carnegie Hall with a police squad on guard and had her first ride in the "Mayor's car."

* * *

In all this, the real issues are not very clear. Republicans accused Mrs. Roosevelt of vote-getting. *Time* magazine said: "To appeasement of Negro voters, Mrs. Roosevelt also contributed . . . promised to appear this summer on a program with Miss Anderson in Richmond, Va." Rival impresarios intimated Manager Hurok didn't want an auditorium, that he purposely maneuvered to get the open-air concert and resultant publicity for her. Mr. Hurok called the D.A.R. "Fascists." The Christian Defenders of American Heritage passed out a scurrilous pamphlet to patrons of the Monte Carlo Ballet (managed by Sol Hurok), stating: "The use of a great artist, as the instrumentality for bringing in the RACE ISSUE through the colored people is most reprehensible and reeks of communist hypocrisy."

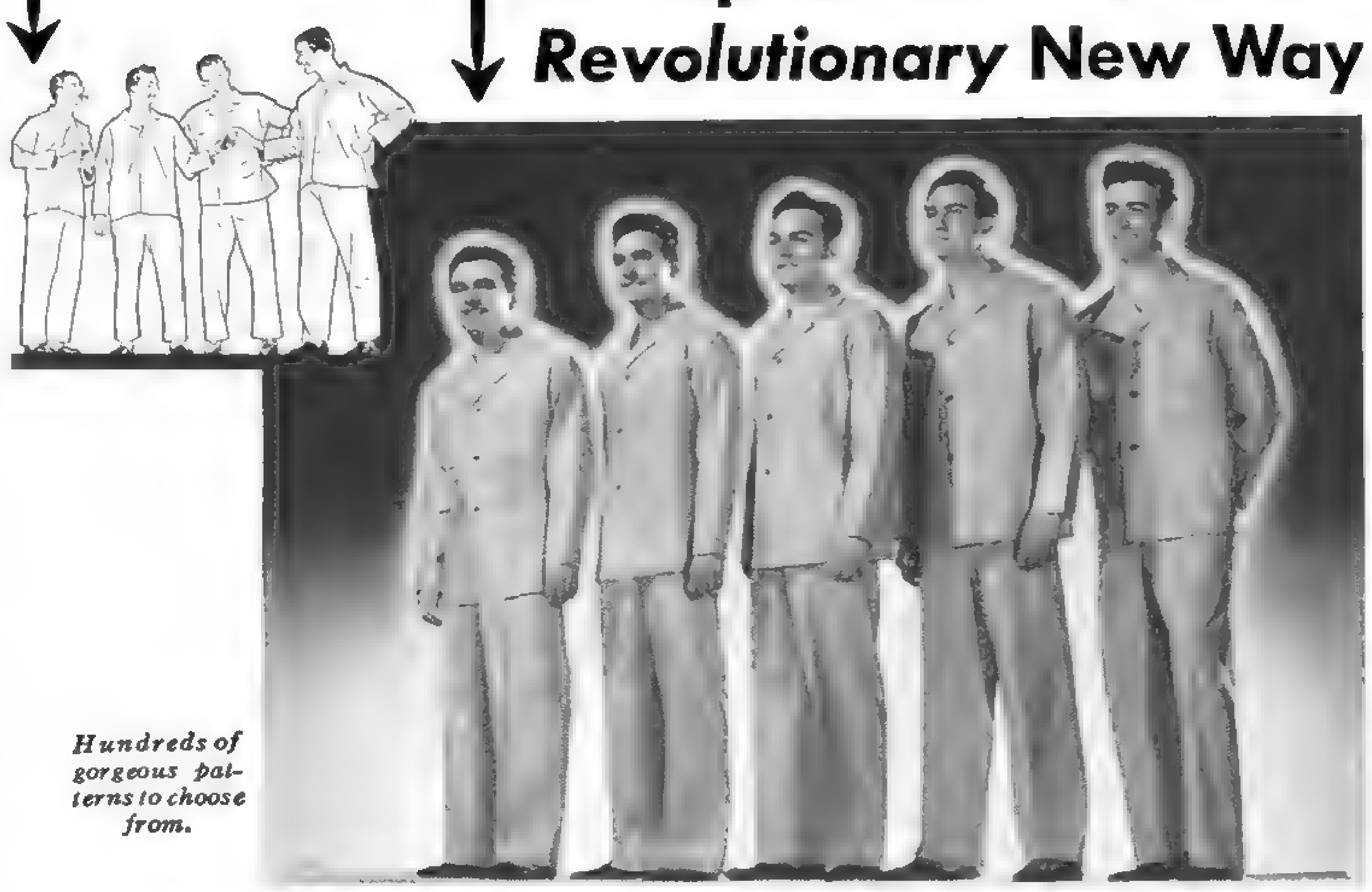
There is certainly more in *l'affaire Anderson* than appears on the surface. It was not merely a matter of finding a hall for Miss Anderson in Washington. Nor were the D. A. R. alone to blame. The Lincoln Theater, belonging to the Negroes, has a capacity of 1,800—equal to that of the white high school auditorium. It could have been used, but the sponsors wanted the concert elsewhere. They saw a good opportunity to force the issue of racial equality. Washington ground hogs heard in the distance the firm voice of Walter White, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

The D. A. R. pointed out that not only did the District of Columbia Board of Education refuse Howard University but also the Belasco, the National, and Loew's Capitol theatres were asked for and were "not available." Negotiations with the Rialto also failed. "This proves," said Mrs. Robert, Jr., "that our decision was rooted in District of Columbia customs. An exception would have been in violation of signed agreements for all similar properties in Washington."

The fact is: Negroes and whites are not treated alike in our national capital. Nor are they elsewhere. The best New York hotels refuse to accept Marian Anderson as a guest. For years she went to a Harlem Y. W. C. A. after her New York recitals. Now she stays at the liberal and literati-patronized Algonquin. In other cities it is said she has had to use the freight elevator to get to her room. She is not wanted in any hotel dining room. She does not eat in any Pullman diner in the North or the South. She is a Negress . . . and must be segregated, for, let us admit it, we have never accorded social equality to the Negroes.

Music is one of the supreme creations of man. It should be preserved as a sanctuary above the jealousies and strife of individual, racial, and national hatreds. This fact needs constant reiteration, for if we are not wary, we will soon be persuaded that because Mussolini bombs the Albanians we should not listen to Verdi or Ezio Pinza; because we hate Hitler, we must ban the music of Richard Strauss, as we have banned Furtwängler.

The most reassuring fact . . . and to lovers of music the most important . . . is that through this scandal, Marian Anderson kept her composure and her integrity. No matter what was done to her and for her, her faith and her humility and her art remained intact and untouched. Would that we were as wise as she and used music as she does—to cross frontiers of hatred, to rise above misunderstanding and prejudice . . . in short, to gain entrance to that unparalleled land of beauty and love and equality. ###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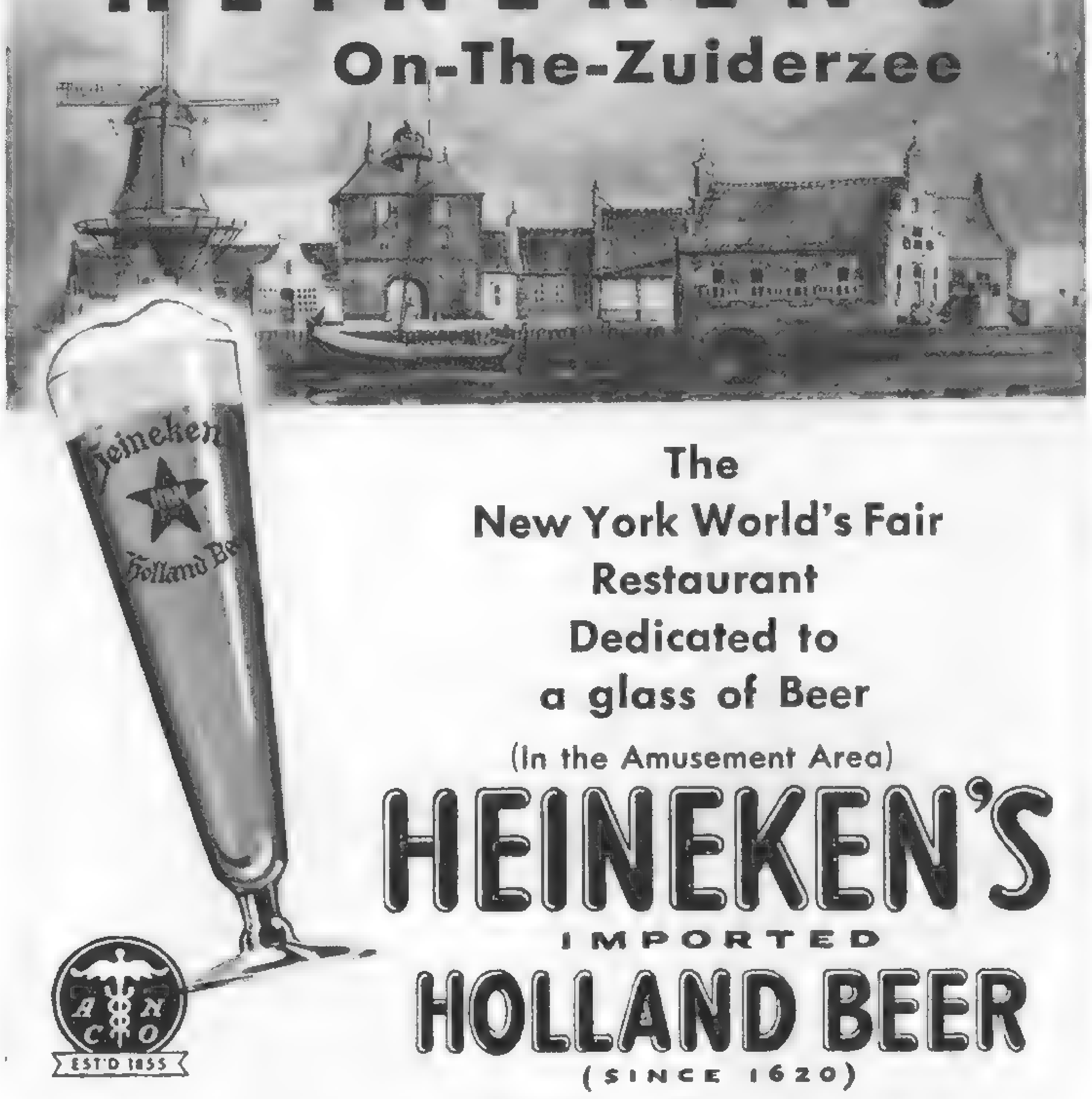
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MANAGEMENT HOTEL ASTOR

Memoirs of a Trouper

Continued from page 77

preme achievement in the American theatre. I could have continued playing in bedroom sketches, but I didn't want to be typed. I felt that I had gone as far in the theatre as I could go. Besides, the theatre wasn't what it used to be. The year was 1931, and all Broadway had was Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence in *Private Lives*, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in *Reunion in Vienna*, Leslie Howard in *The Animal Kingdom*, William Gaxton and Victor Moore in *Of Thee I Sing*, and Paul Muni in *Counsellor-At-Law*. The theatre was dying. All the good actors were in Hollywood. I decided to desert the stage and go to Hollywood.

Instead of remaining a Broadway columnist, therefore, I became a Hollywood columnist. I wandered about movie sets waiting for a chance to play in a picture.

After many months, just when I had given up all hope (doesn't it always happen just when you've given up all hope?), I was invited to play a bit in the picture *Hallelujah, I'm a Bum*. This picture starred Al Jolson when he was the biggest name in musicals; was written by Richard Rodgers and Larry Hart, and was the first directorial effort of the noted stage director, Chester Erskine. The entire picture was under the personal supervision of Lewis Milestone, when he was the white-haired man of Hollywood, with *All Quiet on the Western Front* to his credit. I was in good and fast company, to coin a cliché.

I played a bit in the bank sequence. The camera found me standing in front of the pay teller's window. My line was: "Will you cash this check for five dollars?" The bank teller answered, "No," and the camera moved on. The man who played the role of the bank teller was Larry Hart. Directors Erskine and Milestone had a difficult job finding an actor shorter than I to play the part of the bank teller. Finally, Larry Hart volunteered. By having a shorter man than I play in the same scene, they were building up my role. At least that is what Jolson told me.

I won't forget the press preview of *Hallelujah, I'm a Bum* at the Rivoli Theatre. The movie critics knew that I was in the cast, and were waiting for my appearance on the screen. I sat nervously waiting for myself. It was the old ham in me again. Like John Barrymore, I already preferred the screen to the stage, for I could watch myself perform. The screen is a medium in which the actor can be his own fan.

Then the big moment came. I appeared on the Rivoli screen, saying, "Will you cash this check for five dollars?" The audience, led by Richard Watts, started to applaud. They were still applauding when I disappeared from the Rivoli screen. Did I say my big moment came? It didn't last even a minute. But I guess I'm the only actor in the history of the cinema whose applause outlasted his performance.

Undaunted, I returned to Hollywood. I was a wanderer on sets for a year, waiting for another chance to play in a picture. I wrote a Hollywood column for the *Daily News* between engagements. While I was on the set of *Hi, Nellie*, Director Mervyn Le Roy invited me to play a bit in the picture. That's the way to get in the movies—by invitation. The star of *Hi, Nellie* was Paul Muni, a stage actor who had followed me to Hollywood.

The scene was in a night club. I was to exit from a telephone booth, meet Ned Sparks on his way to the phone, and speak to him. It was, as Director Le Roy said, just a bit of local color. Nothing I said should interfere with the story. In fact, they wouldn't tell me what the picture was about. Later, I discovered that they didn't know, either.

I came out of the phone booth, met Ned Sparks, and said to him: "What are you happy about?" I wrote the line myself. Sparks answered: "Who's happy?" He wrote the line himself. I felt very proud of my performance in this picture, for it was the first time, on stage or screen, that I wasn't in a musical. I had gone legit.

Time magazine, in reviewing *Hi, Nellie*, gave me my first press notice. The critic for *Time* wrote: "Best shot: Pint-sized columnist Sidney Skolsky emerging from the gentlemen's room." Of course I was a little disturbed because the critic didn't realize that I had emerged from a telephone booth, but I blamed that on the scenic designer. After all, according to *Time*, I had stolen the picture from Paul Muni. I expected to get the Academy Award for the best performance of the year. I was greatly disappointed when Charles Laughton got the Oscar for his performance in *Henry the Eighth*. I was so discouraged that I went into hiding and did nothing for a couple of years except write a Hollywood column.

It was Director Lewis Milestone who summoned me from retirement. Poor Milestone, he'd never learn. He was making *The General Died at Dawn*, with Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll. The scenario was by Clifford Odets, and John O'Hara was playing the role of a newspaper correspondent. The scene was the dining car of a train galloping through China. There was one table vacant, and Director Milestone invited Odets and me to sit there. By now you know that I only play in pictures by invitation.

I sat at the table with Odets. I said to him, "This is a terrible trip, isn't it?" Odets answered, "It's as bad as the Bronx Express. But someday conditions will change. Wait and see." I wrote

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my dialogue, and Odets wrote his.

When *The General Died at Dawn* was released, Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll and John O'Hara were still in it. The scene with Clifford Odets and myself had been eliminated. I had become the face on the cutting room floor, to coin a cliché. Although I realized that it wasn't my fault (Odets was never a good actor, which is why he turned playwright), I became very discouraged.

I haven't appeared on the screen since *The General Died at Dawn*, in which I didn't appear.

My career is now at a standstill. A month ago I made another stage appearance, when I held the winning ticket at Bank Night. But the theatre isn't what it used to be. What have you got this year? Maurice Evans in *Hamlet*, Kaufman's and Hart's *The American Way*, Victor Moore and William Gaxton in *Leave It to Me*, Laurette Taylor in *Outward Bound*, Robert Morley in *Oscar Wilde*, Beatrice Lillie in *Set to Music*, and Raymond Massey in *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*. Yes, the theatre is dying. It isn't what it used to be. And neither are the movies. ⌗

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 90

to make their film about Czechoslovakia. Mr. Kline had already encountered the problem in a short film, *Heart of Spain*, his first effort. *Heart of Spain* was about blood transfusion in the war; one of its most touching effects was in the recurrence of a little old woman who was first seen giving her blood into the anonymity of Dr. Bethume's storage supply of jars; but then she sought out the soldier who had received his transfusion from the jar that contained her stored blood; she sat by his bedside in the hospital and "a new kind of human relationship was established."

Now there was a bit of human story, imprisoned as if by accident in the documentary form. In the longer film which he projected, about Czechoslovakia, Mr. Kline planned to use the device accepted in *The Spanish Earth*—that of following a typical character through the typical events of the times. The young girl seen in the film, first in high school, then on a charity mission to the Sudetens, then as a counsellor in a children's camp, was the character selected to supply the human interest in the film. There was to have been more of her. There was to have been a boy, too—a German youth, anti-Nazi, met in the Sudetenland, on one of her Solidarity excursions.

The boy is not in the film, and the romance is out of the film, and the story behind these omissions tells a lot about documentary methods, and about history. Mr. Kline had two excellent collaborators: Hans Burger, a brilliant young theatrical director, already a refugee from Vienna, then in the midst of his "second career" in Prague, and now a refugee from Prague, too; and Alexander Hackenschmied, prize-winning Czech photographer-director. Burger, with his theatre-mind, wanted to stress the story of the two youngsters, to develop it dramatically. Hackenschmied wanted to minimize the personal story element. Kline perhaps had the middle view. But they proved very happy in collaboration—"our method," Kline said, "was to give every point of view a hearing, then if we couldn't agree we would shoot the subject two ways or even three ways, and in the cutting room we would see which way was best."

In the cutting room it became apparent that diminution of the personal story was most effective in this instance because history had presented a tragedy so overwhelming, the tragedy of the whole people destroyed, that the individual life motifs were dwarfed, and were effective only when shown as fragments in the sweep of events. There was another reason for curtailing the romance. The boy whom they had filmed was, at their last information, still in Czechoslovakia; the film showed him engaged in anti-fascist activity; if recognized, he would be doomed. So he was cut out entirely.

The girl alone remains, but her reappearance, in the various sequences, seems to me just enough to give the film the desired touch of individual interest.

With so many contingencies affecting his work, so many uncontrollable factors, it would seem impossible for the documentary director to emerge with anything better than a bunch of chance-caught newsreel shots. And yet a film like *Crisis* contains very little newsreel material. A few shots of Chamberlain and Hitler were bought for insertion, to complete the document. Otherwise, *Crisis* is completely distinguished from the newsreel technique, and this comes from the manner of handling the camera. Newsreelmen usually set up their cameras at some vantage point, shoot scenes from this one angle, and from distance. The documentary artists, however, are always trying to get close and intimate views, and varied views of their subjects. The sneak-up is developed to its highest point in some of *Crisis* close-ups of refugees and crowd-individuals. Now, it is not easy to take a motion picture candid camera shot for a motion picture camera can't very well be hidden in the palm; and it makes a noise. Messrs. Kline and Hackenschmied practiced a simple deception. They would pick out their subject. Mr. Kline would then stand near the subject and point his camera at someone else; he used a noisy camera. The subject would either become engrossed in watching him make a movie, or would lose interest in the grinding camera sound. Meanwhile Mr. Hackenschmied would slip up from the

Continued on page 172

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 90-171

other side and grab a close-up of the wanted subject.

The close-up problem is only one of simple technique. The toughest part of Mr. Kline's job was to get permission to film and to win the confidence of two opposing factions, the Nazis and the democratic German-Czechs and Czechs. The last little difficulty was to get his film out of the country when the Nazis were in power.

Mr. Kline had two approaches. To the Nazis, he was just a commercial-minded American shooting Sudetenland for the dough. "Let me present your side of the story," he said, and so they took him into their brown-houses and permitted him to arrange the lighting to his best convenience, and even sent big-shot guides around with him. Had they at any time found out he was the same documentarist who had made sympathetic films of Loyalist Spain, Mr. Kline's

WHAT'S GOOD—WHAT'S BAD

Good	Bad
Alexander Graham Bell	
Henry Fonda as Bell's hungry assistant steals the show, as he did in a secondary role in Jesse James. Bobs Watson contributes one of the most creative bits of child-acting in film history, as the mute boy. Don Ameche is pretty good too, when he isn't being just pretty.	The inventor of the telephone was much more of a character than the ambitious lad of the film. As biography, the picture would have been better if it had covered a longer section of his life, shown him full stature.
Alexander Nevsky	
Pictorially this is a masterpiece. Each scene is composed with dignity and permanent value. Though it has the effect of an embroidered fantasy around a scene 500 years ago, there is one moment when, by a curious accident, the film becomes realism of today. For director Eisenstein, designing his bizarre costumes and weird war-thrumming rites, to picture German invaders centuries ago, happened to compose one scene that is almost the exact counterpart of the Eger funeral scene in *Crisis*, caught in actuality by director Herbert Kline in our own times. The draped flags, the exalted throne, the mystic smoke-pots, hypnotize the crowd today as they did the Teutonic invaders of Nevsky's time.	Like a poem whose composition is suggested by the state to the poet laureate, *Alexander Nevsky* has all the rhythm and beauty a master may command; it lacks spontaneity. Designed to have the solid, simple, massive structure of an epic, it is betrayed by its own simplicity into barrenness. The slight story of the girl who promises to marry the bravest-in-war of her two suitors glimmers of the robust age of heroes, but most of the time appears as a childish device, primitive without the natural appeal of the primitive. The director's sophistication in design does not help the effect of crude power he sought to evoke. Politically, the film, with its obvious and outspoken message to Germany today, has thrill. But that awakens the whole question of art as propaganda. Without partisan emotion, this work is incomplete as art.
The Castles	
It would take a Proust to describe the involved memories-of-images evoked by Ginger Rogers when, by lifting her shoulders to a spirited dance-walk, she revives, for an instant, the personality of Irene Castle. Mostly the film is a dull exposition of the career of the Castles; but here and there, in a gesture, a pose, Ginger, who is completely unlike the Irene that was, gives a man the thrill of youth recaptured. Irene was tiny waisted, piquant, personified the eagerness of her period; her fashions do not fit the solid and forward spirit of today personified by Ginger; but in these momentary ghost-like flashes, the other spirit comes through.	Capitalizing on the sentiment attached to yesteryear's tunes and dances, the film fails to give, in return, a full picture of the sociological effect of the Castles on their era. The one montage of their dance across the map of the U. S. A. touches upon the theme that might have given the picture solid value without harming its entertainment value. Instead, it drops rapidly back into a somewhat embarrassing account of the love affair of the Castles. Embarrassing because Mrs. Castle's connection with the picture has been violently advertised. If there had been no word of her collaboration, the feeling of intrusion would not exist. The ballyhoo was in bad taste.
Hound of the Baskervilles	
Basil Rathbone makes a very fine Sherlock Holmes; the story is well-mounted.	
The Lady's from Kentucky	
Hugh Herbert and Zasu Pitts.	George Raft and the story.
Sergeant Madden	
Joseph Von Sternberg, the gurreat director, comes back humble and contrite and does a simple little picture of the life of a New York cop without a single shot-through-veils. Moreover, he keeps Wallace Beery from mugging. Moreover, the moral is: cops shouldn't shoot people.	The quickie atmosphere.

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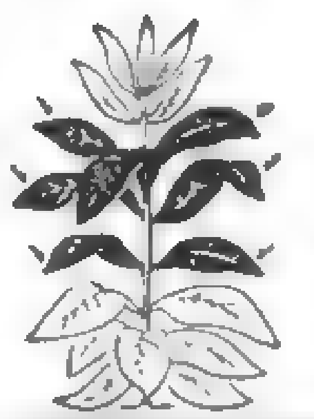

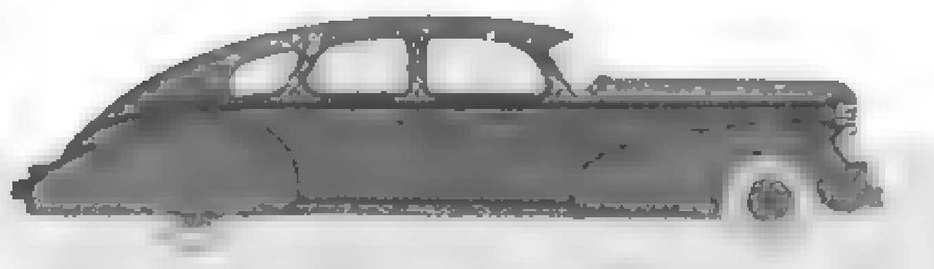

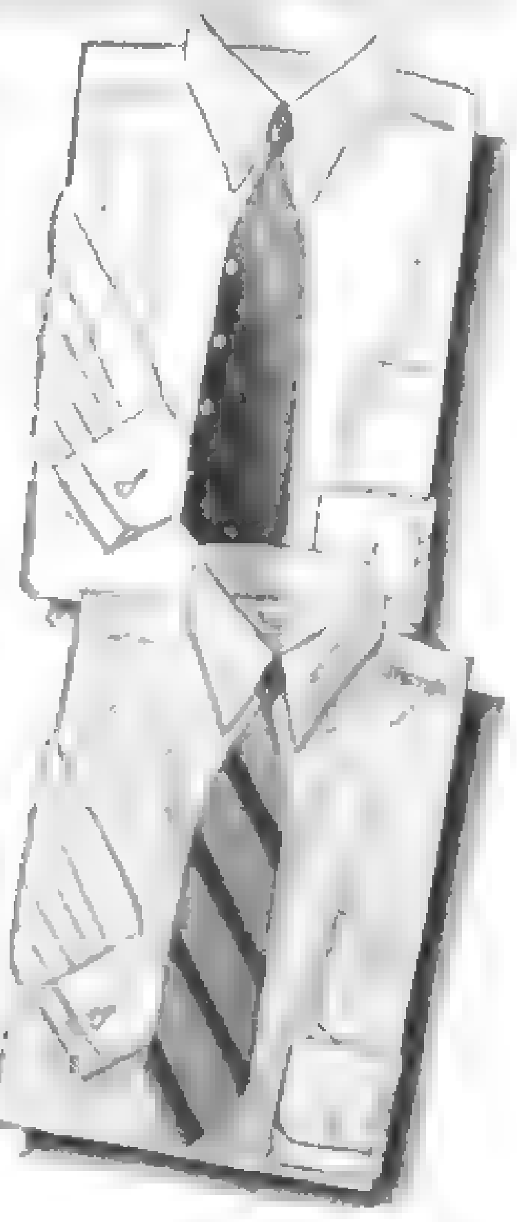

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health would have been uninsurable. And Mr. Kline admits that he had fear, every time he went into a Nazi meeting. And once, in a hall full of thousands of excited Nazis, he recognized, and was recognized by an American reporter whom he had known in Madrid. Fortunately, the reporter sensed his predicament, and made no give-away remarks. But for an hour there, Mr. Kline had blood pressure.

However, he belittled his own predicament in comparison to that of director Hans Burger, who, in spite of his Jewish appearance, risked his life to make pictures in the Nazi-dominated Sudetenland.

Once, Kline's persuasive powers almost undid him. While being guided around the Henleinist area by some high-powered Nazis, he passed a group of poverty-stricken miners, whom he very much wanted to film. The miners, however, were faithful to the democracy, loathed the Nazis, and refused to allow any "friend of the Nazis" to take their pictures. They huddled into a little group with their backs toward the cameraman. Kline had to come back a few days later, without his embarrassing guides; and he had great trouble proving to the miners that he was on their side in the world conflict; when he showed some Madrid-stamped documents, however, they agreed he must be okay, and that's how he got the mining sequence that appears in *Crisis*.

The Czech government was extremely sympathetic to his work; and even when he ventured into areas where military law was in force and cameras were forbidden to the Czech army officers themselves, Kline never got more than a few awkward hours or a night in jail, or advice to beat it out of the zone. "They knew our work was important in the sense that they wanted America to know what was happening to them, so every once in a while when some officer had to tell me it was forbidden to film something, he'd look the other way while I got the shot." And the sequences showing the Czech military preparations, when they expected to go to war, are astonishingly intimate in their disclosure of detail. The *Crisis* crew filmed the actual closing of the border roads, the twisting of barbed wire in the face of German outposts a block away.

Finally, the time came to get the film out of the country; it had been hidden in a cellar for weeks while Kline waited to take the final shots—the expected bombing of Prague; when capitulation was clear, however, he knew he had to leave. Czech patriots wanted America to see the last days of their independence; so somehow the suitcase containing the film got into the plane. Mr. Kline was relieved for personal as well as patriotic reasons. The film had been financed by a few people in New York who believed in his ability. "If it got lost, maybe they would think I just had a vacation on their money without ever turning a foot of film."

Crisis is a sad picture, for it is a picture of a great-hearted people, ready to fight, defeated without being given a chance to fight. Some folk think it is useless to picture defeat; they feel it only breeds further defeat. The audiences seeing *Crisis*, however, react differently. They take it as a lesson and a prophylactic. People now want to know what's really going on in the world. ⧺

Keep Your Duffel Light

Continued from page 72

when it's wet than any other cover."

There is one other covering on the market now which represents the acme of lightness and warmth. It is the eiderdown comfort. It costs more than blankets or cotton comforters, but for some forms of camping, particularly in very cold weather, it is certainly the thing.

Some members of the Wasatch Mountain Club of Salt Lake City have done much practical field research into the matter of minimum packs for mountain hikers. They have hit upon the idea of the sleeping fire as the way to keep warm on cold mountain nights. It is very simple, really. All they do is carry a light sheet of canvas or muslin, six by ten feet. It has eyelets and ropes at all four corners. They rig the sheet up as a windbreak, at about a forty-five-degree angle, spread their blankets in the lee of its protection, and build two fires a short distance from their feet. The heat, deflected by the angle of the sheet, keeps them warm on frosty nights.

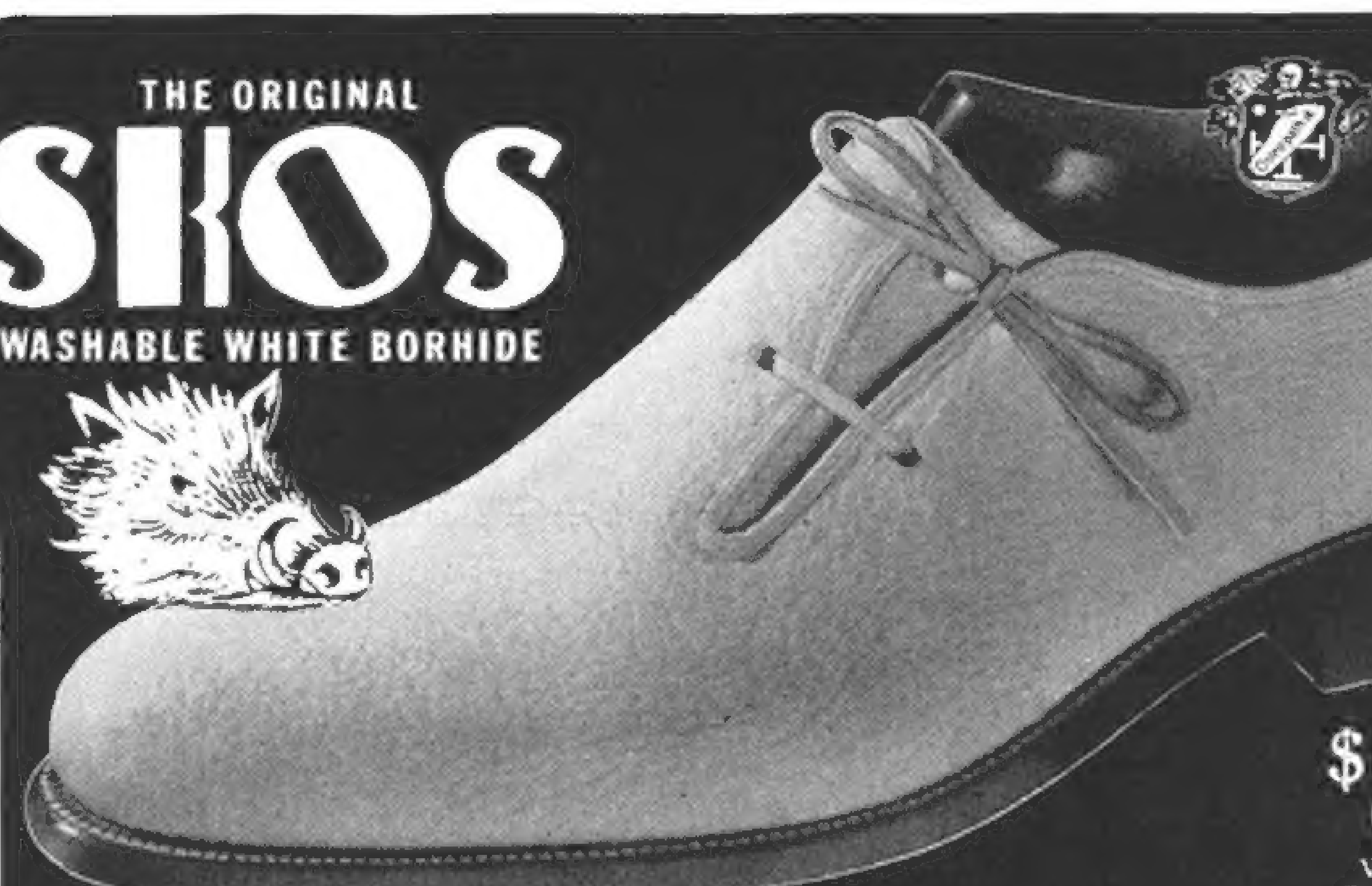
The sleeping fire is not a conflagration, but a steady-burning log fire. When it burns down and cold awakens the sleepers, one crawls sleepily out, replenishes it and gets back into bed. Homer A. Collins, a man who has spent many a night outdoors with the help of such a device, tells me it is no trick at all to keep warm with just a single blanket, even in subfreezing temperatures.

Of course, a light, small tent helps mightily in keeping warm, if the rate of precipitation justifies the use of a tent at all. All kinds of hikers' tents have been invented and sold, but the most practical is the one of the reflector principle just discussed. It is called the Baker, Amazon or shanty tent, and has one end open, a slanting top and need weigh no more than an ordinary blanket. The sleeper builds a reflector fire in front, crawls into bed and revels in the luxury of reflected heat.

There is only one material to use in the hikers' tent. It is called balloon silk, and is so light and so thin that a tent large enough for two men will fit easily into a corner of the knapsack.

Next in importance to a bed

Continued on page 174



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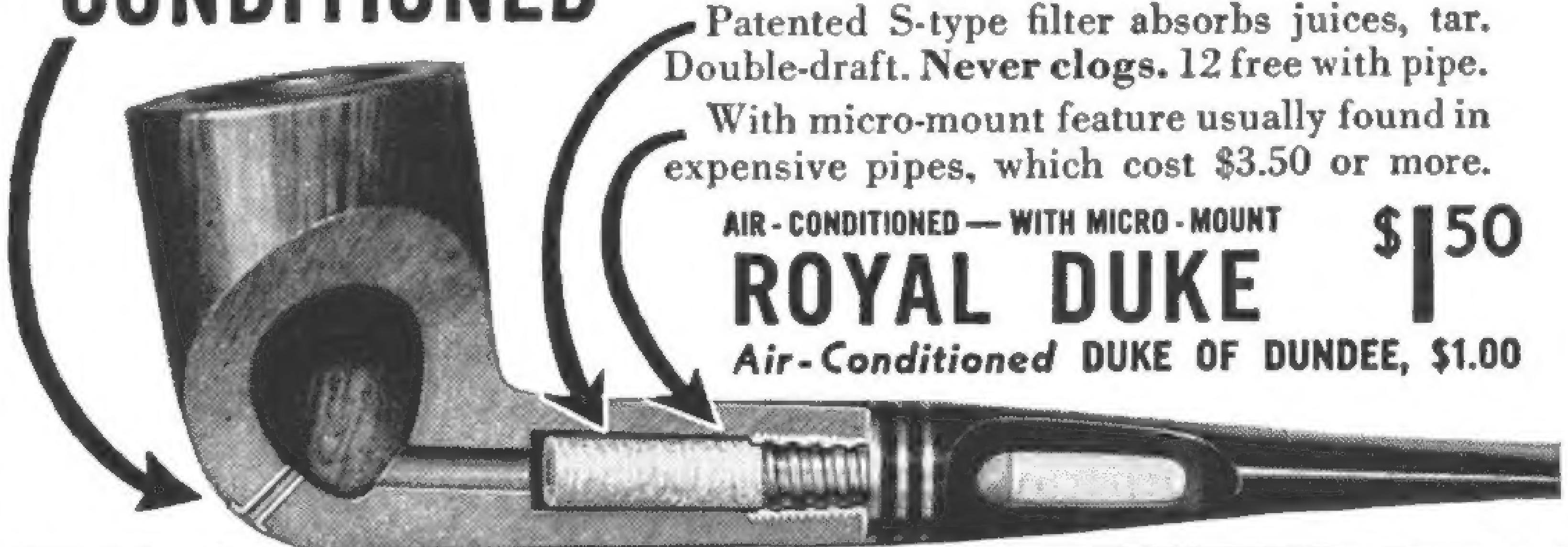

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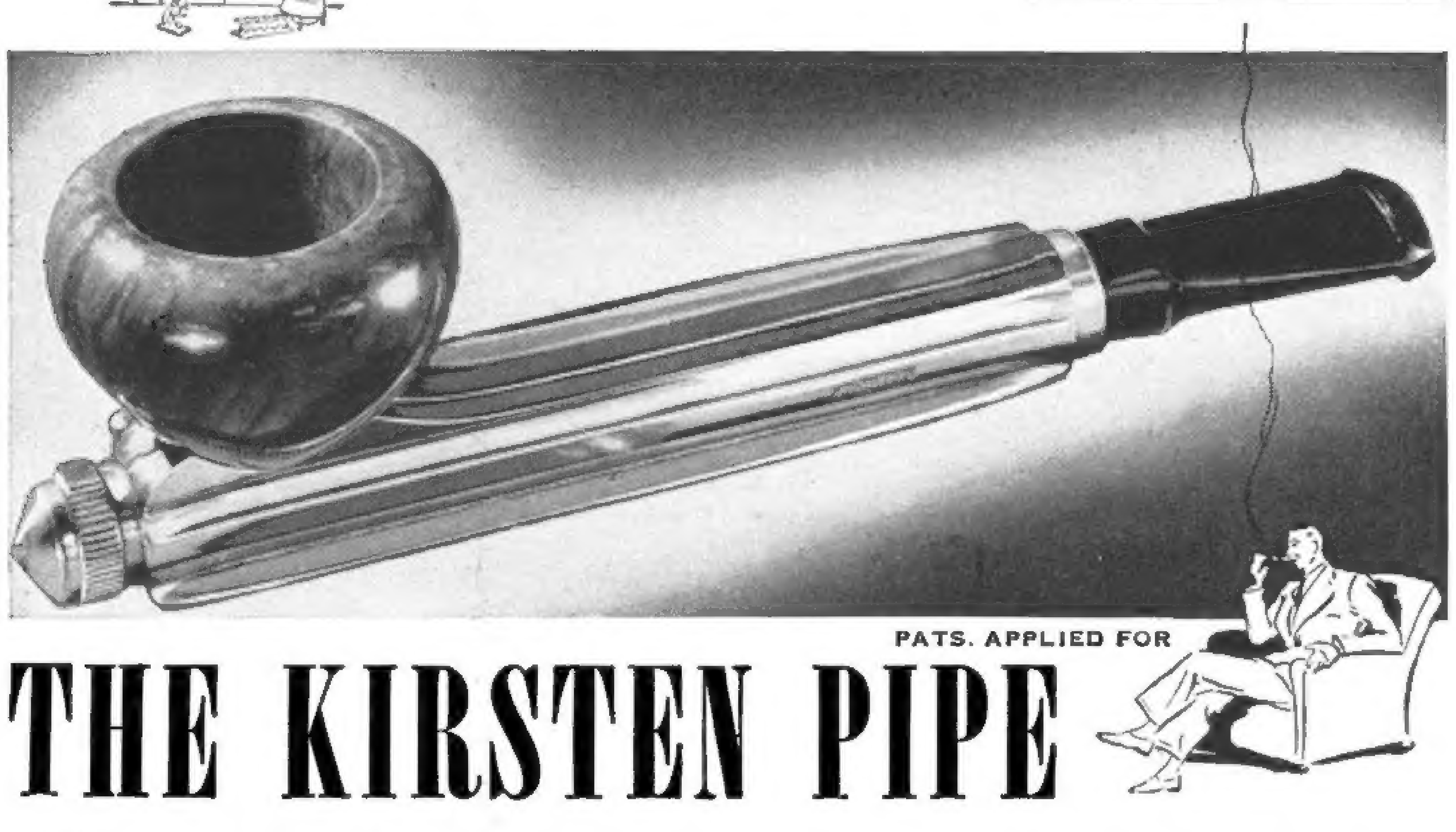

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65 PROOF

Keep Your Duffel Light

Continued from pages 72-173

comes the extra clothing a man carries with him. The rule is to take as little as you can. On an extended trip a man should take an extra pair of socks, perhaps an extra pair of drawers, but that is all. An extra shirt isn't worth the cartage. When the shirt you wear becomes dirty, you take some sunny morning out and wash it, the socks and the drawers. Wear your sweater while the shirt dries. You can go for months with no mores extras than the two items I have mentioned.

Cooking utensils must be reckoned with. There is nothing like a big bunch of dirty cooking utensils to recommend the city and its conveniences, but it's positively silly to spoil a trip by carrying too much hardware. Why not leave three-fourths of it at home?

My early favorites of the trail, the Rocky Mountain fur trappers or mountain men of the first third of the nineteenth century, weren't bothered by too much cooking duffel. All in the world they carried by way of cooking impedimenta was a large tin cup from which to drink. Their fare was meat and water. The water they dipped from mountain streams; the meat they broiled on sticks over the open fire. Why carry more than a single tin cup?

You will want to. Perhaps a small pan, a one- or a two-quart tin pail, and a pair of nested tin cups will do all the cooking you really will have to do. You need a knife, too; not a long frog-sticker pattern with a dangerous open blade, but a good-sized pocket knife. Forks? You don't absolutely have to have forks. With the knife you can make yourself a new fork at every camp. A light hatchet, weighing just a few ounces, will keep you in firewood. I've gone without any hatchet for weeks, and never suffered.

There is a way of cutting down the food you carry also, and food is one of the heavier things a man must pack. Whenever a traveler, except in the most civilized fields, goes on a trip, he expects, partially at least, to live off the country; fish in the streams, small animals and birds in the bush help keep him in grub. But he has to carry some of his food, if only an emergency ration to tide him over when all other things fail.

Different lands produce different emergency foods—the pemmican of the north, the erbwurst of the German army, and the like. The most practical emergency food I have ever discovered, however, is the one to which I have already alluded in celebrating the Mexican vaquero as a No. 1 outdoors man. It is called pinole. Nothing I know of gives the sustaining powers, ounce for ounce, of this age-old product of the Southwest.

Pinole is so nourishing that a small bag of it will last for weeks. It needs no preparation, other than that of being mixed with a half-cup of water and drunk.

Pinole is as simple as it is virtuous, for all in the world it is, is parched corn ground in an old-fashioned coffee grinder. Take ordinary sweet corn. Let it dry. Remove the kernels from the ears, and parch in a low oven until it is a rich walnut brown. Now run it through the coffee grinder, set fine. It comes out in the form of coarse meal. Pack in shot sacks. It will keep indefinitely. It has a flavor which defies description; a mixture of rich corn, well-roasted venison and other delectable foods.

For the rest, all a man need carry in the food line is a little salt, tea or coffee, perhaps a small quantity of dried fruit and a small piece of bacon. Dehydrated vegetables now on the market weigh practically nothing, and might come in handy in helping give a completely balanced ration.

When we come to packing even these light burdens of ours we run into all kinds of theories and tastes. I have come to the conclusion that when old Nessmuk spent his lifetime working out the most comfortable way to pack the necessities of life to the field, he did mankind a favor which ought not be forgotten. My best results have come from following the Nessmuk way. He carried two shoulder bags when he went into the woods. One was a reasonably large knapsack. In it he carried his blanket, his shanty tent, his soap, towel, cooking pans, extra clothing. The other bag was smaller. He called it the ditty bag. It contained his hatchet, knife, hooks, lines, buttons, and the like. All told his packs never weighed more than twenty-five pounds. Yet he was equipped for whatever the wide world might offer.

Thus far I haven't said a word about gadgets; about the little things you take that obtrude between you and the outdoors. Don't misconstrue my silence for approbation of these things. There's nothing like gadgetitis to make being outdoors miserable. They are always becoming misplaced, these gadgets. They are always demanding attention. They are always cluttering up our days.

A few things are necessary. A waterproof match safe is one. A light batteryless flashlight comes in mighty handy on a dark trail. A miniature first-aid kit is a comfort.

I am inclined to think that there is more than mere comfort in this business of going as light as possible. There is something wonderful about it; something which you really must experience to understand. I don't even know whether I can give you an inkling of what it is. The nearest I can come is to describe it as a feeling of release, of utter freedom which comes when you at last stand rid of the shackles of civilization, of the constraining influence of things, and get close, really close to Nature. ⧺

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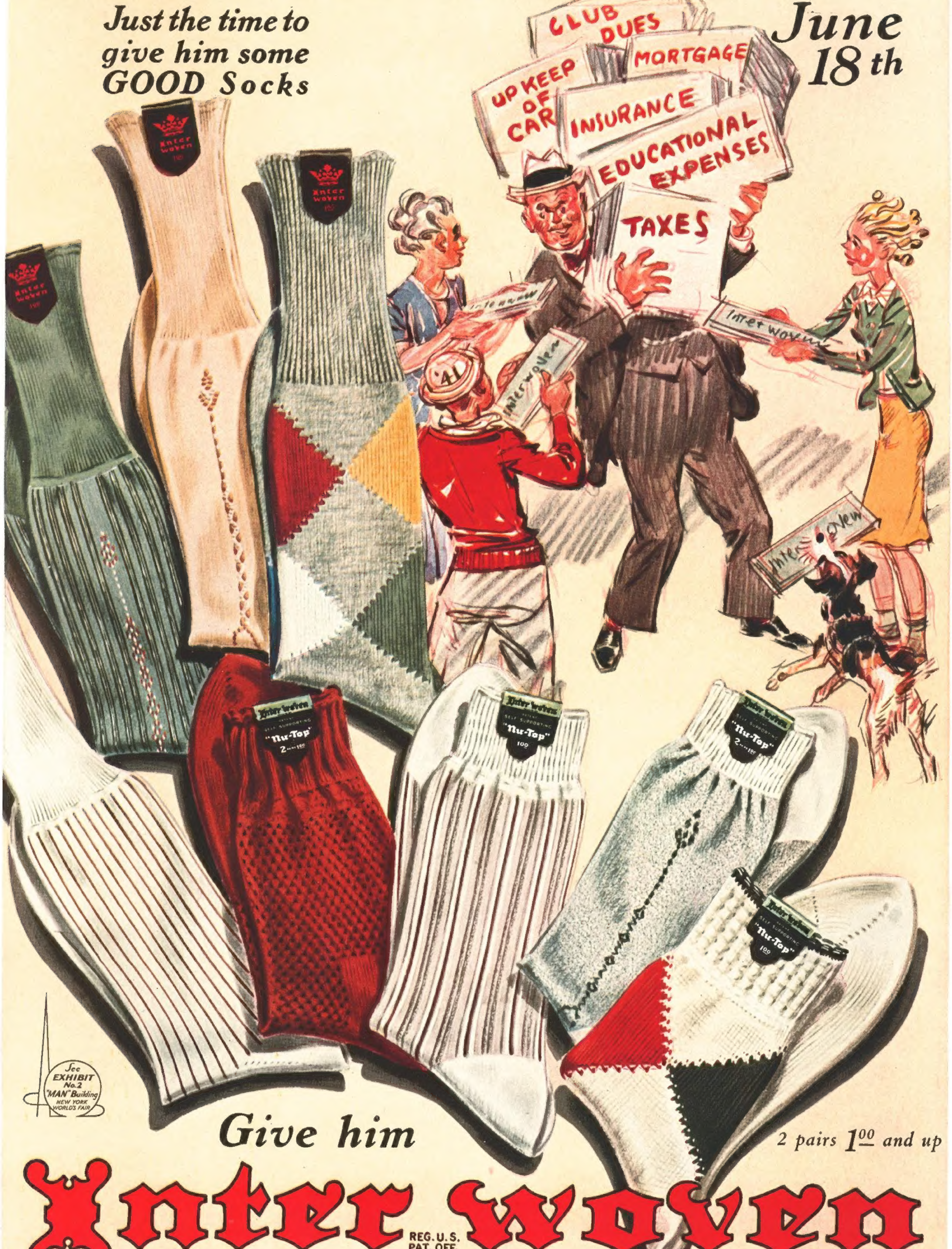
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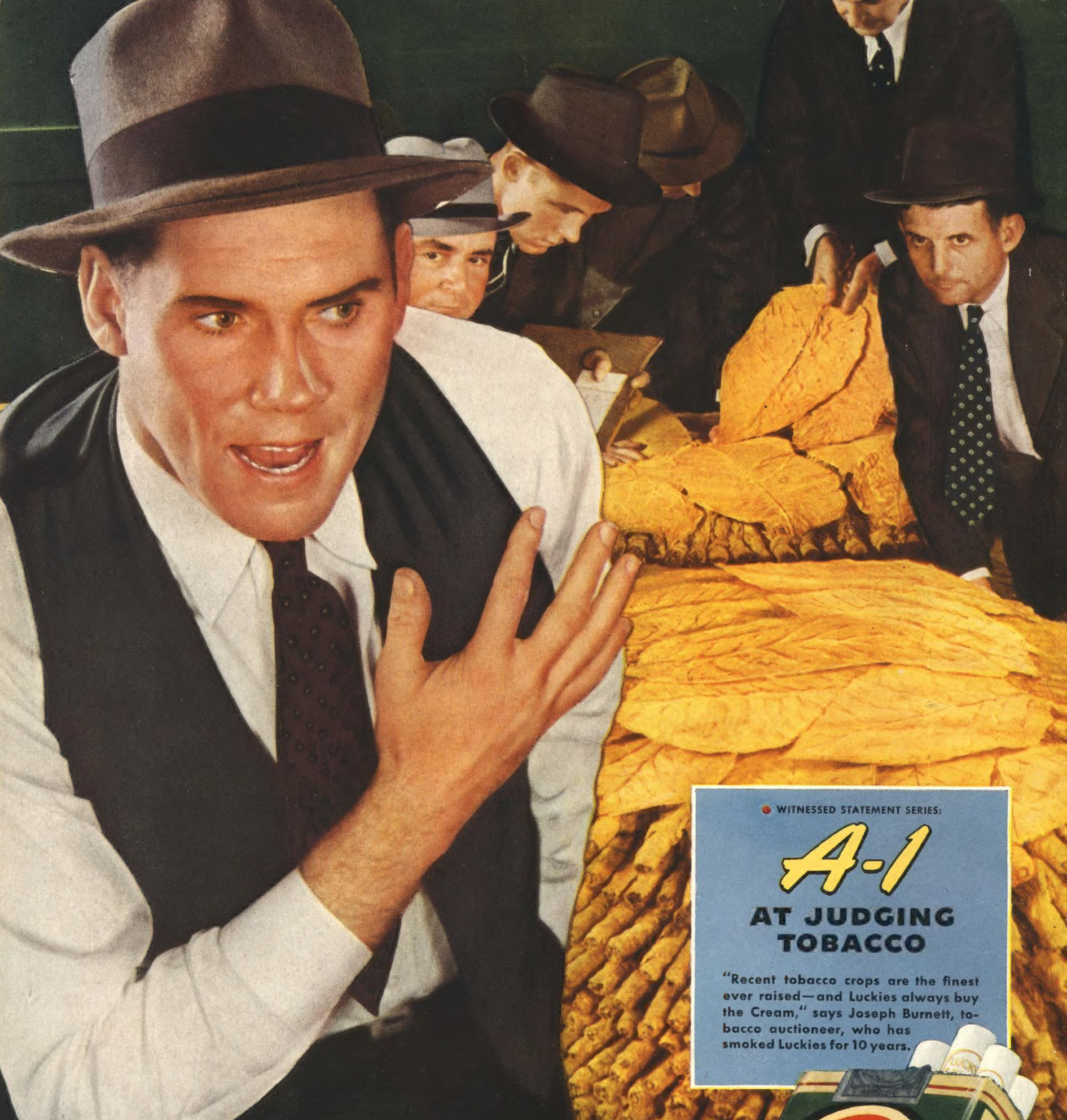

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